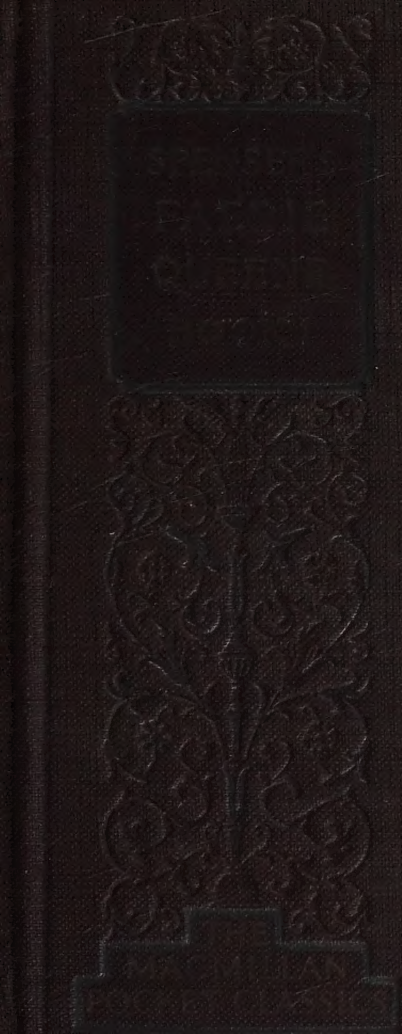

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THE FAERIE QUEENE

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SPENSER'S

THE FAERIE QUEENE

Book I

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

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INTRODUCTION

I. THE AGE WHICH PRODUCED THE *FAERIE QUEENE*

THE study of the *Faerie Queene* should be preceded by a review of the great age in which it was written. An intimate relation exists between the history of the English nation and the works of English authors. This close connection between purely external events and literary masterpieces is especially marked in a study of the Elizabethan Age. To understand the marvelous outburst of song, the incomparable drama, and the stately prose of this period, one must enter deeply into the political, social, and religious life of the times.

The *Faerie Queene* was the product of certain definite conditions which existed in England toward the close of the sixteenth century. The first of these national conditions was the movement known as the *revival of chivalry;* the second was the *spirit of nationality* fostered by the English Reformation; and the third was that phase of the English Renaissance commonly called the *revival of learning.*

The closing decade of Queen Elizabeth's reign was marked by a strong reaction toward romanticism. The feudal system with its many imperfections had become a memory, and had been idealized by the people. The nation felt pride in its new aristocracy, sprung largely from the middle class, and based rather on worth than ancestry. The bitterness of the Wars of the Roses was forgotten, and was succeeded by an era of reconciliation and good feeling. England was united in a heroic

queen whom all sects, ranks, and parties idolized. The whole country exulting in its new sense of freedom and power became a fairyland of youth, springtime, and romantic achievement.

Wise and gallant courtiers, like Sidney, Leicester, and Raleigh, gathered about the queen, and formed a new chivalry devoted to deeds of adventure and exploits of mind in her honor. The spirit of the old sea-kings lived again in Drake and his bold buccaneers, who swept the proud Spaniards from the seas. With the defeat of the Invincible Armada, the greatest naval expedition of modern times, the fear of Spanish and Catholic domination rolled away. The whole land was saturated with an unexpressed poetry, and the imagination of young and old was so fired with patriotism and noble endeavor that nothing seemed impossible. Add to this intense delight in life, with all its mystery, beauty, and power, the keen zest for learning which filled the air that men breathed, and it is easy to understand that the time was ripe for a new and brilliant epoch in literature. First among the poetic geniuses of the Elizabethan period came Edmund Spenser with his *Faerie Queene*, the allegory of an ideal chivalry.

This poem is one of the fruits of that intellectual awakening which first fertilized Italian thought in the twelfth century, and, slowly spreading over Europe, made its way into England in the fifteenth century. The mighty impulse of this New Learning culminated during the reign of the Virgin Queen in a profound quickening of the national consciousness, and in arousing an intense curiosity to know and to imitate the rich treasures of the classics and romance. Its first phase was the *classical revival*. The tyrannous authority of ecclesiasticism had long since been broken; a general reaction from Christian asceticism had set in; and by the side of the ceremonies of the church had been introduced a semi-pagan religion of art — the worship of moral and sensuous beauty. Illiteracy was no longer the style at court. Elizabeth herself set the example in the study

of Greek. Books and manuscripts were eagerly sought after. Scholars became conversant with Homer, Plato, Aristotle, and the great tragic poets Sophocles, Euripides, and Æschylus; and translations for the many of Vergil, Ovid, Plautus, Terence, and Seneca poured forth from the printing-presses of London. The English mind was strongly tempered by the idealistic philosophy of Plato and Aristotle, and the influence of Latin tragedy and comedy was strongly felt by the early English drama.

Along with this classical culture came a higher appreciation of the *beauty of mediævalism*. The romantic tendency of the age fostered the study of the great epics of chivalry, Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* and Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, and of the cycles of French romance. From the Italian poets especially Spenser borrowed freely. Ariosto's fresh naturalness and magic machinery influenced him most strongly, but he was indebted to the semi-classical Tasso for whole scenes. On the whole, therefore, Spenser's literary affinities were more with the Gothic than the classical.

Spenser was also the spokesman of his time on religious questions. The violent controversies of the Reformation period were over. Having turned from the beliefs of ages with passionate rejection, the English people had achieved religious freedom, and were strongly rooted in Protestantism, which took on a distinctly national aspect. That Calvinism was at that time the popular and aristocratic form of Protestantism is evident from references in the *Faerie Queene*.

Spenser lived in the afterglow of the great age of chivalry. The passing glories of knighthood in its flower impressed his imagination like a gorgeous dream, and he was thus inspired to catch and crystallize into permanent art its romantic spirit and heroic deeds. Into the framework of his romance of chivalry he inserted a veiled picture of the struggles and sufferings of his own people in Ireland. The *Faerie Queene* might almost be

called the epic of the English conquest of Ireland. The poet himself and many of his friends were in that unhappy island as representatives of the queen's government, trying to pacify the natives, and establish law and order out of discontent and anarchy. Spenser's poem was written for the most part amidst all these scenes of misery and disorder, and the courage, justice, and energy shown by his countrymen were aptly portrayed under the allegory of a mighty spiritual warfare of the knights of old against the power of evil.

Spenser's essay on *A View of the Present State of Ireland* shows that, far from shutting himself up in a fool's paradise of fancy, he was fully awake to the social and political condition of that turbulent island, and that it furnished him with concrete examples of those vices and virtues, bold encounters and hair-breadth escapes, strange wanderings and deeds of violence, with which he has crowded the allegory of the *Faerie Queene*.

II. THE AUTHOR OF THE *FAERIE QUEENE*

Edmund Spenser was born in London near the Tower in the year 1552. His parents were poor, though they were probably connected with the Lancashire branch of the old family of Le Despensers, "an house of ancient fame," from which the Northampton Spencers were also descended. The poet's familiarity with the rural life and dialect of the north country supports the theory that as a boy he spent some time in Lancashire. Beyond two or three facts, nothing is known with certainty of his early years. He himself tells us that his mother's name was Elizabeth, and that London was his "most kindly nurse." His name is mentioned as one of six poor pupils of the Merchant Taylors' School, who received assistance from a generous country squire.

At the age of seventeen, Master Edmund became a student in Pembroke Hall, one of the colleges of the great University of

Cambridge. His position was that of a sizar, or paid scholar, who was exempt from the payment of tuition fees and earned his way by serving in the dining hall or performing other menial duties. His poverty, however, did not prevent him from forming many helpful friendships with his fellow-students. Among his most valued friends he numbered Launcelot Andrews, afterward Bishop of Winchester, Edward Kirke, a young man of Spenser's own age, who soon after edited his friend's first important poem, the *Shepheards Calender*, with elaborate notes, and most important of all, the famous classical scholar, a fellow of Pembroke, Gabriel Harvey, who was a few years older than Spenser, and was later immortalized as the Hobbinoll of the *Faerie Queene*. It was by Harvey that the poet was introduced to Sir Philip Sidney, the most accomplished gentleman in England, and a favorite of Queen Elizabeth.

Spenser's residence in Cambridge extended over seven years, during which he received the usual degrees of bachelor and master of arts. He became one of the most learned of English poets, and we may infer that while at this seat of learning he laid the foundations for his wide scholarship in the diligent study of the Greek and Latin classics, the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle, the pastoral poetry of Theocritus and Vergil, and the great mediæval epics of Italian literature. On account of some misunderstanding with the master and tutors of his college, Spenser failed to receive the appointment to a fellowship, and left the University in 1576, at the age of twenty-four. His failure to attain the highest scholastic recognition was due, it is supposed, to his being involved in some of the dangerous controversies which were ripe in Cambridge at that time "with daily spawning of new opinions and heresies in divinity, in philosophy, in humanity, and in manners."

On leaving the University, Spenser resided for about a year with relatives in Lancashire, where he found employment. During this time he had an unrequited love affair with an

unknown beauty whom he celebrated in the *Shepheards Calender* under the name of Rosalind, "the widow's daughter of the glen." A rival, Menalchas, was more successful in finding favor with his fair neighbor. Although he had before this turned his attention to poetry by translating the sonnets of Petrarch and Du Bellay (published in 1569), it was while here in the North country that he first showed his high poetic gifts in original composition.

After a visit to Sir Philip Sidney at Penshurst, Spenser went down to London with his friend in 1578, and was presented to Sidney's great uncle, the Earl of Leicester. He thus at once had an opportunity for advancement through the influence of powerful patrons, a necessity with poor young authors in that age. An immediate result of his acquaintance with Sidney, with whom he was now on relations of intimate friendship, was an introduction into the best society of the metropolis. This period of association with many of the most distinguished and cultivated men in England, together with the succession of brilliant pageants, masks, and processions, which he witnessed at court and at Lord Leicester's mansion, must have done much to refine his tastes and broaden his outlook on the world.

In personal appearance Spenser was a fine type of a sixteenth century gentleman. The grace and dignity of his bearing was enhanced by a face of tender and thoughtful expression in which warmth of feeling was subdued by the informing spirit of refinement, truthfulness, simplicity, and nobility. He possessed a fine dome-like forehead, curling hair, brown eyes, full sensuous lips, and a nose that was straight and strongly moulded. His long spare face was adorned with a full mustache and a closely cropped Van Dyke beard.

The *Shepheards Calender* was published in the winter of 1579 with a grateful and complimentary dedication to Sidney. It is an academic exercise consisting of a series of twelve pastoral poems in imitation of the eclogues of Vergil and Theocritus.

The poem is cast in the form of dialogues between shepherds, who converse on such subjects as love, religion, and old age. In three eclogues the poet attacks with Puritan zeal the pomp and sloth of the worldly clergy, and one is devoted to the courtly praise of the queen. It was at once recognized as the most notable poem that had appeared since the death of Chaucer, and placed Spenser immediately at the head of living English poets.

In 1580 Spenser went over to Ireland as private secretary to Lord Grey of Wilton, the Artegall of the Legend of Justice in the *Faerie Queene*. After the recall of his patron he remained in that turbulent island in various civil positions for the rest of his life, with the exception of two or three visits and a last sad flight to England. For seven years he was clerk of the Court of Chancery in Dublin, and then was appointed clerk to the Council of Munster. In 1586 he was granted the forfeited estate of the Earl of Desmond in Cork County, and two years later took up his residence in Kilcolman Castle, which was beautifully situated on a lake with a distant view of mountains. In the disturbed political condition of the country, life here seemed a sort of exile to the poet, but its very loneliness and danger gave the stimulus needed for the development of his peculiar genius.

"Here," says Mr. Stopford Brooke, "at the foot of the Galtees, and bordered to the north by the wild country, the scenery of which is frequently painted in the *Faerie Queene* and in whose woods and savage places such adventures constantly took place in the service of Elizabeth as are recorded in the *Faerie Queene*, the first three books of that great poem were finished." Spenser had spent the first three years of his residence at Kilcolman at work on this masterpiece, which had been begun in England, under the encouragement of Sidney, probably before 1580. The knightly Sidney died heroically at the battle of Zutphen, in 1586, and Spenser voiced the lament

of all England in the beautiful pastoral elegy *Astrophel* which he composed in memory of "the most noble and valorous knight."

Soon after coming to Ireland, Spenser made the acquaintance of Sir Walter Raleigh, which erelong ripened into intimate friendship. A memorable visit from Raleigh, who was now a neighbor of the poet's, having also received a part of the forfeited Desmond estate, led to the publication of the *Faerie Queene*. Sitting under the shade "of the green alders of the Mulla's shore," Spenser read to his guest the first books of his poem. So pleased was Raleigh that he persuaded the poet to accompany him to London, and there lay his poem at the feet of the great queen, whose praises he had so gloriously sung. The trip was made, Spenser was presented to Elizabeth, and read to her Majesty the three Legends of Holiness, Temperance, and Chastity. She was delighted with the fragmentary epic in which she heard herself delicately complimented in turn as Gloriana, Belphoebe, and Britomart, conferred upon the poet a pension of £50 yearly, and permitted the *Faerie Queene* to be published with a dedication to herself. Launched under such auspices, it is no wonder that the poem was received by the court and all England with unprecedented applause.

The next year while still in London, Spenser collected his early poems and issued them under the title of *Complaints*. In this volume were the *Ruins of Time* and the *Tears of the Muses*, two poems on the indifference shown to literature before 1580, and the remarkable *Mother Hubberds Tale*, a bitter satire on the army, the court, the church, and politics. His *Daphnaida* was also published about the same time. On his return to Ireland he gave a charming picture of life at Kilcolman Castle, with an account of his visit to the court, in *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*. The story of the long and desperate courtship of his second love, Elizabeth, whom he wedded in 1594, is told in the *Amoretti*, a sonnet sequence full of pas-

sion and tenderness. His rapturous wedding ode, the *Epithalamion*, which is, by general consent, the most glorious bridal song in our language, and the most perfect of all his poems in its freshness, purity, and passion, was also published in 1595. The next year Spenser was back in London and published the *Prothalamion*, a lovely ode on the marriage of Lord Worcester's daughters, and his four *Hymns* on Love and Beauty, Heavenly Love, and Heavenly Beauty. The first two *Hymns* are early poems, and the two latter maturer work embodying Petrarch's philosophy, which teaches that earthly love is a ladder that leads men to the love of God. In this year, 1596, also appeared the last three books of the *Faerie Queene*, containing the Legends of Friendship, Justice, and Courtesy.

At the height of his fame, happiness, and prosperity, Spenser returned for the last time to Ireland in 1597, and was recommended by the queen for the office of Sheriff of Cork. Surrounded by his beloved wife and children, his domestic life was serene and happy, but in gloomy contrast his public life was stormy and full of anxiety and danger. He was the acknowledged prince of living poets, and was planning the completion of his mighty epic of the private virtues in twelve books, to be followed by twelve more on the civic virtues. The native Irish had steadily withstood his claim to the estate, and continually harassed him with lawsuits. They detested their foreign oppressors and awaited a favorable opportunity to rise. Discord and riot increased on all sides. The ever growing murmurs of discontent gave place to cries for vengeance and unrepressed acts of hostility. Finally, in the fall of 1598, there occurred a fearful uprising known as Tyrone's Rebellion, in which the outraged peasants fiercely attacked the castle, plundering and burning. Spenser and his family barely escaped with their lives. According to one old tradition, an infant child was left behind in the hurried flight and perished in the flames; but this has been shown to be but one of the wild

rumors repeated to exaggerate the horror of the uprising. Long after Spenser's death, it was also rumored that the last six books of the *Faerie Queene* had been lost in the flight; but the story is now utterly discredited.

Spenser once more arrived in London, but he was now in dire distress and prostrated by the hardships which he had suffered. There on January 16, 1599, at a tavern in King Street, Westminster, the great poet died broken-hearted and in poverty. Drummond of Hawthornden states that Ben Jonson told him that Spenser "died for lack of bread in King Street, and refused 20 pieces sent to him by my Lord of Essex, and said He was sorrie he had no time to spend them." The story is probably a bit of exaggerated gossip. He was buried close to the tomb of Chaucer in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey, his fellow-poets bearing the pall, and the Earl of Essex defraying the expenses of the funeral. Referring to the death of Spenser's great contemporary, Basse wrote: —

> "Renownèd Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
> To learnèd Chaucer, and rare Beaumont, lie
> A little nearer Spenser, to make room
> For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb."

"Thus," says Mr. Stopford Brooke, appropriately, "London, 'his most kindly nurse,' takes care also of his dust, and England keeps him in her love."

Spenser's influence on English poetry can hardly be overestimated. Keats called him "the poets' poet," a title which has been universally approved. "He is the poet of all others," says Mr. Saintsbury, "for those who seek in poetry only poetical qualities." His work has appealed most strongly to those who have been poets themselves, for with him the poetical attraction is supreme. Many of the greatest poets have delighted to call him master, and have shown him the same loving reverence which he gave to Chaucer. Minor poets like Sidney,

Drayton, and Daniel paid tribute to his inspiration; Milton was deeply indebted to him, especially in *Lycidas;* and many of the pensive poets of the seventeenth century show traces of his influence. "Spenser delighted Shakespeare," says Mr. Church; "he was the poetical master of Cowley, and then of Milton, and in a sense of Dryden, and even Pope." Giles and Phineas Fletcher, William Browne, Sir William Alexander, Shenstone, Collins, Cowley, Gray, and James Thomson were all direct followers of Spenser. His influence upon the poets of the romantic revival of the nineteenth century is even more marked. "Spenser begot Keats," says Mr. Saintsbury, "and Keats begot Tennyson, and Tennyson begot all the rest." Among this notable company of disciples should be mentioned especially Rossetti, Morris, and Swinburne. If we include within the sphere of Spenser's influence also those who have made use of the stanza which he invented, we must add the names of Burns, Shelley, Byron, Beattie, Campbell, Scott, and Wordsworth. When we consider the large number of poets in whom Spenser awakened the poetic gift, or those to whose powers he gave direction, we may safely pronounce him the most seminal poet in the language.

III. STUDY OF THE *FAERIE QUEENE*

1. A Romantic Epic. — The *Faerie Queene* is the most perfect type which we have in English of the purely *romantic poem.* Four elements enter into its composition: "it is pastoral by association, chivalrous by temper, ethical by tendency, and allegorical by treatment" (Renton). Its subject was taken from the old cycle of Arthurian legends, which were brightened with the terrorless magic of Ariosto and Tasso. The scene of the adventures is laid in the enchanted forests and castles of the far away and unreal fairyland of mediæval chivalry, and the incidents themselves are either highly improbable or frankly

impossible. The language is frequently archaic and designedly unfamiliar. Much of the machinery and properties used in carrying on the story, such as speaking myrtles, magic mirrors, swords, rings, impenetrable armor, and healing fountains, is supernatural. All the characters — the knights, ladies, dwarfs, magicians, dragons, nymphs, satyrs, and giants — are the conventional figures of pastoral romance.

The framework of the plot of the *Faerie Queene* is vast and loosely put together. There are six main stories, or legends, and each contains several digressions and involved episodes. The plan of the entire work, which the author only half completed, is outlined in his letter to Sir Walter Raleigh. This letter serves as an admirable introduction to the poem, and should be read attentively by the student. Gloriana, the Queen of Fairyland, holds at her court a solemn feudal festival, lasting twelve days, during which she sends forth twelve of her greatest knights on as many separate adventures. The knights are commissioned to champion the cause of persons in distress and redress their wrongs. The ideal knight, Prince Arthur, is the central male figure of the poem. He is enamoured of Gloriana, having seen her in a wondrous vision, and is represented as journeying in quest of her. He appears in all of the legends at opportune moments to succor the knights when they are hard beset or in the power of their enemies. The six extant books contain respectively the legends of (I) the Knight of the Redcrosse, or Holiness, (II) Sir Guyon, the Knight of Temperance, (III) Britomart, the female Knight of Chastity, (IV) Sir Campbell and Sir Triamond, the Knights of Friendship, (V) Sir Artegall, the Knight of Justice, and (VI) Sir Caledore, the Knight of Courtesy. Book I is an allegory of man's relation to God, Book II, of man's relation to himself, Books III, IV, V, and VI, of man's relation to his fellow-man. Prince Arthur, the personification of Magnificence, by which Spenser means Magnanimity (Aristotle's μεγαλοψυχία), is the ideal of a perfect

character, in which all the private virtues are united. It is a poem of culture, inculcating the moral ideals of Aristotle and the teachings of Christianity.

2. Influence of the New Learning. — Like Milton, Gray, and other English poets, Spenser was a scholar familiar with the best in ancient and modern literature. As to Spenser's specific indebtedness, though he owed much in incident and diction to Chaucer's version of the *Romance of the Rose* and to Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, the great epic poets, Tasso and Ariosto, should be given first place. The resemblance of passages in the *Faerie Queene* to others in the *Orlando Furioso* and the *Jerusalem Delivered* is so striking that some have accused the English poet of paraphrasing and slavishly borrowing from the two Italians. Many of these parallels are pointed out in the notes. To this criticism, Mr. Saintsbury remarks: "Not, perhaps, till the *Orlando* has been carefully read, and read in the original, is Spenser's real greatness understood. He has often, and evidently of purpose, challenged comparison; but in every instance it will be found that his beauties are emphatically his own. He has followed Ariosto only as Vergil has followed Homer, and much less slavishly."

The influence of the New Learning is clearly evident in Spenser's use of *classical mythology*. Greek myths are placed side by side with Christian imagery and legends. Like Dante, the poet did not consider the Hellenic doctrine of sensuous beauty to be antagonistic to the truths of religion. There is sometimes an incongruous confusion of classicism and mediævalism, as when a magician is seen in the house of Morpheus, and a sorcerer goes to the realm of Pluto. Spenser was guided by a higher and truer sense of beauty than the classical purists know.

A very attractive element of his classicism is his *worship of beauty*. The Greek conception of beauty included two forms — the sensuous and the spiritual. So richly colored and volup-

tuous are his descriptions that he has been called the painters' poet, "the Rubens," and "the Raphael of the poets." As with Plato, Spenser's idea of the spiritually beautiful includes the true and the good. Sensuous beauty is seen in the forms of external nature, like the morning mist and sunshine, the rose gardens, the green elders, and the quiet streams. His ideal of perfect sensuous and spiritual beauty combined is found in womanhood. Such a one is Una, the dream of the poet's young manhood, and we recognize in her one whose soul is as fair as her face — an idealized type of a woman in real life who calls forth all our love and reverence.

3. Interpretation of the Allegory. — In the sixteenth century it was the opinion of Puritan England that every literary masterpiece should not only give entertainment, but should also teach some moral or spiritual lesson. "No one," says Mr. Patee, "after reading Spenser's letter to Raleigh, can wander far into Spenser's poem without the conviction that the author's central purpose was didactic, almost as much as was Bunyan's in *Pilgrim's Progress*." Milton doubtless had this feature of the *Faerie Queene* in mind when he wrote in *Il Penseroso*: —

> "And if aught else great bards beside
> In sage and solemn tunes have sung
> Of turneys, and of trophies hung,
> Of forests and enchantments drear,
> *Where more is meant than meets the ear.*"

That the allegory of the poem is closely connected with its aim and ethical tendency is evident from the statement of the author that "the generall end therefore of all the booke is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline. Which for that I conceived should be most plausible and pleasing, being coloured with an historical fiction, the which the most part of men delight to read, rather for varietie of matter then for profite of the ensample." The *Faerie Queene*

is, therefore, according to the avowed purpose of its author, a poem of culture. Though it is one of the most highly artistic works in the language, it is at the same time one of the most didactic. "It professes," says Mr. Church, "to be a veiled exposition of moral philosophy."

The allegory is threefold, — moral, religious, and personal.

(*a*) *Moral Allegory.* — The characters all represent various virtues and vices, whose intrigues and warfare against each other symbolize the struggle of the human soul after perfection. The Redcross Knight, for example, personifies the single private virtue of holiness, while Prince Arthur stands for that perfect manhood which combines all the moral qualities; Una represents abstract truth, while Gloriana symbolizes the union of all the virtues in perfect womanhood.

(*b*) *Religious or Spiritual Allegory.* — Under this interpretation the Redcross Knight is a personification of Protestant England, or the church militant, while Una represents the true religion of the Reformed Church. On the other hand, Archimago symbolizes the deceptions of the Jesuits and Duessa the false Church of Rome masquerading as true religion.

(*c*) *Personal and Political Allegory.* — Here we find a concrete presentation of many of Spenser's chief contemporaries. One of Spenser's prime objects in composing his epic was to please certain powerful persons at court, and above all to win praise and patronage from the vain and flattery loving queen, whom he celebrates as Gloriana. Prince Arthur is a character that similarly pays homage to Lord Leicester. In the Redcross Knight he compliments, no doubt, some gentleman like Sir Philip Sidney or Sir Walter Raleigh, as if he were a second St. George, the patron saint of England, while in Una we may see idealized some fair lady of the court. In Archimago he satirizes the odious King Philip II of Spain, and in false Duessa the fascinating intriguer, Mary Queen of Scots, who was undeserving so hard a blow.

Key to the Allegory in Book I

Characters	*Moral*	*Religious and Spiritual*	*Personal and Political*
Redcross Knight	Holiness	Reformed England	St. George
Una	Truth	True Religion	
Prince Arthur	Magnificence, or Private Virtue	Protestantism, or the Church Militant	Lord Leicester
Gloriana	Glory	Spiritual Beauty	Queen Elisabeth
Archimago	Hypocrisy	The Jesuits	Philip II of Spain
Duessa	Falsehood	False Religion	Mary Queen of Scots, Church of Rome
Orgoglio	Carnal Pride	Antichrist	Pope Sixtus V
The Lion	Reason, Natural Honor	Reformation by Force	Henry VIII, Civil Government
The Dragon	Sin	The Devil, Satan	Rome and Spain
Sir Satyrane	Natural Courage	Law and Order in Ireland ?	Sir John Perrott
The Monster	Avarice	Greed of Romanism	Romish Priesthood
Corceca	Blind Devotion, Superstition	Catholic Penance	Irish Nuns
Abessa	Flagrant Sin	Immorality	Irish Nuns
Kirkrapine	Church Robbery	Religious State of Ireland	Irish Clergy and Laity
Sansfoy	Infidelity		
Sansjoy	Joylessness	Pagan Religion	The Sultan and the Saracens
Sansloy	Lawlessness		
The Dwarf	Prudence, Common Sense		
Sir Trevisan	Fear		
The Squire	Purity	The Anglican Clergy	
The Horn	Truth	The English Bible	
Lucifera	Pride, Vanity	Woman of Babylon	Church of Rome

4. THE SPENSERIAN STANZA. — The *Faerie Queene* is written in the Spenserian Stanza, a form which the poet himself invented as a suitable vehicle for a long narrative poem. Suggestions for its construction were taken from three Italian metres — the Ottava Rima, the Terza Rima, the Sonnet — and the Ballade stanza. There are eight lines in the iambic pentameter measure (five accents); *e.g.* —

⏑ ⏓ | ⏑ ⏓ | ⏑ ⏓ | ⏑ ⏓ | ⏑ ⏓
a gen | tle knight | was prick | ing on | the plaine

followed by one iambic hexameter, or Alexandrine (six accents); *e.g.* —

⏑ ⏓ | ⏑ ⏓ | ⏑ ⏓ | ⏑ ⏓ | ⏑ ⏓ | ⏑ ⏓
as one | for knight | ly giusts | and fierce | encount | ers fitt

The rhymes are arranged in the following order: *ab ab bc bcc*. It will be observed that the two quatrains are bound together by the first two *b* rhymes, and the Alexandrine, which rhymes with the eighth line, draws out the harmony with a peculiar lingering effect. In scanning and reading it is necessary to observe the laws of accentuation and pronunciation prevailing in Spenser's day; *e.g.* in *learned* (I, i), *undeserved* (I, ii), and *woundes* (V, xvii) the final syllable is sounded, *patience* (X, xxix) is trisyllabic, *devotion* (X, xl) is four syllables, and *entertainment* (X, xxxvii) is accented on the second and fourth syllables. Frequently there is in the line a cæsural pause, which may occur anywhere; *e.g.* —

"And quite dismembred hath; | the thirsty land
Dronke up his life; | his corse left on the strand." (III, xx.)

The rhythm of the meter is also varied by the alternating of end-stopped and run-on lines, as in the last quotation. An end-stopped line has a pause at the end, usually indicated by some mark of punctuation. A run-on line should be read closely with the following line with only a slight pause to indicate the

line-unit. Monotony is prevented by the occasional use of a light or feminine ending — a syllable on which the voice does not or cannot rest; *e.g.* —

"Then choosing out few words most horrible." (I, xxxvii.)
"That for his love refused deity." (III. xxi.)
"His ship far come from watrie wilderness." (III, xxxii.)

The use of alliteration, *i.e.* having several words in a line beginning with the same letter, is another device frequently employed by Spenser for musical effect; *e.g.* —

"In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare." (I, xxxvi.)
"Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleep them biddes." (I, xxxvi.)

5. Versification. — In the handling of his stanza, Spenser revealed a harmony, sweetness, and color never before dreamed of in the English. Its compass, which admitted of an almost endless variety of cadence, harmonized well with the necessity for continuous narration. It appeals to the eye as well as to the ear, with its now languid, now vigorous, but always graceful turn of phrase. Its movement has been compared to the smooth, steady, irresistible sweep of water in a mighty river. Like Lyly, Marlowe, and Shakespeare, Spenser felt the new delight in the pictorial and musical qualities of words, and invented new melodies and word pictures. He aimed rather at finish, exactness, and fastidious neatness than at ease, freedom, and irregularity; and if his versification has any fault, it is that of monotony. The atmosphere is always perfectly adapted to the theme.

6. Diction and Style. — The peculiar diction of the *Faerie Queene* should receive the careful attention of the student. As a romantic poet, Spenser often preferred archaic and semi-obsolete language to more modern forms. He uses four classes of words that were recognized as the proper and conventional language

of pastoral and romantic poetry; viz. (a) *archaisms*, (b) *dialect*, (c) *classicisms*, and (d) *gallicisms*. He did not hesitate to adopt from Chaucer many obsolete words and grammatical forms. Examples are: the double negative with *ne; eyen, lenger, doen, ycladd, harrowd, purchas, raught, seely, stowre, swinge, owch*, and *withouten*. He also employs many old words from Layamon, Wiclif, and Langland, like *swelt, younglings, noye, kest, hurtle*, and *loft*. His dialectic forms are taken from the vernacular of the North Lancashire folk with which he was familiar. Some are still a part of the spoken language of that region, such as, *brent, cruddled, forswat, fearen, forray, pight, sithen, carle*, and *carke*.

Examples of his use of classical constructions are: the ablative absolute, as, *which doen* (IV, xliii); the relative construction with *when*, as, *which when* (I, xvii), *that when* (VII, xi); the comparative of the adjective in the sense of "too," as, *weaker* (I, xlv), *harder* (II, xxxvi); the participial construction after *till*, as, *till further tryall made* (I, xii); the superlative of location, as, *middest* (IV, xv); and the old gerundive, as, *wandering wood* (I, xiii). Most of the gallicisms found are anglicized loan words from the French *romans d'aventure*, such as, *disseized, cheare, chappell, assoiled, guerdon, palfrey, recreaunt, trenchand, syre*, and *trusse*. Notwithstanding Spenser's use of foreign words and constructions, his language is as thoroughly English in its idiom as that of any of our great poets.

"I think that if he had not been a great poet," says Leigh Hunt, "he would have been a great painter."

"After reading," says Pope, "a canto of Spenser two or three days ago to an old lady, between seventy and eighty years of age, she said that I had been showing her a gallery of pictures. I do not know how it is, but she said very right. There is something in Spenser that pleases one as strongly in old age as it did in youth. I read the *Faerie Queene*

when I was about twelve, with infinite delight; and I think it gave me as much, when I read it over about a year or two ago.

The imperishable charm of the poem lies in its appeal to the pure sense of beauty. "A beautiful pagan dream," says Taine, "carries on a beautiful dream of chivalry." The reader hears in its lines a stately and undulating rhythm that intoxicates the ear and carries him on with an irresistible fascination, he sees the unsubstantial forms of fairyland go sweeping by in an gorgeous and dreamlike pageantry, and he feels pulsing in its luxuriant and enchanted atmosphere the warm and beauty-loving temper of the Italian Renaissance. "Spenser is superior to his subject," says Taine, "comprehends it fully, frames it with a view to the end, in order to impress upon it the proper mark of his soul and his genius. Each story is modified with respect to another, and all with respect to a certain effect which is being worked out. Thus a beauty issues from this harmony, — the beauty in the poet's heart, — which his whole work strives to express; a noble and yet a laughing beauty, made up of moral elevation and sensuous seductions, English in sentiment, Italian in externals, chivalric in subject, modern in its perfection, representing a unique and admirable epoch, the appearance of paganism in a Christian race, and the worship of form by an imagination of the North."

Chronological Table

EVENTS IN SPENSER'S LIFE	A.D.	CONTEMPORARY EVENTS
Birth of Edmund Spenser (about)	1552	Birth of Sir Walter Raleigh.
	1553	Death of Edward VI; Mary crowned.
	1554	Mary marries Philip of Spain.
	1558	Death of Mary; Elizabeth crowned.
	1560	Charles IX, king of France.
	1563	Council of Trent.
Visions of Bellay, published,	1569	
Sonnets of Petrarch, published,	1569	
Enters Pembroke Hall, Cambridge,	1569	
	1572	Gregory XIII, Pope of Rome.
	1572	Massacre of St. Bartholomew.
	1574	Henry III, king of France.
Receives M.A., leaves Cambridge,	1576	Rudolph II, emperor.
Leaves Lancashire,	1578	Elizabeth aids the Netherlands.
Visits Lord Leicester,	1579	
The Shepheards Calender,	1579	
Goes to Ireland,	1580	Massacre of Smerwick.
	1581	Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*.
Lord Grey's return to England,	1582	
	1584	Assassination of William the Silent.
	1585	Sixtus V, Pope. Drake's voyage.
	1585	Leicester goes to the Netherlands.
	1586	Death of Sir Philip Sidney.
First marriage (before)	1587	Execution of Mary Queen of Scots.
Clerk to the Council of Munster,	1588	Defeat of Spanish Armada. Death of Leicester.
Visits England with Raleigh,	1589	Assassination of Henry III; Henry IV crowned.
The Faerie Queene, Books I, II, III,	1590	Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*.
Mother Hubberds Tale, *Tears of the Muses*, *Ruines of Time*, *Daphnaida*, *The Visions*,	1591	Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*, *Henry VI*.
	1591	Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, trans.
	1593	Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*.
	1593	*Richard III*.
Second marriage,	1594	Shakespeare's *Richard II*.
Colin Clout's Come Home Again,	1595	Shakespeare's *King John*.
Amoretti, *Epithalamion*, *Hymns*,	1595	Johnston's *Seven Champions of Christendom*.
Astrophel, *Prothalamion*,	1596	Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*.
The Faerie Queene, Books I–VI,	1596	Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*.
View of the Present State of Ireland,	1598	Edict of Nantes; Philip III crowned.
Death of Spenser,	1599	Revolt of Irish. Expedition of Essex to Ireland.

THE FAERIE QUEENE

LETTER TO SIR WALTER RALEIGH

A LETTER of the Authors expounding his whole intention in ne course of this worke ;[1] which, for that it giveth great light o the reader, for the better understanding is hereunto annexed.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VALOROUS SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KNIGHT.

Lo: Wardein of the Stanneries, and her majesties lieutenaunt of the countie of Cornewayll.

SIR,

Knowing how doubtfully all Allegories may be constructed, nd this booke of mine, which I have entituled *The Faery Queene*, being a continued Allegorie, or darke conceit, I have hought good, as well for avoyding of jealous opinions and misconstructions, as also for your better light in reading hereof, (being so, by you commanded) to discover unto you he generall intention and meaning, which in the whole course hereof I have fashioned, without expressing of any particular purposes, or by-accidents therein occasioned. The generall end herefore of all the booke, is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline. Which for that I conceived shoulde be most plausible and pleasing, beeing coloured with an historicall fiction, the which the most part of men delight to read, rather for varietie of matter than for profit of the ensample : I chose the historie of king Arthure, as most fit

[1] The letter served as an introduction to the first three books of the *Faerie Queene*.

for the excellencie of his person, beeing made famous by many mens former workes, and also furthest from the danger of envie, and suspicion of present time. In which I have followed all the antique poets historicall: first Homer, who in the persons of Agamemnon and Ulysses hath ensampled a good governour and a vertuous man, the one in his *Ilias*, the other in his *Odysseis:* then Virgil, whose like intention was to doe in the person of Æneas: after him Ariosto comprised them both in his *Orlando:* and lately Tasso dissevered them againe, and formed both parts in two persons, namely, that part which they in philosophy call *Ethice*, or vertues of a private man, coloured in his *Rinaldo:* the other named *Politice*, in his *Godfredo*. By ensample of which excellent Poets, I laboure to pourtraict in Arthure, before he was king, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve private morall vertues, as Aristotle hath devised: which if I find to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encoraged to frame the other part of pollitike vertues in his person, after he came to bee king.

To some I know this Methode will seem displeasant, which had rather have good discipline delivered plainly in way of precepts, or sermoned at large, as they use, then thus clowdily enwrapped in Allegoricall devises. But such, mee seeme, should be satisfied with the use of these dayes, seeing all things accounted by their showes, and nothing esteemed of, that is not delightfull and pleasing to common sense. For this cause is Xenophon preferred before Plato, for that the one, in the exquisite depth of his judgement, formed a Commune-wealth, such as it should be; but the other, in the person of Cyrus and the Persians, fashioned a government, such as might best be: So much more profitable and gracious is doctrine by ensample then by rule. So have I laboured to do in the person of Arthure: whom I conceive, after his long education by Timon (to whom he was by Merlin delivered to be brought up, so soone as he was borne of the Lady Igrayne) to have seen in a

dreame or vision the Faerie Queene, with whose excellent beautie ravished, hee awaking, resolved to seek her out: and so, being by Merlin armed, and by Timon throughly instructed, he went to seeke her forth in Faery land. In that Faery Queene I mean *Glory* in my generall intention: but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our soveraine the Queene, and her kingdome in Faery land. And yet, in some places else, I doe otherwise shadow her. For considering shee beareth two persons, the one of a most royall Queene or Empresse, the other of a most vertuous and beautifull lady, this latter part in some places I doe expresse in Belphoebe, fashioning her name according to your owne excellent conceipt of Cynthia,[1] (Phoebe and Cynthia being both names of Diana). So in the person of Prince Arthure I sette forth magnificence in particular, which vertue, for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and containeth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deeds of Arthure appliable to the vertue, which I write of in that booke. But of the twelve other vertues I make XII other knights the patrons, for the more varietie of the historie: Of which these three bookes containe three. The first, of the Knight of the Red crosse, in whom I expresse Holinesse: the second of Sir Guyon, in whome I set foorth Temperance: the third of Britomartis, a Lady knight, in whom I picture Chastitie. But because the beginning of the whole worke seemeth abrupt and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that yee know the occasion of these three knights severall adventures. For the Methode of a Poet historicall is not such as of an Historiographer. For an Historiographer discourseth of affaires orderly as they were done, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a Poet thrusteth into the middest, even where it most concerneth him, and there recoursing to the things forepast, and divining of things to come,

[1] An allusion to Sir Walter Raleigh's poem *Cynthia*.

maketh a pleasing analysis of all. The beginning therefore of my historie, if it were to be told by an Historiographer, should be the twelfth booke, which is the last; where I devise that the Faery Queene kept her annuall feast twelve daies; uppon which twelve severall dayes, the occasions of the twelve severall adventures hapned, which being undertaken by XII severall knights, are in these twelve books severally handled and discoursed.

The first was this. In the beginning of the feast, there presented him selfe a tall clownish younge man, who falling before the Queene of Faeries desired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feast she might not refuse: which was that hee might have the atchievement of any adventure, which during that feast should happen; that being granted, he rested him selfe on the floore, unfit through his rusticitie for a better place. Soone after entred a faire Ladie in mourning weedes, riding on a white Asse, with a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the Armes of a knight, and his speare in the dwarfes hand. She falling before the Queene of Faeries, complayned that her father and mother, an ancient King and Queene, had bene by an huge dragon many yeers shut up in a brazen Castle, who thence suffered them not to issew: and therefore besought the Faery Queene to assigne her some one of her knights to take on him that exployt. Presently that clownish person upstarting, desired that adventure: whereat the Queene much wondering, and the Lady much gaine-saying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the Lady told him, that unlesse that armour which she brought would serve him (that is, the armour of a Christian man specified by Saint Paul, V. Ephes.) that he could not succeed in that enterprise: which being forth with put upon him with due furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in al that company, and was well liked of the Lady. And eftesoones taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that straunge Courser, he went

forth with her on that adventure: where beginneth the first booke, viz.

A gentle knight was pricking on the playne, etc.

The second day there came in a Palmer bearing an Infant with bloody hands, whose Parents he complained to have bene slaine by an enchauntresse called Acrasia: and therefore craved of the Faery Queene, to appoint him some knight to performe that adventure, which being assigned to Sir Guyon, he presently went foorth with the same Palmer: which is the beginning of the second booke and the whole subject thereof. The third day there came in a Groome, who complained before the Faery Queene, that a vile Enchaunter, called Busirane, had in hand a most faire Lady, called Amoretta, whom he kept in most grevious torment. Whereupon Sir Scudamour, the lover of that Lady, presently tooke on him that adventure. But beeing unable to performe it by reason of the hard Enchauntments, after long sorrow, in the end met with Britomartis, who succoured him, and reskewed his love.

But by occasion hereof, many other adventures are intermedled; but rather as accidents then intendments. As the love of Britomart, the overthrow of Marinell, the miserie of Florimell, the vertuousness of Belphoebe; and many the like.

Thus much, Sir, I have briefly-over-run to direct your understanding to the wel-head of the History, that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handfull gripe all the discourse, which otherwise may happely seem tedious and confused. So humbly craving the continuance of your honourable favour towards me, and th' eternall establishment of your happines, I humbly take leave.

Yours most humbly affectionate,

EDM. SPENSER.

23 Januarie, 1589.

To the Right Noble and Valorous Knight,

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

Lord Wardein of the Stanneryes, and Lieftenaunt of Cornewaile

To thee that art the sommers Nightingale,
Thy soveraigne Goddesses most deare delight,
Why doe I send this rustick Madrigale,
That may thy tunefull eare unseason quite?
Thou onely fit this argument to write
In whose high thoughts Pleasure hath built her bowre,
And dainty Love learnd sweetly to endite.
My rimes I know unsavory and sowre,
To taste the streames, that, like a golden showre,
Flow from thy fruitfull head, of thy Loves praise;
Fitter perhaps to thunder martiall stowre,
When so thee list thy loftie Muse to raise:
Yet, till that thou thy poeme wilt make knowne,
Let thy faire Cinthias praises be thus rudely showne.

E. S

TO

THE MOST HIGH, MIGHTIE, AND MAGNIFICENT

EMPERESSE

RENOWNED FOR PIETIE, VERTVE, AND ALL GRATIOVS GOVERNMENT

ELIZABETH

BY THE GRACE OF GOD

Queene of England, Frabnce, and Ireland, and of Virginia

Defender of the Faith etc.

HER MOST HUMBLE SERVAUNT

EDMVND SPENSER

DOTH IN ALL HUMILITIE

DEDICATE, PRESENT, AND CONSECRATE

THESE HIS LABOVRS

TO LIVE WITH THE ETERNITIE OF HER FAME.

THE FIRST BOOKE OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING

THE LEGENDE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSSE, OR OF HOLINESSE

I

Lo I the man,° whose Muse whilome did maske,
As time her taught, in lowly Shepheards weeds,
Am now enforst a far unfitter taske,
For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine Oaten reeds,
And sing of Knights and Ladies° gentle deeds;
Whose prayses having slept in silence long,
Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds
To blazon broade emongst her learned throng:
Fierce warres and faithfull loves shall moralize my song.

II

Helpe then, O holy Virgin chiefe of nine,°
Thy weaker Novice to performe thy will;
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne
The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,
Of Faerie knights° and fairest Tanaquill,°
Whom that most noble Briton Prince° so long
Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
That I must rue his undeserved wrong:
O helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull tong.

III

And thou most dreaded impe of highest Jove,°
Faire Venus sonne, that with thy cruell dart
At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart,
Lay now thy deadly Heben bow apart,
And with thy mother milde come to mine ayde;
Come both, and with you bring triumphant Mart,°
In loves and gentle jollities arrayd,
After his murdrous spoiles and bloudy rage allayd.

IV

And with them eke, O Goddesse heavenly bright,°
Mirrour of grace and Majestie divine,
Great Lady of the greatest Isle, whose light
Like Phoebus lampe° throughout the world doth shine,
Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
And raise my thoughts, too humble and too vile,
To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,°
The argument of mine afflicted stile:°
The which to heare, vouchsafe, O dearest dred,° a-while.

CANTO I

The Patron of true Holinesse
foule Errour doth defeate;
Hypocrisie him to entrappe
doth to his home entreate.

I

A GENTLE Knight° was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe wounds did remaine,
The cruel markes of many'a bloudy fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield:
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

II

And on his brest a bloudie Crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead as living ever him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope,° which in his helpe he had:
Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

III

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana° to him gave,
That greatest Glorious Queene of Faerie lond,
To winne him worship, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave;
And ever as he rode, his hart did earne
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne;
Upon his foe, a Dragon° horrible and stearne.

IV

A lovely Ladie° rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly Asse more white then snow,
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low,
And over all a blacke stole she did throw,
As one that inly mournd: so was she sad,
And heavie sat upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her in a line a milke white lambe she lad.

V

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore,
And by descent from Royall lynage came
Of ancient Kings and Queenes, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from East to Westerne shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld:
Whom to avenge, she had this Knight from far compeld.

VI

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe° did lag,
That lasie seemd in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his Lemans lap so fast,
That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain,
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

VII

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove° not far away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand:
Whose loftie trees yclad with sommers pride
Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starre:
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farre:
Faire harbour that them seemes; so in they entred arre.

VIII

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
Which therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they prayse the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling Pine,° the Cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop Elme, the Poplar never dry,°
The builder Oake,° sole king of forrests all,
The Aspine good for staves, the Cypresse funerall.°

IX

The Laurell,° meed of mightie Conquerours
And Poets sage, the firre that weepeth still,°
The Willow° worne of forlorne Paramours,
The Eugh° obedient to the benders will,
The Birch for shaftes, the Sallow for the mill,
The Mirrhe° sweete bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike Beech,° the Ash for nothing ill,°
The fruitfull Olive, and the Platane round,
The carver Holme,° the Maple seeldom inward sound.

X

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Untill the blustring storme is overblowne:
When weening to returne, whence they did stray,
They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,
But wander too and fro in wayes unknowne,
Furthest from end then, when they nearest weene,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne:
So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
That which of them to take, in diverse doubt they been.

XI

At last resolving forward still to fare,
Till that some end they finde or in or out,
That path they take, that beaten seemd most bare,
And like to lead the labyrinth about;
Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
At length it brought them to a hollow cave
Amid the thickest woods. The Champion stout
Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,
And to the Dwarfe awhile his needlesse spere he gave.

XII

Be well aware, quoth then that Ladie milde,
Least suddaine mischiefe ye too rash provoke:
The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
Breedes dreadfull doubts: Oft fire is without smoke,
And perill without show: therefore your stroke,
Sir Knight, with-hold, till further triall made.
Ah Ladie, (said he) shame were to revoke° forward footing
The forward footing for an hidden shade:
Vertue gives her selfe light, through darkenesse for to wade.

XIII

Yea but (quoth she) the perill of this place
I better wot then you, though now too late
To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace,
Yet wisedome warnes, whilest foot is in the gate,
To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.
This is the wandring wood,° this Errours den,
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
Therefore I read beware. Fly fly (quoth then
The fearefull Dwarfe) this is no place for living men.

XIV

But full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthfull knight could not for ought be staide,
But forth unto the darksome hole he went,
And looked in: his glistring armor made
A litle glooming light, much like a shade,
By which he saw the ugly monster° plaine,
Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
But th'other halfe did womans shape retaine,
Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdaine.°

XV

And as she lay upon the durtie ground,
Her huge long taile her den all overspred,
Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound,
Pointed with mortall sting. Of her there bred°
A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
Sucking upon her poisnous dugs, eachone
Of sundry shapes, yet all ill favored:
Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

XVI

Their dam upstart, out of her den effraide,
And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
About her cursed head, whose folds displaid
Were stretcht now forth at length without entraile.
She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle
Armed to point,° sought backe to turne againe;
For light she hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in desert darknesse to remaine,
Where plain none might her see, nor she see any plaine.

XVII

Which when the valiant Elfe° perceiv'd, he lept
As Lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
From turning backe, and forced her to stay:
Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce, her speckled taile advaunst,
Threatning her angry sting, him to dismay:
Who nought aghast his mightie hand enhaunst:
The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder glaunst.

XVIII

Much daunted with that dint, her sence was dazd,
Yet kindling rage, her selfe she gathered round,
And all attonce her beastly body raizd
With doubled forces high above the ground:
Tho wrapping up her wrethed sterne arownd,
Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine
All suddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stirre he strove in vaine:
God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours endlesse traine.

XIX

His Lady sad to see his sore constraint,
Cride out, Now now Sir knight, shew what ye bee,
Add faith unto your force, and be not faint:
Strangle her, else she sure will strangle thee.
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
His gall did grate for griefe° and high disdaine,
And knitting all his force got one hand free,
Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great paine,
That soone to loose her wicked bands did her constraine.

XX

Therewith she spewd out of her filthy maw
A floud of poyson horrible and blacke,
Full of great lumpes of flesh and gobbets raw,
Which stunck so vildly, that it forst him slacke
His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe:
Her vomit full of bookes° and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke,
And creeping sought way in the weedy gras:
Her filthy parbreake all the place defiled has.

XXI

As when old father Nilus° gins to swell
With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale,
His fattie waves do fertile slime outwell,
And overflow each plaine and lowly dale:
But when his later spring gins to avale,
Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherein there breed
Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
And partly female of his fruitful seed;
Such ugly monstrous shapes elswhere may no man reed.

XXII

The same so sore annoyed has the knight,
That welnigh choked with the deadly stinke,
His forces faile, ne can no lenger fight.
Whose corage when the feend perceiv'd to shrinke,
She powred forth out of her hellish sinke
Her fruitfull cursed spawne of serpents small,
Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,
With swarming all about his legs did crall,
And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.

XXIII

As gentle Shepheard° in sweete even-tide,
When ruddy Phoebus gins to welke in west,
High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,
Markes which do byte their hasty supper best,
A cloud of combrous gnattes do him molest,
All striving to infixe their feeble stings,
That from their noyance he no where can rest,
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

XXIV

Thus ill bestedd,° and fearefull more of shame,
Then of the certeine perill he stood in,
Halfe furious unto his foe he came,
Resolv'd in minde all suddenly to win,
Or soone to lose, before he once would lin
And strooke at her with more then manly force,
That from her body full of filthie sin
He raft her hatefull head without remorse;
A streame of cole black bloud forth gushed from her corse.

XXV

Her scattred brood,° soone as their Parent deare
They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
Groning full deadly, all with troublous feare,
Gathred themselves about her body round,
Weening their wonted entrance to have found
At her wide mouth: but being there withstood
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And sucked up their dying mothers blood,
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

XXVI

That detestable sight him much amazde,
To see th' unkindly Impes, of heaven accurst,
Devoure their dam; on whom while so he gazd,
Having all satisfide their bloudy thurst,
Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse burst,
And bowels gushing forth: well worthy end
Of such as drunke her life, the which them nurst;°
Now needeth him no lenger labour spend,
His foes have slaine themselves, with whom he should contend.

XXVII

His Ladie seeing all that chaunst, from farre
Approcht in hast to greet his victorie,
And said, Faire knight, borne under happy starre,°
Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye:
Well worthie be you of that Armorie,°
Wherin ye have great glory wonne this day,
And proov'd your strength on a strong enimie,
Your first adventure: many such I pray,
And henceforth ever wish that like succeed it may.°

XXVIII

Then mounted he upon his Steede againe,
And with the Lady backward sought to wend;
That path he kept which beaten was most plaine,
Ne ever would to any by-way bend,
But still did follow one unto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brought.
So forward on his way (with God to frend)°
He passed forth, and new adventure sought;
Long way he travelled, before he heard of ought.

XXIX

At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
An aged Sire,° in long blacke weedes yclad,
His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray
And by his belt his booke he hanging had;
Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shew, and voyde of malice bad,
And all the way he prayed, as he went,
And often knockt his brest, as one that did repent.

XXX

He faire the knight saluted, louting low,
Who faire him quited, as that courteous was:
And after asked him, if he did know
Of straunge adventures, which abroad did pas.
Ah my deare Sonne (quoth he) how should, alas,
Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
Bidding his beades all day for his trespas,
Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father sits not with such things to mell.

XXXI

But if of daunger which hereby doth dwell,
And homebred evil ye desire to heare,
Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
That wasteth all this countrey farre and neare.
Of such (said he) I chiefly do inquere,
And shall you well reward to shew the place,
In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare:
For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
That such a cursed creature lives so long a space.

XXXII

Far hence (quoth he) in wastfull wildernesse
His dwelling is, by which no living wight
May ever passe, but thorough great distresse.
Now (sayd the Lady) draweth toward night,
And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye all forwearied be: for what so strong,
But wanting rest will also want of might?
The Sunne that measures heaven all day long,
At night doth baite his steedes the Ocean waves emong.

XXXIII

Then with the Sunne take Sir, your timely rest,
And with new day new worke at once begin:
Untroubled night they say gives counsell best.
Right well Sir knight ye have advised bin,
(Quoth then that aged man:) the way to win
Is wisely to advise: now day is spent:
Therefore with me ye may take up your In°
For this same night. The knight was well content:
So with that godly father to his home they went.

XXXIV

A little lowly Hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,
Far from resort of people, that did pas
In travell to and froe: a little wyde°
There was an holy Chappell edifyde,
Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to say
His holy things each morne and eventyde:
Thereby a Christall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

XXXV

Arrived there, the little house they fill,
Ne looke for entertainement, where none was:
Rest is their feast, and all things at their will:
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With faire discourse the evening so they pas:
For that old man of pleasing wordes had store,
And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas,
He told of Saintes and Popes, and evermore
He strowd an *Ave-Mary*° after and before.

XXXVI

The drouping Night thus creepeth on them fast,
And the sad humour° loading their eye liddes,
As messenger of Morpheus° on them cast
Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleepe them biddes.
Unto their lodgings then his guestes he riddes:
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
He to this study goes, and there amiddes
His Magick bookes and artes° of sundry kindes,
He seekes out mighty charmes, to trouble sleepy mindes.

XXXVII

Then choosing out few words most horrible,
(Let none them read) thereof did verses frame,
With which and other spelles like terrible,
He bad awake blacke Plutoes griesly Dame,°
And cursed heaven and spake reprochfull shame
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light;
A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
Great Gorgon,° Prince of darknesse and dead night,
At which Cocytus° quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

XXXVIII

And forth he cald out of deepe darknesse dred
Legions of Sprights,° the which like little flyes
Fluttring about his ever damned hed,
Awaite whereto their service he applyes,
To aide his friends, or fray his enimies:
Of those he chose° out two, the falsest twoo,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes;
The one of them he gave a message too,
The other by him selfe staide other worke to doo.

XXXIX

He making speedy way through spersed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is; there Tethys° his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia° still doth steepe
In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spred.

XL

Whose double gates° he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yvory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre do lye,
Watching to banish Care their enimy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
By them the Sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
In drowsie fit he findes: of nothing he takes keepe.

XLI

And more, to lulle him in his slumber soft,°
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a swowne:
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard: but carelesse Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enemyes.

XLII

The messenger approching to him spake,
But his wast wordes returnd to him in vaine:
So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine
Whereat he gan to stretch: but he againe
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.
As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine°
Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all° his silence breake.

XLIII

The Sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threatned unto him the dreaded name
Of Hecate°: whereat he gan to quake,
And lifting up his lumpish head, with blame
Halfe angry asked him, for what he came.
Hither (quoth he) me Archimago sent,
He that the stubborne Sprites can wisely tame,
He bids thee to him send for his intent
A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers sent.°

XLIV

The God obayde, and, calling forth straightway
A diverse dreame out of his prison darke,
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
His heavie head, devoide of carefull carke,
Whose sences all were straight benumbed and starke.
He backe returning by the Yvorie dore,
Remounted up as light as chearefull Larke,
And on his litle winges the dreame he bore
In hast unto his Lord, where he him left afore.

XLV

Who all this while with charmes and hidden artes,
Had made a Lady of that other Spright,
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes
So lively, and so like in all mens sight,
That weaker sence it could have ravisht quight:
The maker selfe, for all his wondrous witt,
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight:
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Cast a black stole, most like to seeme° for Una fit.

XLVI

Now when that ydle dreame was to him brought,
Unto that Elfin knight he bad him fly,
Where he slept soundly void of evill thought,
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,
In sort as he him schooled privily:
And that new creature, borne without her dew,°
Full of the makers guile, with usage sly
He taught to imitate that Lady trew,
Whose semblance she did carrie under feigned hew.

XLVII

Thus well instructed, to their worke they hast,
And coming where the knight in slomber lay,
The one upon his hardy head him plast
And made him dreame of loves and lustfull play,
That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
Bathed in wanton blis and wicked joy:
Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,
And to him playnd, how that false winged boy,
Her chast hart had subdewd, to learne Dame Pleasures toy.

XLVIII

And she herselfe of beautie soveraigne Queene,
Fayre Venus° seemde unto his bed to bring
Her, whom he waking evermore did weene,
To bee the chastest flowre, that ay did spring
On earthly braunch, the daughter of a king,
Now a loose Leman to vile service bound:
And eke the Graces° seemed all to sing,
Hymen Iö Hymen° dauncing all around,
Whilst freshest Flora° her with Yvie girlond crownd.

XLIX

In this great passion of unwonted lust,
Or wonted feare of doing ought amis,
He started up, as seeming to mistrust
Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his:
Lo there before his face his Lady is,
Under blake stole hyding her bayted hooke;
And as halfe blushing offred him to kis,
With gentle blandishment and lovely looke,
Most like that virgin true, which for her knight him took.

L

All cleane dismayd to see so uncouth sight,
And half enraged at her shamelesse guise,
He thought have slaine her in his fierce despight:
But hasty heat tempring with suffrance wise,
He stayde his hand, and gan himselfe advise
To prove his sense,° and tempt her faigned truth.
Wringing her hands in womans pittcous wise,
Tho can she weepe,° to stirre up gentle ruth,
Both for her noble bloud, and for her tender youth.

LI

And said, Ah Sir, my liege Lord and my love,
Shall I accuse the hidden cruell fate,
And mightie causes wrought in heaven above,
Or the blind God,° that doth me thus amate,
For hoped love to winne me certaine hate?
Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die.
Die is my dew; yet rew my wretched state
You, whom my hard avenging destinie
Hath made judge of my life or death indifferently.

LII

Your owne deare sake forst me at first to leave
My Fathers kingdome — There she stopt with teares;
Her swollen hart her speech seemd to bereave,
And then againe begun: My weaker yeares
Captiv'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares,
Fly to your fayth for succour and sure ayde:
Let me not dye in languor and long teares.
Why Dame (quoth he) what hath ye thus dismayd?
What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort me affrayd?

LIII

Love of your selfe, she saide, and deare constraint,
Lets me not sleepe, but wast the wearie night
In secret anguish and unpittied plaint,
Whiles you in carelesse sleepe are drowned quight.
Her doubtfull words made that redoubted knight
Suspect her truth: yet since no' untruth he knew,
Her fawning love with foule disdainefull spight
He would not shend; but said, Deare dame I rew,
That for my sake unknowne such griefe unto you grew.

LIV

Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground ;°
For all so deare as life is to my hart,
I deeme your love, and hold me to you bound :
Ne let vaine feares procure your needlesse smart,
Where cause is none, but to your rest depart.
Not all content, yet seemd she to appease
Her mournefull plaintes, beguiled of her art,
And fed with words that could not chuse but please,
So slyding softly forth, she turned as to her ease.

LV

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
Much griev'd to thinke that gentle Dame so light,
For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
At last, dull wearinesse of former fight
Having yrockt asleepe his irkesome spright,
That troublous dreame gan freshly tosse his braine,
With bowres, and beds, and Ladies deare delight :
But when he saw his labour all was vaine,
With that misformed spright he backe returnd againe.

CANTO II

The guilefull great Enchaunter parts
the Redcrosse Knight from truth,
Into whose stead faire Falshood steps,
and workes him wofull ruth.

I

By this the Northerne wagoner° had set
His sevenfold teme° behind the stedfast starre,°
That was in Ocean waves yet never wet,
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
To all that in the wide deepe wandring arre:
And chearefull Chaunticlere° with his note shrill
Had warned once, that Phœbus fiery carre°
In hast was climbing up the Easterne hill,
Full envious that night so long his roome did fill.

II

When those accursed messengers of hell,
That feigning dreame, and that faire-forged Spright°
Came to their wicked maister, and gan tell
Their bootelesse paines, and ill succeeding night:
Who all in rage to see his skilfull might
Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine
And sad Proserpines wrath, them to affright.
But when he saw his threatning was but vaine,
He cast about, and searcht his baleful bookes againe.

III

Eftsoones he tooke that miscreated faire,
And that false other Spright, on whom he spred
A seeming body of the subtile aire,
Like a young Squire, in loves and lustybed
His wanton dayes that ever loosely led,
Without regard of armes and dreaded fight:
Those two he tooke, and in a secret bed,
Coverd with darknesse and misdeeming night,
Them both together laid, to joy in vaine delight.

IV

Forthwith he runnes with feigned faithfull hast
Unto his guest, who after troublous sights
And dreames, gan now to take more sound repast,
Whom suddenly he wakes with fearfull frights,
As one aghast with feends or damned sprights,
And to him cals, Rise, rise, unhappy Swaine
That here wex old in sleepe, whiles wicked wights
Have knit themselves in Venus shameful chaine,
Come see where your false Lady doth her honour staine.

V

All in amaze he suddenly upstart
With sword in hand, and with the old man went
Who soone him brought into a secret part
Where that false couple were full closely ment
In wanton lust and leud embracement:
Which when he saw, he burnt with gealous fire,
The eye of reason was with rage yblent,
And would have slaine them in his furious ire,
But hardly was restreined of that aged sire.

VI

Returning to his bed in torment great,
And bitter anguish of his guiltie sight,
He could not rest, but did his stout heart eat,
And wast his inward gall with deepe despight,
Yrkesome of life, and too long lingring night.
At last faire Hesperus° in highest skie
Had spent his lampe and brought forth dawning light,
Then up he rose, and clad him hastily;
The Dwarfe him brought his steed: so both away do fly.

VII

Now when the rosy-fingred Morning° faire,
Weary of aged Tithones° saffron bed,
Had spread her purple robe through deawy aire,
And the high hils Titan° discovered,
The royall virgin shooke off drowsy-hed;
And rising forth out of her baser bowre,
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
And for her Dwarfe, that wont to wait each houre:
Then gan she waile and weepe, to see that woefull stowre.

VIII

And after him she rode with so much speede
As her slow beast could make; but all in vaine:
For him so far had borne his light-foot steede,
Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdaine,
That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine;
Yet she her weary limbes would never rest,
But every hill and dale, each wood and plaine,
Did search, sore grieved in her gentle brest,
He so ungently left her, whom she loved best.

IX

But subtill Archimago, when his guests
He saw divided into double parts,
And Una wandring in woods and forrests,
Th' end of his drift, he praisd his divelish arts,
That had such might over true meaning harts:
Yet rests not so, but other meanes doth make,
How he may worke unto her further smarts:
For her he hated as the hissing snake,
And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

X

He then devisde himselfe how to disguise;
For by his mightie science he could take
As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,
As ever Proteus° to himselfe could make:
Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell,
That of himselfe he ofte for feare would quake,
And oft would flie away. O who can tell
The hidden power of herbes° and might of Magicke spell?

XI

But now seemde best the person to put on
Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest:
In mighty armes he was yclad anon:
And silver shield, upon his coward brest
A bloudy crosse, and on his craven crest
A bounch of haires discolourd diversly:
Full jolly knight he seemde, and well addrest,
And when he sate upon his courser free,
Saint George himself ye would have deemed him to be.

XII

But he the knight, whose semblaunt he did beare,
The true Saint George, was wandred far away,
Still flying from his thoughts and gealous feare;
Will was his guide, and griefe led him astray.
At last him chaunst to meete upon the way
A faithless Sarazin° all arm'd to point,
In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sans foy: full large of limbe and every joint
He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

XIII

He had a faire companion° of his way,
A goodly Lady clad in scarlot red,
Purfled with gold and pearle of rich assay,
And like a Persian mitre on her hed
She wore, with crowns and owches garnished,
The which her lavish lovers to her gave;
Her wanton palfrey all was overspred
With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,
Whose bridle rung with golden bels and bosses brave.

XIV

With faire disport and courting dalliaunce
She intertainde her lover all the way:
But when she saw the knight his speare advaunce,
She soone left off her mirth and wanton play,
And bade her knight addresse him to the fray:
His foe was nigh at hand. He prickt with pride
And hope to winne his Ladies heart that day,
Forth spurred fast: adowne his coursers side
The red bloud trickling staind the way, as he did ride.

XV

The knight of the Redcrosse when him he spide,
Spurring so hote with rage dispiteous,
Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride:
Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,
That daunted with their forces hideous,
Their steeds do stagger, and amazed stand,
And eke themselves, too rudely rigorous,
Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand
Doe backe rebut, and each to other yeeldeth land.

XVI

As when two rams° stird with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flocke,
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
Do meete, that with the terrour of the shocke
Astonied both, stand sencelesse as a blocke,
Forgetfull of the hanging victory: °
So stood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,
Both staring fierce, and holding idely
The broken reliques° of their former cruelty.

XVII

The Sarazin sore daunted with the buffe
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies;
Who well it wards, and quyteth cuff with cuff:
Each others equall puissaunce envies,°
And through their iron sides° with cruell spies
Does seeke to perce: repining courage yields
No foote to foe. The flashing fier flies
As from a forge out of their burning shields,
And streams of purple bloud new dies the verdant fields.

XVIII

Curse on that Crosse (quoth then the Sarazin),
That keepes thy body from the bitter fit;°
Dead long ygoe I wote thou haddest bin,
Had not that charme from thee forwarned it:
But yet I warne thee now assured sitt,°
And hide thy head. Therewith upon his crest
With rigour so outrageous° he smitt,
That a large share° it hewd out of the rest,
And glauncing down his shield from blame him fairly blest.°

XIX

Who thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
Of native vertue gan eftsoones revive,
And at his haughtie helmet making mark,
So hugely stroke, that it the steele did rive,
And cleft his head. He tumbling downe alive,
With bloudy mouth his mother earth did kis,
Greeting his grave: his grudging° ghost did strive
With the fraile flesh; at last it flitted is,
Whither the soules do fly of men that live amis.

XX

The Lady when she saw her champion fall,
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
Staid not to waile his woefull funerall,
But from him fled away with all her powre;
Who after her as hastily gan scowre,
Bidding the Dwarfe with him to bring away
The Sarazins shield, signe of the conqueroure.
Her soone he overtooke, and bad to stay,
For present cause was none of dread her to dismay.

XXI

She turning backe with ruefull countenaunce,
Cride, Mercy mercy Sir vouchsafe to show
On silly Dame, subject to hard mischaunce,
And to your mighty will. Her humblesse low
In so ritch weedes and seeming glorious show,
Did much emmove his stout heroicke heart,
And said, Deare dame, your suddin overthrow
Much rueth me; but now put feare apart,
And tell, both who ye be, and who that tooke your part

XXII

Melting in teares, then gan she thus lament;
The wretched woman, whom unhappy howre
Hath now made thrall to your commandement,
Before that angry heavens list to lowre,
And fortune false betraide me to your powre,
Was, (O what now availeth that I was!)
Borne the sole daughter of an Emperour,°
He that the wide West under his rule has,
And high hath set his throne, where Tiberis doth pas.

XXIII

He in the first flowre of my freshest age,
Betrothed me unto the onely haire°
Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage;
Was never Prince so faithfull and so faire,
Was never Prince so meeke and debonaire;
But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
My dearest Lord fell from high honours staire
Into the hands of his accursed fone,
And cruelly was slaine, that shall I ever mone.

XXIV

His blessed body spoild of lively breath,
Was afterward, I know not how, convaid
And fro me hid : of whose most innocent death
When tidings came to me, unhappy maid,
O how great sorrow my sad soule assaid.
Then forth I went his woefull corse to find,
And many yeares throughout the world I straid,
A virgin widow, whose deepe wounded mind
With love long time did languish as the striken hind.

XXV

At last it chaunced this proud Sarazin
To meete me wandring, who perforce me led
With him away, but yet could never win
The Fort, that Ladies hold in soveraigne dread ;
There lies he now with foule dishonour dead,
Who whiles he livde, was called proud Sansfoy,
The eldest of three brethren, all three bred
Of one bad sire, whose youngest is Sansjoy ;
And twixt them both was born the bloudy bold Sansloy.

XXVI

In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfortunate,
Now miserable I Fidessa dwell,
Craving of you in pitty of my state,
To do none ill, if please ye not do well.
He in great passion all this while did dwell,
More busying his quicke eyes, her face to view,
Then his dull eares, to heare what she did tell ;
And said, Faire Lady hart of flint would rew
The undeserved woes and sorrowes which ye shew.

XXVII

Henceforth in safe assuraunce may ye rest,
Having both found a new friend you to aid,
And lost an old foe that did you molest:
Better new friend then an old foe is said.
With chaunge of cheare the seeming simple maid
Let fall her eyen, as shamefast to the earth,
And yeelding soft, in that she nought gain-said,
So forth they rode, he feining seemely merth,
And she coy lookes: so dainty they say maketh derth.°

XXVIII

Long time they thus together traveiled,
Till weary of their way, they came at last
Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did spred
Their armes abroad, with gray mosse overcast,
And their greene leaves trembling with every blast,
Made a calme shadow far in compasse round:
The fearfull Shepheard often there aghast
Under them never sat, ne wont there sound°
His merry oaten pipe, but shund th' unlucky ground.

XXIX

But this good knight soone as he them can spie,
For the cool shade° him thither hastly got:
For golden Phœbus now ymounted hie,
From fiery wheeles of his faire chariot
Hurled his beame so scorching cruell hot,
That living creature mote it not abide;
And his new Lady it endured not.
There they alight, in hope themselves to hide
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

XXX

Faire seemely pleasaunce° each to other makes,
With goodly purposes° there as they sit:
And in his falsed fancy he her takes
To be the fairest wight that lived yit;
Which to expresse he bends his gentle wit,
And thinking of those braunches greene to frame
A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,
He pluckt a bough;° out of whose rift there came
Small drops of gory bloud, that trickled down the same.

XXXI

Therewith a piteous yelling voyce was heard,
Crying, O spare with guilty hands° to teare
My tender sides in this rough rynd embard,
But fly, ah fly far hence away, for feare
Least to you hap, that happened to me heare,
And to this wretched Lady, my deare love,
O too deare love, love bought with death too deare.
Astond he stood, and up his haire did hove;
And with that suddein horror could no member move.

XXXII

At last whenas the dreadfull passion
Was overpast, and manhood well awake,
Yet musing at the straunge occasion,
And doubting much his sence, he thus bespake;
What voyce of damned Ghost from Limbo lake,°
Or guilefull spright wandring in empty aire,
Both which fraile men do oftentimes mistake,
Sends to my doubtfull eares these speaches rare,
And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse bloud to spare?

XXXIII

Then groning deepe, Nor damned Ghost, (quoth he,)
Nor guileful sprite to thee these wordes doth speake,
But once a man Fradubio,° now a tree,
Wretched man, wretched tree; whose nature weake
A cruell witch her cursed will to wreake,
Hath thus transformd, and plast in open plaines,
Where Boreas doth blow full bitter bleake,
And scorching Sunne does dry my secret vaines:
For though a tree I seeme, yet cold and heat me paines.

XXXIV

Say on Fradubio then, or man, or tree,
Quoth then the knight, by whose mischievous arts
Art thou misshaped thus, as now I see?
He oft finds med'cine, who his griefe imparts;
But double griefs afflict concealing harts,
As raging flames who striveth to suppresse.
The author then (said he) of all my smarts,
Is one Duessa a false sorceresse,
That many errant knights hath brought to wretchednesse.

XXXV

In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hot
The fire of love and joy of chevalree
First kindled in my brest, it was my lot
To love this gentle Lady, whom ye see,
Now not a Lady, but a seeming tree;
With whom as once I rode accompanyde,
Me chaunced of a knight encountred bee,
That had a like faire Lady by his syde,
Like a faire Lady, but did fowle Duessa hyde.

XXXVI

Whose forged beauty he did take in hand,
All other Dames to have exceeded farre ;
I in defence of mine did likewise stand,
Mine, that did then shine as the Morning starre.
So both to battell fierce arraunged arre,
In which his harder fortune was to fall
Under my speare : such is the dye of warre :
His Lady left as a prise martiall,
Did yield her comely person to be at my call.

XXXVII

So doubly lov'd of Ladies unlike faire,
Th' one seeming such, the other such indeede,
One day in doubt I cast for to compare,
Whether in beauties glorie did exceede ;
A Rosy girlond was the victors meede :
Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to bee,
So hard the discord was to be agreede.
Fraelissa was as faire, as faire mote bee,
And ever false Duessa seemde as faire as shee.

XXXVIII

The wicked witch now seeing all this while
The doubtfull ballaunce equally to sway,
What not by right, she cast to win by guile,
And by her hellish science raisd streightway
A foggy mist, that overcast the day,
And a dull blast, that breathing on her face,
Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,
And with foule ugly forme did her disgrace :
Then was she faire alone, when none was faire in place.

XXXIX

Then cride she out, Fye, fye, deformed wight,
Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine
To have before bewitched all mens sight;
O leave her soone, or let her soone be slaine.
Her loathly visage viewing with disdaine,
Eftsoones I thought her such, as she me told,
And would have kild her; but with faigned paine
The false witch did my wrathfull hand with-hold;
So left her, where she now is turnd to treen mould.°

XL

Then forth I tooke Duessa for my Dame,
And in the witch unweeting joyd long time,
Ne ever wist but that she was the same,°
Till on a day (that day is every Prime,
When Witches wont do penance for their crime)
I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,°
Bathing her selfe in origane and thyme:
A filthy foule old woman I did vew,
That ever to have toucht her I did deadly rew.

XLI

Her neather parts misshapen, monstruous,
Were hidd in water, that I could not see.
But they did seeme more foule and hideous,
Then womans shape man would beleeve to bee.
Thensforth from her most beastly companie
I gan refraine, in minde to slip away,
Soone as appeard safe opportunitie:
For danger great, if not assur'd decay,
I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray.

XLII

The divelish hag by chaunges of my cheare° 377
Perceiv'd my thought, and drownd in sleepie night,°
With wicked herbs and ointments did besmeare
My body all, through charms and magicke might,
That all my senses were bereaved quight:
Then brought she me into this desert waste, 377
And by my wretched lovers side me pight,
Where now enclosd in wooden wals full faste,
Banisht from living wights, our wearie dayes we waste.

XLIII

But how long time, said then the Elfin knight,
Are you in this misformed house to dwell? 380
We may not chaunge (quoth he) this evil plight,
Till we be bathed in a living well;°
That is the terme prescribed by the spell.
O how, said he, mote I that well out find,
That may restore you to your wonted well? 385
Time and suffised fates to former kynd
Shall us restore, none else from hence may us unbynd.

XLIV

The false Duessa, now Fidessa hight,
Heard how in vaine Fradubio did lament,
And knew well all was true. But the good knight 390
Full of sad feare and ghastly dreriment,
When all this speech the living tree had spent,
The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,
That from the blood he might be innocent,
And with fresh clay did close the wooden wound: 395
Then turning to his Lady, dead with feare her found.

XLV

Her seeming dead he found with feigned feare,
As all unweeting of that well she knew,
And paynd himselfe with busie care to reare
Her out of carelesse swowne. Her eyelids blew
And dimmed sight with pale and deadly hew
At last she up gan lift: with trembling cheare
Her up he tooke, too simple and too trew,
And oft her kist. At length all passed feare,°
He set her on her steede, and forward forth did beare.

CANTO III

Forsaken Truth long seekes her love,
and makes the Lyon mylde,
Marres blind Devotions mart, and fals
in hand of leachour vylde.

I

Nought is there under heav'ns wide hollownesse,
That moves more deare compassion of mind,
Then beautie brought t' unworthy wretchednesse
Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightnesse blind,
Or through alleageance and fast fealtie,
Which I do owe unto all woman kind,
Feele my hart perst with so great agonie,
When such I see, that all for pittie I could die.

II

And now it is empassioned so deepe,
For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
That my fraile eyes these lines with teares do steepe,
To thinke how she through guilefull handeling,
Though true as touch,° though daughter of a king,
Though faire as ever living wight was faire,
Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in despaire,
And her due loves° deriv'd to that vile witches share.

III

Yet she most faithfull Ladie all this while
Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd
Far from all peoples prease, as in exile,
In wildernesse and wastfull deserts strayd,
To seeke her knight; who subtilly betrayd
Through that late vision, which th' Enchaunter wrought,
Had her abandond. She of nought affrayd,
Through woods and wastnesse wide him daily sought;
Yet wished tydings° none of him unto her brought.

IV

One day nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
From her unhastie beast she did alight,
And on the grasse her daintie limbes did lay
In secret shadow, farre from all mens sight:
From her faire head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside. Her angels face
As the great eye of heaven° shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shadie place;
Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

V

It fortuned out of the thickest wood
A ramping Lyon° rushed suddainly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood;
Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have attonce devourd her tender corse:
But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
His bloody rage asswaged with remorse,
And with the sight amazd, forgat his furious forse.

VI

In stead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
O how can beautie maister the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong?
Whose yeelded pride and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her hart gan melt in great compassion,
And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

VII

The Lyon Lord of every beast in field,
Quoth she, his princely puissance doth abate.
And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,
Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate:
But he my Lyon, and my noble Lord,
How does he find in cruell hart to hate,
Her that him lov'd, and ever most adord,
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?

VIII

Redounding teares did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood;
And sad to see her sorrowfull constraint
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.
At last in close hart shutting up her paine,
Arose the virgin borne of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy Palfrey got againe,
To seeke her strayed Champion, if she might attaine.

IX

The Lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chast person, and a faithfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward,°
And when she wakt, he waited diligent,
With humble service to her will prepard:
From her faire eyes he tooke commaundement,
And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

X

Long she thus traveiled through deserts wyde,
By which she thought her wandring knight shold pas,
Yet never shew of living wight espyde;
Till that at length she found the troden gras,
In which the tract of peoples footing was,
Under the steepe foot of a mountaine hore;
The same she followes, till at last she has
A damzell spyde° slow footing her before,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

XI

To whom approching she to her gan call,
To weet, if dwelling place were nigh at hand;
But the rude wench her answerd nought at all;
She could not heare, nor speake, nor understand;
Till seeing by her side the Lyon stand,
With suddaine feare her pitcher downe she threw,
And fled away: for never in that land
Face of faire Ladie she before did vew,
And that dread Lyons looke her cast in deadly hew.°

XII

Full fast she fled, ne never lookt behynd,
As if her life upon the wager lay,°
And home she came, whereas her mother blynd°
Sate in eternall night: nought could she say,
But suddaine catching hold, did her dismay
With quaking hands, and other signes of feare;
Who full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
Gan shut the dore. By this arrived there
Dame Una, wearie Dame, and entrance did requere.

XIII

Which when none yeelded, her unruly Page°
With his rude claws the wicket open rent,
And let her in; where of his cruell rage
Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonishment,
She found them both in darkesome corner pent;
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Upon her beads devoutly penitent;
Nine hundred *Pater nosters*° every day,
And thrise nine hundred *Aves* she was wont to say.

XIV

And to augment her painefull penuance more,
Thrise every weeke in ashes she did sit,
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,
And thrise three times did fast from any bit:
But now for feare her beads she did forget.
Whose needlesse dread for to remove away,
Faire Una framed words and count'nance fit:
Which hardly doen, at length she gan them pray,
That in their cotage small that night she rest her may.

XV

The day is spent, and commeth drowsie night,
When every creature shrowded is in sleepe ;
Sad Una downe her laies in wearie plight,
And at her feete the Lyon watch doth keepe :
In stead of rest, she does lament, and weepe
For the late losse of her deare loved knight,
And sighes, and grones, and ever more does steepe
Her tender brest in bitter teares all night,
All night she thinks too long, and often lookes for light.

XVI

Now when Aldeboran° was mounted hie
Above the shynie Cassiopeias chaire,°
And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lie,
One knocked at the dore,° and in would fare ;
He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware,
That readie entrance was not at his call :
For on his backe a heavy load he bare
Of nightly stelths, and pillage severall,
Which he had got abroad by purchase criminall.

XVII

He was, to weete, a stout and sturdy thiefe,
Wont to robbe Churches of their ornaments,
And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,
Which given was to them for good intents ;
The holy Saints of their rich vestiments
He did disrobe, when all men carelesse slept,
And spoild the Priests of their habiliments,
Whiles none the holy things in safety kept ;
Then he by conning sleights in at the window crept.

XVIII

And all that he by right or wrong could find,
Unto this house he brought, and did bestow
Upon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abessa, daughter of Corceca slow,
With whom he whoredome usd, that few did know,
And fed her fat with feast of offerings,
And plentie, which in all the land did grow;
Ne spared he to give her gold and rings:
And now he to her brought part of his stolen things.

XIX

Thus long the dore with rage and threats he bet,
Yet of those fearfull women none durst rize,
The Lyon frayed them, him in to let:
He would no longer stay him to advize.°
But open breakes the dore in furious wize,
And entring is; when that disdainfull beast
Encountring fierce, him suddaine doth surprize,
And seizing cruell clawes on trembling brest,
Under his Lordly foot him proudly hath suppresst.

XX

Him booteth not resist,° nor succour call,
His bleeding hart is in the vengers hand,
Who streight him rent in thousand peeces small,
And quite dismembred hath: the thirsty land
Drunke up his life: his corse left on the strand.
His fearefull friends weare out the wofull night,
Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to understand
The heavie hap, which on them is alight,
Affraid, least to themselves the like mishappen might.

XXI

Now when broad day the world discovered has,
Up Una rose, up rose the Lyon eke,
And on their former journey forward pas,
In wayes unknowne, her wandring knight to seeke,
With paines farre passing that long wandring Greeke,° 185
That for his love refused deitie;
Such were the labours of his Lady meeke,
Still seeking him, that from her still did flie;
Then furthest from her hope, when most she weened nie.

XXII

Soone as she parted thence, the fearfull twaine, 190
That blind old woman and her daughter deare,°
Came forth, and finding Kirkrapine there slaine,
For anguish great they gan to rend their heare,
And beat their brests, and naked flesh to teare.
And when they both had wept and wayld their fill, 195
Then forth they ran like two amazed deare,
Halfe mad through malice, and revenging will,
To follow her, that was the causer of their ill.

XXIII

Whom overtaking, they gan loudly bray,
With hollow howling, and lamenting cry, 200
Shamefully at her rayling all the way,
And her accusing of dishonesty,
That was the flowre of faith and chastity;
And still amidst her rayling, she did pray,
That plagues, and mischiefs, and long misery 205
Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
And that in endlesse error she might ever stray.

XXIV

But when she saw her prayers nought prevaile,
She backe returned with some labour lost;
And in the way as shee did weepe and waile,
A knight her met in mighty armes embost,
Yet knight was not for all his bragging bost,
But subtill Archimag, that Una sought
By traynes into new troubles to have tost:
Of that old woman tidings he besought,
If that of such a Ladie she could tellen ought.

XXV

Therewith she gan her passion to renew,
And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her heare,
Saying, that harlot she too lately knew,
That caused her shed so many a bitter teare,
And so forth told the story of her feare:
Much seemed he to mone her haplesse chaunce,
And after for that Ladie did inquere;
Which being taught, he forward gan advaunce
His fair enchaunted steed, and eke his charmed launce.

XXVI

Ere long he came where Una traveild slow,
And that wilde Champion wayting her besyde:
Whom seeing such, for dread he durst not show
Himselfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde
Unto an hill; from whence when she him spyde,
By his like seeming shield, her knight by name
She weend it was, and towards him gan ryde:
Approaching nigh, she wist it was the same,
And with faire fearefull humblesse towards him shee came:

XXVII

And weeping said, Ah my long lacked Lord,
Where have ye bene thus long out of my sight?
Much feared I to have bene quite abhord,
Or ought have done,° that ye displeasen might,
That should as death° unto my deare heart light:
For since mine eye your joyous sight did mis,
My chearefull day is turnd to chearelesse night,
And eke my night of death the shadow is;
But welcome now my light, and shining lampe of blis.

XXVIII

He thereto meeting said, My dearest Dame,
Farre be it from your thought, and fro my will,
To thinke that knighthood I so much should shame,
As you to leave, that have me loved still,
And chose in Faery court° of meere goodwill,
Where noblest knights were to be found on earth:
The earth shall sooner leave her kindly skill,°
To bring forth fruit, and make eternall derth,
Then I leave you, my liefe, yborne of heavenly berth.

XXIX

And sooth to say, why I left you so long,
Was for to seeke adventure in strange place,
Where Archimago said a felon strong
To many knights did daily worke disgrace;
But knight he now shall never more deface:
Good cause of mine excuse; that mote ye please
Well to accept, and evermore embrace
My faithfull service, that by land and seas
Have vowd you to defend: now then your plaint appease.

XXX

His lovely words her seemd due recompence
Of all her passed paines: one loving howre
For many yeares of sorrow can dispence:
A dram of sweet is worth a pound of sowre:
She has forgot, how many a woful stowre
For him she late endurd; she speakes no more
Of past: true is, that true love hath no powre
To looken backe; his eyes be fixt before.
Before her stands her knight, for whom she toyld so sore.

XXXI

Much like, as when the beaten marinere,
That long hath wandred in the Ocean wide,
Oft soust in swelling Tethys saltish teare,
And long time having tand his tawney hide
With blustring breath of heaven, that none can bide,
And scorching flames of fierce Orions hound,°
Soone as the port from farre he has espide,
His chearefull whistle merrily doth sound,
And Nereus crownes with cups°; his mates him pledg aroun

XXXII

Such joy made Una, when her knight she found;
And eke th' enchaunter joyous seemd no lesse,
Then the glad marchant, that does vew from ground°
His ship farre come from watrie wildernesse,
He hurles out vowes, and Neptune oft doth blesse:
So forth they past, and all the way they spent
Discoursing of her dreadful late distresse,
In which he askt her, what the Lyon ment:
Who told her all that fell in journey as she went.

XXXIII

They had not ridden farre, when they might see
One pricking towards them with hastie heat,
Full strongly armd, and on a courser free,
That through his fiercenesse fomed all with sweat,
And the sharpe yron did for anger eat,
When his hot ryder spurd his chauffed side;
His looke was sterne, and seemed still to threat
Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hyde,
And on his shield *Sans loy*° in bloudie lines was dyde.

XXXIV

When nigh he drew unto this gentle payre
And saw the Red-crosse, which the knight did beare,
He burnt in fire, and gan eftsoones prepare
Himselfe to battell with his couched speare.
Loth was that other, and did faint through feare,
To taste th' untryed dint of deadly steele;
But yet his Lady did so well him cheare,
That hope of new goodhap he gan to feele;
So bent his speare, and spurd his horse with yron heele.

XXXV

But that proud Paynim forward came so fierce,
And full of wrath, that with his sharp-head speare,
Through vainly crossed shield° he quite did pierce,
And had his staggering steede not shrunke for feare,
Through shield and bodie eke he should him beare:
Yet so great was the puissance of his push,
That from his saddle quite he did him beare:
He tombling rudely downe to ground did rush,
And from his gored wound a well of bloud did gush.

XXXVI

Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,
He to him lept, in mind to reave his life,
And proudly said, Lo there the worthie meed
Of him that slew Sansfoy with bloudie knife;
Henceforth his ghost freed from repining strife,
In peace may passen over Lethe lake,°
When mourning altars purgd with enemies life,
The blacke infernall Furies° doen aslake:
Life from Sansfoy thou tookst, Sansloy shall from thee tak

XXXVII

Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,°
Till Una cried, O hold that heavie hand,
Deare Sir, what ever that thou be in place:
Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquisht stand
Now at thy mercy: Mercie not withstand:
For he is one the truest knight alive,
Though conquered now he lie on lowly land,
And whilest him fortune favourd, faire did thrive
In bloudie field: therefore of life him not deprive.

XXXVIII

Her piteous words might not abate his rage,
But rudely rending up his helmet, would
Have slaine him straight: but when he sees his age,
And hoarie head of Archimago old,
His hasty hand he doth amazed hold,
And halfe ashamed, wondred at the sight:
For that old man well knew he, though untold,
In charmes and magicke to have wondrous might,
Ne ever wont in field,° ne in round lists to fight;

XXXIX

And said, Why Archimago, lucklesse syre,
What doe I see? what hard mishap is this,
That hath thee hither brought to taste mine yre?
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
Instead of foe to wound my friend amis?
He answered nought, but in a traunce still lay,
And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his
The cloude of death did sit. Which doen away,
He left him lying so, ne would no lenger stay:

XL

But to the virgin comes, who all this while
Amased stands, her selfe so mockt to see
By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,
For so misfeigning her true knight to bee:
Yet is she now in more perplexitie,
Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,
From whom her booteth not at all to flie;
Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,
Her from her Palfrey pluckt, her visage to behold.

XLI

But her fierce servant, full of kingly awe
And high disdaine, whenas his soveraine Dame
So rudely handled by her foe he sawe,
With gaping jawes full greedy at him came,
And ramping on his shield, did weene the same
Have reft away with his sharpe rending clawes:
But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
His corage more, that from his griping pawes
He hath his shield redeem'd, and foorth his sword he drawes

XLII

O then too weake and feeble was the forse
Of salvage beast, his puissance to withstand:
For he was strong, and of so mightie corse,
As ever wielded speare in warlike hand,
And feates of armes did wisely understand.
Eftsoones he perced through his chaufed chest
With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,
And launcht his Lordly hart: with death opprest
He roar'd aloud, whiles life forsooke his stubborne brest.

XLIII

Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid
From raging spoile of lawlesse victors will?
Her faithfull gard remov'd, her hope dismaid,
Her selfe a yielded pray to save or spill.
He now Lord of the field, his pride to fill,
With foule reproches, and disdainfull spight
Her vildly entertaines, and will or nill,
Beares her away upon his courser light:
Her prayers nought prevaile, his rage is more of might.

XLIV

And all the way, with great lamenting paine,
And piteous plaints she filleth his dull eares,
That stony hart could riven have in twaine,
And all the way she wets with flowing teares:
But he enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.
Her servile beast yet would not leave her so,
But followes her farre off, ne ought he feares,
To be partaker of her wandring woe,
More mild in beastly kind, then that her beastly foe.

CANTO IV

To sinfull house of Pride, Duessa
guides the faithfull knight,
Where brother's death to wreak Sansjoy
doth chalenge him to fight.

I

YOUNG knight whatever that dost armes professe,
And through long labours huntest after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of ficklenesse,
In choice, and change of thy deare loved Dame,
Least thou of her beleeve too lightly blame,
And rash misweening doe thy hart remove:
For unto knight there is no greater shame,
Then lightnesse and inconstancie in love;
That doth this Redcrosse knights ensample plainly prove.

II

Who after that he had faire Una lorne,
Through light misdeeming of her loialtie,
And false Duessa in her sted had borne,
Called Fidess', and so supposd to bee;
Long with her traveild, till at last they see
A goodly building, bravely garnished,
The house of mightie Prince it seemd to bee:
And towards it a broad high way that led,
All bare through peoples feet, which thither traveiled.

III

Great troupes of people traveild thitherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place,°
But few returned, having scaped hard,°
With balefull beggerie, or foule disgrace;
Which ever after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazars,° by the hedges lay.
Thither Duessa bad him bend his pace:
For she is wearie of the toilesome way,
And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

IV

A stately Pallace built of squared bricke,
Which cunningly was without morter laid,
Whose wals were high, but nothing strong, nor thick,
And golden foile all over them displaid,
That purest skye with brightnesse they dismaid:
High lifted up were many loftie towres,
And goodly galleries farre over laid,
Full of faire windowes and delightful bowres;
And on the top a Diall told the timely howres.

V

It was a goodly heape for to behould,
And spake the praises of the workmans wit;
But full great pittie, that so faire a mould
Did on so weake foundation ever sit:
For on a sandie hill, that still did flit
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That every breath of heaven shaked it:
And all the hinder parts, that few could spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

VI

Arrived there, they passed in forth right;
For still to all the gates stood open wide:
Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight
Cald Malvenù,° who entrance none denide:
Thence to the hall, which was on every side
With rich array and costly arras dight:
Infinite sorts of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wished sight
Of her that was the Lady of that Pallace bright.

VII

By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
And to the Presence mount; whose glorious vew
Their frayle amazed senses did confound:
In living Princes court none ever knew
Such endlesse richesse, and so sumptuous shew;
Ne Persia selfe, the nourse of pompous pride
Like ever saw. And there a noble crew
Of Lordes and Ladies stood on every side,
Which with their presence faire the place much beautifide.

VIII

High above all a cloth of State was spred,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day,
On which there sate most brave embellished
With royall robes and gorgeous array,
A mayden Queene, that shone as Titans ray,
In glistring gold, and peerelesse pretious stone:
Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay
To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone.

IX

Exceeding shone, like Phœbus fairest childe,°
That did presume his fathers firie wayne,
And flaming mouthes of steedes unwonted wilde
Through highest heaven with weaker hand to rayne;
Proud of such glory and advancement vaine,
While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyen,
He leaves the welkin way most beaten plaine,
And rapt with whirling wheeles, inflames the skyen,
With fire not made to burne, but fairely for to shyne.

X

So proud she shyned in her Princely state,
Looking to heaven; for earth she did disdayne:
And sitting high; for lowly she did hate:
Lo underneath her scornefull feete was layne
A dreadfull Dragon° with an hideous trayne,
And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,
Wherein her face she often vewed fayne,
And in her selfe-lov'd semblance tooke delight;
For she was wondrous faire, as any living wight.

XI

Of grisly Pluto she the daughter was,
And sad Proserpina the Queene of hell;
Yet did she thinke her pearlesse worth to pas
That parentage,° with pride so did she swell;
And thundring Jove, that high in heaven doth dwell,
And wield the world, she claymed for her syre,
Or if that any else did Jove excell:
For to the highest she did still aspyre,
Or if ought higher were then that, did it desyre.

XII

And proud Lucifera men did her call,
That made her selfe a Queene, and crownd to be,
Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
Ne heritage of native soveraintie,
But did usurpe with wrong and tyrannie
Upon the scepter, which she now did hold:
Ne ruld her Realmes with lawes, but pollicie,
And strong advizement of six wisards old,°
That with their counsels bad her kingdome did uphold.

XIII

Soone as the Elfin knight in presence came,
And false Duessa seeming Lady faire,
A gentle Husher, Vanitie by name
Made rowme, and passage for them did prepaire:
So goodly brought them to the lowest staire
Of her high throne, where they on humble knee
Making obeyssance, did the cause declare,
Why they were come, her royall state to see,
To prove the wide report of her great Majestee.

XIV

With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so low,
She thanked them in her disdainefull wise;
Ne other grace vouchsafed them to show
Of Princesse worthy, scarse them bad arise.
Her Lordes and Ladies all this while devise
Themselves to setten forth to straungers sight:
Some frounce their curled haire in courtly guise,
Some prancke their ruffes, and others trimly dight
Their gay attire: each others greater pride does spight.

XV

Goodly they all that knight do entertaine,
Right glad with him to have increast their crew:
But to Duess' each one himselfe did paine
All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shew;
For in that court whylome her well they knew:
Yet the stout Faerie mongst the middest crowd
Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly vew,
And that great Princesse too exceeding prowd,
That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

XVI

Suddein upriseth from her stately place
The royall Dame, and for her coche did call:
All hurtlen forth, and she with Princely pace,
As faire Aurora in her purple pall,
Out of the east the dawning day doth call:
So forth she comes: her brightnesse brode doth blaze;
The heapes of people thronging in the hall,
Do ride each other, upon her to gaze:
Her glorious glitterand light doth all mens eyes amaze.

XVII

So forth she comes, and to her coche° does clyme,
Adorned all with gold, and girlonds gay,
That seemd as fresh as Flora in her prime,
And strove to match, in royall rich array,
Great Junoes golden chaire, the which they say
The Gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
To Joves high house through heavens bras-paved way
Drawne of faire Pecocks, that excell in pride,
And full of Argus eyes their tailes dispredden wide.

XVIII

But this was drawne of six unequall beasts,
On which her six sage Counsellours did ryde,
Taught to obay their bestiall beheasts,
With like conditions° to their kinds applyde:
Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,
Was sluggish Idlenesse the nourse of sin;
Upon a slouthful Asse he chose to ryde,
Arayd in habit blacke, and amis thin,
Like to an holy Monck, the service to begin.

XIX

And in his hand his Portesse still he bare,
That much was worne, but therein little red,
For of devotion he had little care,
Still drownd in sleepe, and most of his dayes ded;
Scarse could he once uphold his heavie hed,
To looken, whether it were night or day:
May seeme the wayne was very evill led,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not, whether right he went, or else astray.

XX

From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne,
And greatly shunned manly exercise,
From every worke he chalenged essoyne,°
For contemplation sake: yet otherwise,
His life he led in lawlesse riotise;
By which he grew to grievous malady;
For in his lustlesse limbs through evill guise,
A shaking fever raignd continually:
Such one was Idlenesse, first of this company.

XXI

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne;
His belly was up-blowne with luxury,
And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne,
And like a Crane° his necke was long and fyne,
With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
For want whereof poore people oft did pyne;
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spued up his gorge, that all did him deteast.

XXII

In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad;
For other clothes he could not weare for heat,
And on his head an yvie girland had,
From under which fast trickled downe the sweat:
Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His dronken corse he scarse upholden can,
In shape and life more like a monster, then a man.

XXIII

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unhable once to stirre or go,
Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
Whose mind in meat and drinke was drowned so,
That from his friend he seldome knew his fo:
Full of diseases was his carcas blew,
And a dry dropsie° through his flesh did flow:
Which by misdiet daily greater grew:
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

XXIV

And next to him rode lustfull Lechery,
Upon a bearded Goat, whose rugged haire,
And whally eyes (the signe of gelosy),
Was like the person selfe, whom he did beare:
Who rough, and blacke, and filthy did appeare,
Unseemely man to please faire Ladies eye;
Yet he of Ladies oft was loved deare,
When fairer faces were bid standen by:
O who does know the bent of womens fantasy?

XXV

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
Which underneath did hide his filthinesse,
And in his hand a burning hart he bare,
Full of vaine follies, and new fanglenesse,
For he was false, and fraught with ficklenesse;
And learned had to love with secret lookes;
And well could daunce, and sing with ruefulnesse,
And fortunes tell, and read in loving bookes,
And thousand other wayes, to bait his fleshly hookes.

XXVI

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
And lusted after all that he did love;
Ne would his looser life be tide to law,
But joyd weak wemens hearts to tempt and prove,
If from their loyall loves he might them move;
Which lewdnesse fild him with reprochfull paine
Of that fowle evill, which all men reprove,
That rots the marrow and consumes the braine:
Such one was Lecherie, the third of all this traine.

XXVII

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a Camell° loaden all with gold;
Two iron coffers hong on either side,
With precious mettall full as they might hold;
And in his lap an heape of coine he told;
For of his wicked pelfe his God he made,
And unto hell him selfe for money sold;
Accursed usurie was all his trade,
And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce waide.

XXVIII

His life was nigh unto deaths doore yplast,
And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes he ware,
Ne scarse good morsell all his life did tast,
But both from backe and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and richesse to compare;
Yet chylde ne kinsman living had he none
To leave them to; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
He led a wretched life unto him selfe unknowne.°

XXIX

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffise,
Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store,
Whose need had end, but no end covetise,
Whose wealth was want, whose plenty made him pore,
Who had enough, yet wished ever more;
A vile disease, and eke in foote and hand
A grievous gout tormented him full sore,
That well he could not touch, nor go, nor stand;
Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this faire band.

XXX

And next to him malicious Envie rode,
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Betweene his cankred teeth a venemous tode,
That all the poison ran about his chaw;
But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
At neighbours wealth, that made him ever sad;
For death it was when any good he saw,
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had,
But when he heard of harme, he wexed wondrous glad.

XXXI

All in a kirtle of discolourd say
He clothed was, ypainted full of eyes;
And in his bosome secretly there lay
An hatefull Snake, the which his taile uptyes
In many folds, and mortall sting implyes.
Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth, to see
Those heapes of gold with griple Covetyse;
And grudged at the great felicitie
Of proud Lucifera, and his owne companie.

XXXII

He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds,
And him no lesse, that any like did use,
And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
His almes for want of faith he doth accuse;
So every good to bad he doth abuse:
And eke the verse of famous Poets witt
He does backebite, and spightfull poison spues
From leprous mouth on all that ever writt:
Such one vile Envie was, that fifte in row did sitt.

XXXIII

And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath,
Upon a Lion, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his hed;
His eyes did hurle forth sparkles fiery red,
And stared sterne on all that him beheld,
As ashes pale of hew and seeming ded;
And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trembling through hasty rage, when choler in him sweld.

XXXIV

His ruffin raiment all was staind with blood,
Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent,
Through unadvized rashnesse woxen wood;
For of his hands he had no governement,
Ne car'd for bloud in his avengement:
But when the furious fit was overpast,
His cruell facts he often would repent;
Yet wilfull man he never would forecast,
How many mischieves should ensue his heedlesse hast.

XXXV

Full many mischiefes follow cruell Wrath;
Abhorred bloodshed and tumultuous strife,
Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,°
Bitter despight, with rancours rusty knife,
And fretting griefe the enemy of life;
All these, and many evils moe haunt ire,
The swelling Splene,° and Frenzy raging rife,
The shaking Palsey, and Saint Fraunces fire:°
Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.

XXXVI

And after all, upon the wagon beame
Rode Sathan, with a smarting whip in hand,
With which he forward lasht the laesie teme,
So oft as Slowth still in the mire did stand.
Hugh routs of people did about them band,
Showting for joy, and still before their way
A foggy mist had covered all the land;
And underneath their feet, all scattered lay
Dead sculs and bones of men, whose life had gone astray.

XXXVII

So forth they marchen in this goodly sort,
To take the solace of the open aire,
And in fresh flowring fields themselves to sport;
Emongst the rest rode that false Lady faire,
The foule Duessa, next unto the chaire
Of proud Lucifera, as one of the traine:
But that good knight would not so nigh repaire,
Him selfe estraunging from their joyaunce vaine,
Whose fellowship seemd far unfit for warlike swaine.

XXXVIII

So having solaced themselves a space
With pleasaunce° of the breathing fields yfed,
They backe retourned to the Princely Place;
Whereas an errant knight in armes ycled,
And heathnish shield, wherein with letters red
Was writ *Sans joy*, they new arrived find:
Enflam'd with fury and fiers hardy-hed
He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts unkind,
And nourish bloudy vengeaunce in his bitter mind.

XXXIX

Who when the shamed shield of slaine Sansfoy
He spide with that same Faery champions page,
Bewraying him, that did of late destroy
His eldest brother, burning all with rage
He to him leapt, and that same envious gage
Of victors glory from him snatcht away:
But th' Elfin knight, which ought that warlike wage
Disdaind to loose the meed he wonne in fray,
And him rencountring fierce, reskewd the noble pray.

XL

Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,
Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne,
And clash their shields, and shake their swords on hy,
That with their sturre they troubled all the traine;
Till that great Queene upon eternall paine
Of high displeasure that ensewen might,
Commaunded them their fury to refraine,
And if that either to that shield had right,
In equall lists they should the morrow next it fight.

XLI

Ah dearest Dame, (quoth then the Paynim bold,)
Pardon the error of enraged wight,
Whom great griefe made forget the raines to hold
Of reasons rule, to see this recreant knight,
No knight, but treachour full of false despight
And shamefull treason, who through guile hath slayn
The prowest knight that ever field did fight,
Even stout Sansfoy (O who can then refrayn?)
Whose shield he beares renverst, the more to heape disdayn

XLII

And to augment the glorie of his guile,
His dearest love, the faire Fidessa, loe
Is there possessed of the traytour vile,
Who reapes the harvest sowen by his foe,
Sowen in bloudy field, and bought with woe:
That brothers hand shall dearely well requight,
So be, O Queene, you equall favour showe.
Him litle answerd th' angry Elfin knight;
He never meant with words, but swords to plead his right.

XLIII

But threw his gauntlet as a sacred pledge,
His cause in combat the next day to try:
So been they parted both, with harts on edge
To be aveng'd each on his enimy.
That night they pas in joy and jollity,
Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall;
For Steward was excessive Gluttonie,
That of his plenty poured forth to all;
Which doen, the Chamberlain Slowth did to rest them call.

XLIV

Now whenas darkesome night had all displayed
Her coleblacke curtein over brightest skye,
The warlike youthes on dayntie couches layd,
Did chace away sweet sleepe from sluggish eye,
To muse on meanes of hoped victory.
But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace
Arrested all that courtly company,
Up-rose Duessa from her resting place,
And to the Paynims lodging comes with silent pace.

XLV

Whom broad awake she finds, in troublous fit,
Forecasting, how his foe he might annoy,
And him amoves with speaches seeming fit:
Ah deare Sansjoy, next dearest to Sansfoy,
Cause of my new griefe, cause of my new joy,
Joyous, to see his ymage in mine eye,
And greev'd, to thinke how foe did him destroy,
That was the flowre of grace and chevalrye;
Lo his Fidessa to thy secret faith I fye.

XLVI

With gentle wordes he can her fairely greet,
And bad say on the secret of her hart.
Then sighing soft, I learne that litle sweet
Oft tempred is (quoth she) with muchell smart:
For since my brest was launcht with lovely dart
Of deare Sans foy, I never joyed howre,
But in eternall woes my weaker hart
Have wasted, loving him with all my powre,
And for his sake have felt full many an heavie stowre.

XLVII

At last when perils all I weened past,
And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,
Into new woes unweeting I was cast,
By this false faytor, who unworthy ware
His worthy shield, whom he with guilefull snare
Entrapped slew, and brought to shamefull grave.
Me silly maid away with him he bare,
And ever since hath kept in darksome cave,
For that I would not yeeld, that to Sans foy I gave.

XLVIII

But since faire Sunne hath sperst that lowring clowd,
And to my loathed life now shewes some light,
Under your beames I will me safely shrowd,
From dreaded storme of his disdainfull spight:
To you th' inheritance belongs by right
Of brothers prayse, to you eke longs his love.
Let not his love, let not his restlesse spright,
Be unreveng'd, that calles to you above
From wandring Stygian shores, where it doth endlesse move.

XLIX

Thereto said he, Faire Dame, be nought dismaid
For sorrowes past; their griefe is with them gone:
Ne yet of present perill be affraid;
For needlesse feare did never vantage none
And helplesse hap° it booteth not to mone.
Dead is Sansfoy, his vitall paines are past,
Though greeved ghost for vengeance deepe do grone:
He lives, that shall him pay his dewties last,°
And guiltie Elfin blood shall sacrifice in hast.

L

O but I feare the fickle freakes (quoth shee)
Of fortune false, and oddes of armes° in field.
Why Dame (quoth he) what oddes can ever bee,
Where both do fight alike, to win or yield?
Yea but (quoth she) he beares a charmed shield,
And eke enchaunted armes, that none can perce,
Ne none can wound the man that does them wield.
Charmd or enchaunted (answerd he then fierce)
I no whit reck, ne you the like need to reherce.

LI

But faire Fidessa, sithens fortunes guile,
Or enimies powre, hath now captived you,
Returne from whence ye came, and rest a while
Till morrow next, that I the Elfe subdew,
And with Sansfoyes dead dowry you endew.
Ay me, that is a double death (she said)
With proud foes sight my sorrow to renew:
Where ever yet I be, my secret aid
Shall follow you. So passing forth she him obaid.

CANTO V

The faithfull knight in equall field
subdewes his faithlesse foe,
Whom false Duessa saves, and for
his cure to hell does goe.

I

The noble hart, that harbours vertuous thought,
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can never rest, untill it forth have brought
Th' eternall brood of glorie excellent.
Such restlesse passion did all night torment
The flaming corage of that Faery knight,
Devizing, how that doughtie turnament
With greatest honour he atchieven might;
Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning light.

II

At last the golden Orientall gate,
Of greatest heaven gan to open faire,
And Phoebus fresh, as bridegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie haire:
And hurls his glistring beams through gloomy aire.
Which when the wakeful Elfe perceiv'd, streightway
He started up, and did him selfe prepaire,
In sunbright armes, and battailous array:
For with that Pagan proud he combat will that day.

III

And forth he comes into the commune hall,
Where earely waite him many a gazing eye,
To weet what end to straunger knights may fall.
There many Minstrales maken melody,
To drive away the dull melancholy,
And many Bardes, that to the trembling chord
Can tune their timely voyces° cunningly,
And many Chroniclers that can record
Old loves,° and warres for Ladies doen by many a Lord.

IV

Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,
In woven maile° all armed warily,
And sternly lookes at him, who not a pin
Does care for looke of living creatures eye.
They bring them wines of Greece and Araby,°
And daintie spices fetcht from furthest Ynd,°
To kindle heat of corage privily:
And in the wine a solemne oth they bynd
T' observe the sacred lawes of armes, that are assynd.

V

At last forth comes that far renowmed Queene,
With royall pomp and Princely majestie;
She is ybrought unto a paled greene,°
And placed under stately canapee,
The warlike feates of both those knights to see.
On th' other side in all mens open vew
Duessa placed is, and on a tree
Sans-foy his° shield is hangd with bloody hew:
Both those° the lawrell girlonds to the victor dew.

VI

A shrilling trompet sownded from on hye,
And unto battaill bad them selves addresse:
Their shining shieldes about their wrestes they tye,
And burning blades about their heads do blesse,
The instruments of wrath and heavinesse:
With greedy force each other doth assayle,
And strike so fiercely, that they do impresse
Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred mayle;
The yron walles to ward their blowes are weak and fraile.

VII

The Sarazin was stout, and wondrous strong,
And heaped blowes like yron hammers great;
For after bloud and vengeance he did long.
The knight was fiers, and full of youthly heat,
And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders threat:
For all for prayse and honour he did fight.
Both stricken strike, and beaten both do beat,
That from their shields forth flyeth firie light,
And helmets hewen deepe show marks of eithers might.

VIII

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right;
As when a Gryfon° seized of his pray,
A Dragon fiers encountreth in his flight,
Through widest ayre making his ydle way,
That would his rightfull ravine rend away;
With hideous horror both together smight,
And souce so sore that they the heavens affray:
The wise Soothsayer seeing so sad sight,
Th' amazed vulgar tels of warres and mortall fight.

IX

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right,
And each to deadly shame would drive his foe:
The cruell steele so greedily doth bight
In tender flesh that streames of bloud down flow,
With which the armes, that earst so bright did show,
Into a pure vermillion now are dyde:
Great ruth in all the gazers harts did grow,
Seeing the gored woundes to gape so wyde,
That victory they dare not wish to either side.

X

At last the Paynim chaunst to cast his eye,
His suddein eye, flaming with wrathful fyre,
Upon his brothers shield, which hong thereby:
Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,
And said, Ah wretched sonne of wofull syre,
Doest thou sit wayling by blacke Stygian lake,
Whilest here thy shield is hangd for victors hyre,
And sluggish german° doest thy forces slake
To after-send his foe, that him may overtake?

XI

Goe caytive Elfe, him quickly overtake,
And soone redeeme from his long wandring woe;
Goe guiltie ghost, to him my message make,
That I his shield have quit from dying foe.
Therewith upon his crest he stroke him so,
That twise he reeled, readie twise to fall;
End of the doubtfull battell deemed tho
The lookers on, and lowd to him gan call
The false Duessa, Thine the shield, and I, and all.

XII

Soone as the Faerie heard his Ladie speake,°
Out of his swowning dreame he gan awake,
And quickning faith, that earst was woxen weake,
The creeping deadly cold away did shake:
Tho mov'd with wrath, and shame, and Ladies sake,
Of all attonce he cast avengd to bee,
And with so' exceeding furie at him strake,
That forced him to stoupe upon his knee;
Had he not stouped so, he should have cloven bee.

XIII

And to him said, Goe now proud Miscreant,
Thy selfe thy message do to german deare;
Alone he wandring thee too long doth want:
Goe say, his foe thy shield with his doth beare.
Therewith his heavie hand he high gan reare,
Him to have slaine; when loe a darkesome clowd°
Upon him fell: he no where doth appeare,
But vanisht is. The Elfe him calls alowd,
But answer none receives: the darkness him does shrowd.

XIV

In haste Duessa from her place arose,
And to him running said, O prowest knight,
That ever Ladie to her love did chose,
Let now abate the terror of your might,
And quench the flame of furious despight,
And bloudie vengeance; lo th' infernall powres,
Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
Have borne him hence to Plutoes balefull bowres.
The conquest yours, I yours, the shield, the glory yours.

XV

Not all so satisfide, with greedie eye
He sought all round about, his thristie blade
To bath in bloud of faithlesse enemy;
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade:
He standes amazed, how he thence should fade.
At last the trumpets Triumph sound on hie,
And running Heralds humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victorie,
And to him brought the shield, the cause of enmitie.

XVI

Wherewith he goeth to that soveraine Queene,
And falling her before on lowly knee,
To her makes present of his service seene:
Which she accepts, with thankes, and goodly gree,
Greatly advauncing his gay chevalree.
So marcheth home, and by her takes the knight,
Whom all the people follow with great glee,
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,
That all the aire it fils, and flyes to heaven bright.

XVII

Home is he brought, and laid in sumptuous bed:
Where many skilfull leaches him abide,
To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.
In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide,
And softly can embalme on every side.
And all the while, most heavenly melody
About the bed sweet musicke did divide,
Him to beguile of griefe and agony:
And all the while Duessa wept full bitterly

XVIII

As when a wearie traveller that strayes
By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,
Unweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,
Doth meete a cruell craftie Crocodile,
Which in false griefe hyding his harmefull guile,
Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender teares:°
The foolish man, that pitties all this while
His mournefull plight, is swallowed up unawares,
Forgetfull of his owne, that mindes anothers cares.

XIX

So wept Duessa untill eventide,
That shyning lampes in Joves high house were light:
Then forth she rose, ne lenger would abide,
But comes unto the place, where th' Hethen knight
In slombring swownd nigh voyd of vitall spright,
Lay cover'd with inchaunted cloud all day:
Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,
To wayle his woefull case she would not stay,
But to the easterne coast of heaven makes speedy way.

XX

Where griesly Night,° with visage deadly sad,
That Phœbus chearefull face durst never vew,
And in a foule blacke pitchie mantle clad,
She findes forth comming from her darkesome mew,
Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the dore her yron charet stood,
Alreadie harnessed for journey new;
And coleblacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,
That on their rustie bits did champ, as they were wood.

XXI

Who when she saw Duessa sunny bright,
Adornd with gold and jewels shining cleare,
She greatly grew amazed at the sight,
And th' unacquainted light began to feare:
For never did such brightnesse there appeare,
And would have backe retyred to her cave,
Until the witches speech she gan to heare,
Saying, Yet, O thou dreaded Dame, I crave
Abide, till I have told the message which I have.

XXII

She stayd, and foorth Duessa gan proceede
O thou most auncient Grandmother of all,
More old then Jove, whom thou at first didst breede,
Or that great house of Gods cælestiall,
Which wast begot in Daemogorgons hall,
And sawst the secrets of the world unmade,
Why suffredst thou thy Nephewes deare to fall
With Elfin sword, most shamefully betrade?
Lo where the stout Sansjoy doth sleepe in deadly shade.

XXIII

And him before, I saw with bitter eyes
The bold Sansfoy shrinke underneath his speare;
And now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,
Nor wayld of friends, nor layd on groning beare,°
That whylome was to me too dearely deare.
O what of Gods° then boots it to be borne,
If old Aveugles sonnes so evill heare?
Or who shall not great Nightes children scorne,
When two of three her Nephews are so fowle forlorne?

XXIV

Up then, up dreary Dame, of darknesse Queene,
Go gather up the reliques of thy race,
Or else goe them avenge, and let be seene,
That dreaded Night in brightest day hath place,
And can the children of faire light deface.
Her feeling speeches some compassion moved
In hart, and chaunge in that great mothers face:
Yet pittie in her hart was never proved
Till then: for evermore she hated, never loved.

XXV

And said, Deare daughter rightly may I rew
The fall of famous children borne of mee,
And good successes,° which their foes ensew:
But who can turne the streame of destinee,
Or breake the chayne° of strong necessitee,
Which fast is tyde to Joves eternall seat?
The sonnes of Day he favoureth, I see,
And by my ruines thinkes to make them great:
To make one great by others losse, is bad excheat.°

XXVI

Yet shall they not escape so freely all;
For some shall pay the price of others guilt:
And he the man that made Sansfoy to fall,
Shall with his owne bloud° price that he has spilt.
But what art thou, that telst of Nephews kilt?
I that do seeme not I, Duessa am,
(Quoth she) how ever now in garments gilt,
And gorgeous gold arrayd I to thee came;
Duessa I, the daughter of Deceipt and Shame.

XXVII

Then bowing downe her aged backe, she kist
The wicked witch, saying; In that faire face
The false resemblance of Deceipt I wist
Did closely lurke; yet so true-seeming grace
It carried, that I scarce in darkesome place
Could it discerne, though I the mother bee
Of falshood, and roote of Duessaes race.
O welcome child, whom I have long'd to see,
And now have seene unwares. Lo now I go with thee.

XXVIII

Then to her yron wagon she betakes,
And with her beares the fowle welfavourd witch:
Through mirkesome aire her readie way she makes.
Her twyfold Teme, of which two blacke as pitch,
And two were browne, yet each to each unlich,
Did softly swim away, ne ever stampe,
Unlesse she chaunst their stubborne mouths to twitch;
Then foming tarre, their bridles they would champe,
And trampling the fine element would fiercely rampe

XXIX

So well they sped, that they be come at length
Unto the place, whereas the Paynim lay,
Devoid of outward sense, and native strength,
Coverd with charmed cloud from vew of day
And sight of men, since his late luckelesse fray.
His cruell wounds with cruddy bloud congeald
They binden up so wisely, as they may,
And handle softly, till they can be healed:
So lay him in her charet close in night concealed.

XXX

And all the while she stood upon the ground,
The wakefull dogs did never cease to bay,°
As giving warning of th' unwonted sound,
With which her yron wheeles did them affray,
And her darke griesly looke them much dismay:
The messenger of death, the ghastly Owle°
With drery shriekes did also her bewray;
And hungry Wolves continually did howle,
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.

XXXI

Thence turning backe in silence soft they stole,
And brought the heavie corse with easie pace
To yawning gulfe of deepe Avernus hole.°
By that same hole an entrance darke and bace
With smoake and sulphure hiding all the place,
Descends to hell: there creature never past,
That backe returned without heavenly grace;
But dreadfull Furies which their chaines have brast,
And damned sprights sent forth to make ill men aghast.

XXXII

By that same way the direfull dames doe drive
Their mournefull charet, fild with rusty blood,
And downe to Plutoes house are come bilive:
Which passing through, on every side them stood
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
Chattring their yron teeth, and staring wide
With stonie eyes; and all the hellish brood
Of feends infernall flockt on every side,
To gaze on earthly wight that with the Night durst ride.

XXXIII

They pas the bitter waves of Acheron,
Where many soules sit wailing woefully,
And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,
Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
And with sharpe shrilling shriekes doe bootlesse cry,
Cursing high Jove, the which them thither sent.
The house of endlesse paine is built thereby,
In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

XXXIV

Before the threshold dreadfull Cerberus°
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curled with thousand adders venemous,
And lilled forth his bloudie flaming tong:
At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
And felly gnarre, until Dayes enemy
Did him appease; then downe his taile he hong
And suffred them to passen quietly:
For she in hell and heaven had power equally.

XXXV

There was Ixion turned on a wheele,
For daring tempt the Queene of heaven to sin;
And Sisyphus an huge round stone did reele
Against an hill, ne might from labour lin;
There thirsty Tantalus hong by the chin;
And Tityus fed a vulture on his maw;
Typhœus joynts were stretched on a gin,
Theseus condemnd to endlesse slouth by law,
And fifty sisters water in leake vessels draw.

XXXVI

They all beholding worldly wights in place,
Leave off their worke, unmindfull of their smart,
To gaze on them; who forth by them doe pace,
Till they be come unto the furthest part;
Where was a Cave ywrought by wondrous art,
Deepe, darke, uneasie, dolefull, comfortlesse,
In which sad Aesculapius° farre apart
Emprisond was in chaines remedilesse,
For that Hippolytus rent corse he did redresse.

XXXVII

Hippolytus a jolly huntsman was
That wont in charett chace the foming Bore:
He all his Peeres in beauty did surpas,
But Ladies love as losse of time forbore:
His wanton stepdame loved him the more,
But when she saw her offred sweets refused,
Her love she turnd to hate, and him before
His father fierce of treason false accused,
And with her gealous termes his open eares abused.

XXXVIII

Who all in rage his Sea-god syre besought,
Some cursed vengeaunce on his sonne to cast,
From surging gulf two monsters straight were brought,
With dread whereof his chasing steedes aghast,
Both charet swift and huntsman overcast.
His goodly corps on ragged cliffs yrent,
Was quite dismembred, and his members chast
Scattered on every mountaine, as he went,
That of Hippolytus was left no moniment.

XXXIX

His cruell step-dame seeing what was donne,
Her wicked dayes with wretched knife did end,
In death avowing th' innocence of her sonne,
Which hearing, his rash Syre began to rend
His haire, and hastie tongue that did offend.
Tho gathering up the relicks of his smart,
By Dianes meanes, who was Hippolyts frend,
Them brought to Æsculape, that by his art
Did heale them all againe, and joyned every part.

XL

Such wondrous science in mans wit to raine
When Jove avizd, that could the dead revive,
And fates expired could renew againe,
Of endlesse life he might him not deprive,
But unto hell did thrust him downe alive,
With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore:
Where long remaining, he did alwaies strive
Himselfe with salves to health for to restore,
And slake the heavenly fire, that raged evermore.

XLI

There auncient Night arriving, did alight
From her nigh wearie waine, and in her armes
To Æsculapius brought the wounded knight:
Whom having softly disarayd of armes,
Tho gan to him discover all his harmes,
Beseeching him with prayer, and with praise,
If either salves, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes
A fordonne wight from dore of death mote raise,
He would at her request prolong her nephews daies.

XLII

Ah Dame (quoth he) thou temptest me in vaine,
To dare the thing, which daily yet I rew,
And the old cause of my continued paine
With like attempt to like end to renew.
Is not enough, that thrust from heaven dew
Here endlesse penance for one fault I pay,
But that redoubled crime with vengeance new
Thou biddest me to eeke? can Night defray
The wrath of thundring Jove that rules both night and day?

XLIII

Not so (quoth she) but sith that heavens king
From hope of heaven hath thee excluded quight,
Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing;
And fearest not, that more thee hurten might,
Now in the powre of everlasting Night?
Goe to then, O thou farre renowmed sonne
Of great Apollo, shew thy famous might
In medicine, that else hath to thee wonne
Great paines, and greater praise,° both never to be donne.

XLIV

Her words prevaild: And then the learned leach
His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
And all things else, the which his art did teach:
Which having seene, from thence arose away
The mother of dread darknesse, and let stay
Aveugles sonne there in the leaches cure,
And backe returning tooke her wonted way,
To runne her timely race, whilst Phœbus pure,
In westerne waves his weary wagon did recure.

XLV

The false Duessa leaving noyous Night,
Returnd to stately pallace of Dame Pride;
Where when she came, she found the Faery knight
Departed thence, albe his woundes wide
Not throughly heald, unreadie were to ride.
Good cause he had to hasten thence away;
For on a day his wary Dwarfe had spide
Where in a dongeon deepe huge numbers lay
Of caytive wretched thrals, that wayled night and day.

XLVI

A ruefull sight, as could be seene with eie;
Of whom he learned had in secret wise
The hidden cause of their captivitie,
How mortgaging their lives to Covetise,
Through wastfull Pride and wanton Riotise,
They were by law of that proud Tyrannesse,
Provokt with Wrath, and Envies false surmise,
Condemned to that Dongeon mercilesse,
Where they should live in woe, and die in wretchednesse.

XLVII

There was that great proud king of Babylon,°
That would compell all nations to adore,
And him as onely God to call upon,
Till through celestiall doome throwne out of dore,
Into an Oxe he was transform'd of yore:
There also was king Croesus,° that enhaunst
His hart too high through his great riches store;
And proud Antiochus,° the which advaunst
His cursed hand gainst God, and on his altars daunst.

XLVIII

And them long time before, great Nimrod° was,
That first the world with sword and fire warrayd;
And after him old Ninus° farre did pas
In princely pompe, of all the world obayd;
There also was that mightie Monarch° layd
Low under all, yet above all in pride,
That name of native syre did fowle upbrayd,
And would as Ammons sonne be magnifide,
Till scornd of God and man a shamefull death he dide.

XLIX

All these together in one heape were throwne,
Like carkases of beasts in butchers stall.
And in another corner wide were strowne
The antique ruines of the Romaines fall:
Great Romulus° the Grandsyre of them all,
Proud Tarquin, and too lordly Lentulus,
Stout Scipio, and stubborne Hanniball,
Ambitious Sylla, and sterne Marius,
High Caesar, great Pompey,° and fierce Antonius.°

L

Amongst these mightie men were wemen mixt,
Proud wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke:
The bold Semiramis,° whose sides transfixt
With sonnes own blade, her fowle reproches spoke;
Faire Sthenoboea,° that her selfe did choke
With wilfull cord, for wanting of her will;
High minded Cleopatra,° that with stroke
Of Aspes sting her selfe did stoutly kill:
And thousands moe the like, that did that dongeon fill;

LI

Besides the endlesse routs of wretched thralles,
Which thither were assembled day by day,
From all the world after their wofull falles
Through wicked pride, and wasted wealthes decay.
But most of all, which in the Dongeon lay,
Fell from high Princes courts, or Ladies bowres;
Where they in idle pompe, or wanton play,
Consumed had their goods, and thriftlesse howres,
And lastly throwne themselves into these heavy stowres.

LII

Whose case when as the carefull Dwarfe had tould,
And made ensample of their mournefull sight
Unto his maister, he no lenger would
There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,
But early rose, and ere that dawning light
Discovered had the world to heaven wyde,
He by a privie Posterne tooke his flight,
That of no envious eyes he mote be spyde:
For doubtlesse death ensewd, if any him descryde.

LIII

Scarse could he footing find in that fowle way,
For many corses, like a great Lay-stall,
Of murdred men which therein strowed lay,
Without remorse, or decent funerall:
Which all through that great Princesse pride did fall
And came to shamefull end. And them beside
Forth ryding underneath the castell wall,
A donghill of dead carkases he spide,
The dreadfull spectacle of that sad house of Pride.

CANTO VI

From lawlesse lust by wondrous grace
fayre Una is releast:
Whom salvage nation does adore,
and learnes her wise beheast.

I

As when a ship, that flyes faire under saile,
An hidden rocke escaped hath unwares,
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
The Marriner yet halfe amazed stares
At perill past, and yet in doubt ne dares
To joy at his foole-happie oversight:
So doubly is distrest twixt joy and cares
The dreadlesse courage of this Elfin knight,
Having escapt so sad ensamples in his sight.

II

Yet sad he was that his too hastie speede
The faire Duess' had forst him leave behind;
And yet more sad, that Una his deare dreed
Her truth had staind with treason so unkind;
Yet crime in her could never creature find.
But for his love, and for her owne selfe sake,
She wandred had from one to other Ynd,°
Him for to seeke, ne ever would forsake,
Till her unwares the fiers Sansloy did overtake.

III

Who, after Archimagoes fowle defeat,
Led her away into a forest wilde,
And turning wrathfull fyre to lustfull heat,
With beastly sin thought her to have defilde,
And made the vassal of his pleasures vilde.
Yet first he cast by treatie, and by traynes,
Her to persuade that stubborne fort to yilde:
For greater conquest of hard love he gaynes,
That workes it to his will, then he that it constraines.

IV

With fawning words he courted her awhile,
And looking lovely, and oft sighing sore,
Her constant hart did tempt with diverse guile,
But wordes and lookes, and sighes she did abhore;
As rocke of Diamond steadfast evermore,
Yet for to feed his fyrie lustfull eye,
He snatcht the vele that hong her face before;
Then gan her beautie shyne, as brightest skye
And burnt his beastly hart t'efforce her chastitye.

V

So when he saw his flatt'ring artes to fayle,
And subtile engines bett from batteree:
With greedy force he gan the fort assayle,
Whereof he weend possessed soone to bee,
And with rich spoile of ransackt chastitee.
Ah heavens! that do this hideous act behold,
And heavenly virgin thus outraged see,
How can ye vengeance just so long withold
And hurle not flashing flames upon that Paynim bold?

VI

The pitteous maiden carefull comfortlesse,
Does throw out thrilling shriekes, and shrieking cryes,
The last vaine helpe of womens great distresse,
And with loud plaints importuneth the skyes,
That molten starres do drop like weeping eyes;
And Phœbus flying so most shameful sight,
His blushing face in foggy cloud implyes,
And hides for shame. What wit of mortall wight
Can now devise to quit a thrall from such a plight?

VII

Eternal providence exceeding thought,
Where none appeares can make herselfe a way:
A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
From Lyons clawes to pluck the griped pray.
Her shrill outcryes and shriekes so loud did bray,
That all the woodes and forestes did resownd;
A troupe of Faunes and Satyres far away
Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
Whiles old Sylvanus° slept in shady arber sownd:

VIII

Who when they heard that pitteous strained voice,
In haste forsooke their rurall meriment,
And ran towards the far rebownded noyce,
To weet, what wight so loudly did lament.
Unto the place they come incontinent:
Whom when the raging Sarazin espide,
A rude, mishapen, monstrous rablement,
Whose like he never saw, he durst not bide,
But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ride.

IX

The wyld woodgods arrived in the place,
There find the virgin dolefull desolate,
With ruffled rayments, and faire blubbred face,
As her outrageous foe had left her late;
And trembling yet through feare of former hate:
All stand amazed at so uncouth sight,
And gin to pittie her unhappie state;
All stand astonied at her beautie bright,
In their rude eyes unworthy of so wofull plight.

X

She more amaz'd, in double dread doth dwell;
And every tender part for feare doth shake:
As when a greedie Wolfe, through hunger fell,
A seely Lambe farre from the flocke does take,
Of whom he meanes his bloudie feast to make,
A Lyon spyes fast running towards him,
The innocent pray in hast he does forsake,
Which quit from death yet quakes in every lim
With chaunge of feare,° to see the Lyon looke so grim.

XI

Such fearefull fit assaid her trembling hart,
Ne word to speake, ne joynt to move she had:
The salvage nation feele her secret smart,
And read her sorrow in her countnance sad;
Their frowning forheads with rough hornes yclad,
And rustick horror° all a side doe lay;
And gently grenning, show a semblance glad
To comfort her, and feare to put away,
Their backward bent knees° teach her humbly to obay.

XII

The doubtfull Damzell dare not yet commit
Her single person to their barbarous truth ;°
But still twixt feare and hope amazd does sit,
Late learnd° what harme to hasty trust ensu'th :
They in compassion of her tender youth,
And wonder of her beautie soveraine,
Are wonne with pitty and unwonted ruth,
And all prostrate upon the lowly plaine,
Do kisse her feete, and fawne on her with count'nance faine.

XIII

Their harts she ghesseth by their humble guise,
And yieldes her to extremitie of time ;
So from the ground she fearlesse doth arise,
And walketh forth without suspect of crime :°
They all as glad, as birdes of joyous Prime,
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
Shouting, and singing all a shepheards ryme,
And with greene braunches strowing all the ground,
Do worship her, as Queene, with olive° girlond cround.

XIV

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
That all the woods with doubled Eccho ring,
And with their horned feet° do weare the ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring.
So towards old Sylvanus they her bring ;
Who with the noyse awaked commeth out
To weet the cause, his weake steps governing,
And aged limbs on Cypresse stadle stout ;
And with an yvie twyne his wast is girt about.

XV

Far off he wonders, what them makes so glad,
Or Bacchus merry fruit° they did invent,
Or Cybeles franticke rites° have made them mad,
They drawing nigh, unto their God present
That flowre of faith and beautie excellent.
The God himselfe, vewing that mirrhour rare,°
Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent:
His owne faire Dryope° now he thinkes not faire,
And Pholoe fowle when her to this he doth compaire.

XVI

The woodborne people fall before her flat,
And worship her as Goddesse of the wood;
And old Sylvanus selfe bethinkes not, what
To thinke of wight so faire, but gazing stood,
In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood;
Sometimes Dame Venus selfe he seemes to see,
But Venus never had so sober mood;
Sometimes Diana he her takes to bee,
But misseth bow, and shaftes, and buskins to her knee

XVII

By vew of her he ginneth to revive
His ancient love, and dearest Cyparisse,°
And calles to mind his pourtraiture alive,
How faire he was, and yet not faire to this,°
And how he slew with glaunceing dart amisse
A gentle Hynd, the which the lovely boy
Did love as life, above all worldly blisse;
For griefe whereof the lad n'ould after joy,°
But pynd away in anguish and selfe-wild annoy.°

XVIII

The wooddy Nymphes, faire Hamadryades,°
Her to behold do thither runne apace,
And all the troupe of light-foot Naiades°
Flocke all about to see her lovely face:
But when they vewed have her heavenly grace,
They envy her in their malitious mind,
And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace:
But all the Satyres scorne their woody kind,°
And henceforth nothing faire but her on earth they find.

XIX

Glad of such lucke, the luckelesse° lucky maid,
Did her content to please their feeble eyes,
And long time with that salvage people staid,
To gather breath in many miseries.
During which time her gentle wit she plyes,
To teach them truth, which worshipt her in vaine,
And made her th' Image of Idolatryes°;
But when their bootlesse zeale she did restraine
From her own worship, they her Asse would worship fayn.

XX

It fortuned a noble warlike knight°
By just occasion° to that forrest came,
To seeke his kindred, and the lignage right,
From whence he tooke his well deserved name:
He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,
And fild far lands with glorie of his might,
Plaine, faithfull, true, and enimy of shame,
And ever lov'd to fight for Ladies right:
But in vaine glorious frayes he litle did delight.

XXI

A Satyres sonne yborne in forrest wyld,
By straunge adventure as it did betyde,
And there begotten of a Lady myld,
Faire Thyamis° the daughter of Labryde,
That was in sacred bands of wedlocke tyde
To Therion, a loose unruly swayne;
Who had more joy to raunge the forrest wyde,
And chase the salvage beast with busie payne,
Then serve his Ladies love, and wast in pleasures vayne.

XXII

The forlorne mayd did with loves longing burne
And could not lacke her lovers company,
But to the wood she goes, to serve her turne,
And seeke her spouse that from her still does fly,
And followes other game and venery:
A Satyre chaunst her wandring for to finde,
* * * * * * *
And made her person thrall unto his beastly kind.

XXIII

So long in secret cabin there he held
* * * * * * *
Then home he suffred her for to retyre,
For ransome leaving him the late borne childe;
Whom till to ryper yeares he gan aspire,
He noursled up in life and manners wilde.
Emongst wild beasts and woods, from lawes of men exilde.

XXIV

For all he taught the tender ymp, was but°
To banish cowardize and bastard feare;
His trembling hand he would him force to put
Upon the Lyon and the rugged Beare;
And from the she Beares teats her whelps to teare;
And eke wyld roaring Buls he would him make
To tame, and ryde their backes not made to beare;
And the Robuckes in flight to overtake,
That every beast for feare of him did fly and quake.

XXV

Thereby so fearlesse, and so fell he grew,
That his owne sire and maister of his guise°
Did often tremble at his horrid vew,°
And oft for dread of hurt would him advise,
The angry beasts not rashly to despise,
Nor too much to provoke; for he would learne
The Lyon stoup to him in lowly wise,
(A lesson hard) and make the Libbard sterne
Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did earne.

XXVI

And for to make his powre approved more,
Wyld beasts in yron yokes he would compell;
The spotted Panther, and the tusked Bore,
The Pardale swift, and the tigre cruell,
The Antelope, and Wolfe both fierce and fell;
And them constraine in equall teme to draw.
Such joy he had, their stubborne harts to quell,
And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw,
That his beheast they feared, as a tyrans law.

XXVII

His loving mother came upon a day
Unto the woods, to see her little sonne;
And chaunst unwares to meet him in the way,
After his sportes, and cruell pastime donne;
When after him a Lyonesse did runne.
That roaring all with rage, did lowd requere
Her children deare, whom he away had wonne:
The Lyon whelpes she saw how he did beare,
And lull in rugged armes, withouten childish feare.

XXVIII

The fearefull Dame all quaked at the sight,
And turning backe, gan fast to fly away,
Untill with love revokt from vaine affright,
She hardly yet perswaded was to stay,
And then to him these womanish words gan say;
Ah Satyrane, my dearling, and my joy,
For love of me leave off this dreadfull play;
To dally thus with death is no fit toy,
Go find some other play-fellowes, mine own sweet boy.

XXIX

In these and like delights of bloudy game
He trayned was, till ryper yeares he raught;
And there abode, whilst any beast of name
Walkt in that forest, whom he had not taught
To feare his force: and then his courage haught
Desird of forreine foemen to be knowne,
And far abroad for straunge adventures sought;
In which his might was never overthrowne;
But through all Faery lond his famous worth was blown.°

XXX

Yet evermore it was his manner faire,
After long labours and adventures spent,
Unto those native woods for to repaire,
To see his sire and offspring auncient.
And now he thither came for like intent;
Where he unwares the fairest Una found,
Straunge Lady, in so straunge habiliment,
Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around,
Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did redound.

XXXI

He wondred at her wisedome heavenly rare,
Whose like in womens wit he never knew;
And when her curteous deeds he did compare,
Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes rew,
Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,
And joyd to make proofe of her crueltie,
On gentle Dame, so hurtlesse, and so trew:
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And learnd her discipline of faith and veritie.

XXXII

But she all vowd unto the Redcrosse knight,
His wandring perill closely did lament,
Ne in this new acquaintaunce could delight,
But her deare heart with anguish did torment,
And all her wit in secret counsels spent,
How to escape. At last in privie wise
To Satyrane she shewed her intent;
Who glad to gain such favour, gan devise
How with that pensive Maid he best might thence arise.

XXXIII

So on a day when Satyres all were gone
To do their service to Sylvanus old,
The gentle virgin left behind alone
He led away with courage stout and bold.
Too late it was, to Satyres to be told,
Or ever hope recover her againe:
In vaine he seekes that having cannot hold.
So fast he carried her with carefull paine,
That they the woods are past, and come now to the plaine.

XXXIV

The better part now of the lingring day,
They traveild had, whenas they farre espide
A weary wight forwandring by the way,
And towards him they gan in haste to ride,
To weete of newes, that did abroad betide,
Or tydings of her knight of the Rederosse.
But he them spying, gan to turne aside,
For feare as seemd, or for some feigned losse;
More greedy they of newes, fast towards him do crosse.

XXXV

A silly man, in simple weedes forworne,
And soild with dust of the long dried way;
His sandales were with toilsome travell torne,
And face all tand with scorching sunny ray,
As he had traveild many a sommers day,
Through boyling sands of Arabie and Ynde;
And in his hand a Jacobs staffe,° to stay
His wearie limbes upon: and eke behind,
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

XXXVI

The knight approaching nigh, of him inquerd
Tidings of warre, and of adventures new ;
But warres, nor new adventures none he herd.
Then Una gan to aske, if ought he knew,
Or heard abroad of that her champion trew,
That in his armour bare a croslet red.
Aye me, Deare dame (quoth he) well may I rew
To tell the sad sight which mine eies have red .
These eies did see that knight both living and eke ded.

XXXVII

That cruell word her tender hart so thrild,
That suddein cold did runne through every vaine,
And stony horrour all her sences fild
With dying fit, that downe she fell for paine.
The knight her lightly reared up againe,
And comforted with curteous kind reliefe :
Then, wonne from death, she bad him tellen plaine
The further processe of her hidden griefe :
The lesser pangs can beare, who hath endur'd the chiefe.

XXXVIII

Then gan the Pilgrim thus, I chaunst this day,
This fatall day, that shall I ever rew,
To see two knights in travell on my way
(A sory sight) arraung'd in battell new,
Both breathing vengeaunce, both of wrathfull hew :
My fearefull flesh did tremble at their strife,
To see their blades so greedily imbrew,
That drunke with bloud, yet thristed after life :
What more? the Redcrosse knight was slaine with Paynim knife.

XXXIX

Ah dearest Lord (quoth she) how might that bee,
And he the stoughtest knight, that ever wonne?
Ah dearest dame (quoth he) how might I see
The thing, that might not be, and yet was donne?
Where is (said Satyrane) that Paynims sonne,
That him of life, and us of joy hath reft?
Not far away (quoth he) he hence doth wonne
Foreby a fountaine, where I late him left
Washing his bloudy wounds, that through the steele were cleft.

XL

Therewith the knight thence marched forth in hast,
Whiles Una with huge heavinesse opprest,
Could not for sorrow follow him so fast;
And soone he came, as he the place had ghest,
Whereas that Pagan proud him selfe did rest,
In secret shadow by a fountaine side:
Even he it was, that earst would have supprest
Faire Una: whom when Satyrane espide,
With fowle reprochfull words he boldly him defide.

XLI

And said, Arise thou cursed Miscreaunt,
That hast with knightlesse guile and trecherous train
Faire knighthood fowly shamed, and doest vaunt
That good knight of the Redcrosse to have slain:
Arise, and with like treason now maintain
Thy guilty wrong, or els thee guilty yield.
The Sarazin this hearing, rose amain,
And catching up in hast his three-square shield,
And shining helmet, soone him buckled to the field.

XLII

And drawing nigh him said, Ah misborne Elfe,
In evill houre thy foes thee hither sent,
Anothers wrongs to wreake upon thy selfe:
Yet ill thou blamest me, for having blent
My name with guile and traiterous intent:
That Redcrosse knight, perdie, I never slew,
But had he beene, where earst his arms were lent,°
Th' enchaunter vaine° his errour should not rew:
But thou his errour shalt,° I hope, now proven trew.

XLIII

Therewith they gan, both furious and fell,
To thunder blowes, and fiersly to assaile
Each other bent his enimy to quell,
That with their force they perst both plate and maile,
And made wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,
That it would pitty any living eie.
Large floods of bloud adowne their sides did raile;
But floods of bloud could not them satisfie:
Both hungred after death: both chose to win, or die.

XLIV

So long they fight, and fell revenge pursue,
That fainting each, themselves to breathen let,
And oft refreshed, battell oft renue:
As when two Bores with rancling malice met,°
Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely fret,
Til breathlesse both them selves aside retire,
Where foming wrath, their cruell tuskes they whet,
And trample th' earth, the whiles they may respire;
Then backe to fight againe, new breathed and entire.

XLV

So fiersly, when these knights had breathed once,
They gan to fight returne, increasing more
Their puissant force, and cruell rage attonce.
With heaped strokes more hugely then before,
That with their drerie wounds and bloudy gore
They both deformed, scarsely could be knowen.
By this, sad Una fraught with anguish sore,
Led with their noise, which through the aire was throwen:
Arriv'd, wher they in erth their fruitles bloud had sown.

XLVI

Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin
Espide, he gan revive the memory
Of his lewd lusts, and late attempted sin,
And left the doubtfull battell hastily,
To catch her, newly offred to his eie:
But Satyrane with strokes him turning, staid,
And sternely bad him other businesse plie,
Then hunt the steps of pure unspotted Maid:
Wherewith he all enrag'd, these bitter speaches said.

XLVII

O foolish faeries sonne, what fury mad
Hath thee incenst, to hast thy dolefull fate?
Were it not better I that Lady had,
Then that thou hadst repented it too late?
Most sencelesse man he, that himselfe doth hate
To love another. Lo then for thine ayd
Here take thy lovers token on thy pate.°
So they two fight; the whiles the royall Mayd
Fledd farre away, of that proud Paynim sore afrayd.

XLVIII

But that false Pilgrim, which that leasing told,
Being in deed old Archimage, did stay
In secret shadow, all this to behold,
And much rejoiced in their bloudy fray:
But when he saw the Damsell passe away,
He left his stond, and her pursewd apace,
In hope to bring her to her last decay,°
But for to tell her lamentable cace,°
And eke this battels end, will need another place.

CANTO VII

The Redcrosse knight is captive made by Gyaunt proud oppresst,
Prince Arthur meets with Una greatly with those newes distrest.

I

WHAT man so wise, what earthly wit so ware,
As to discry the crafty cunning traine,
By which deceipt doth maske in visour faire,
And cast her colours dyed deepe in graine,
To seeme like Truth, whose shape she well can faine,
And fitting gestures to her purpose frame:
The guiltlesse man with guile to entertaine?
Great maistresse of her art was that false Dame,
The false Duessa, cloked with Fidessaes name.

II

Who when returning from the drery Night,
She fownd not in that perilous house of Pryde,
Where she had left, the noble Rederosse knight,
Her hoped pray; she would no lenger bide,
But forth she went, to seeke him far and wide.
Ere long she fownd, whereas he wearie sate
To rest him selfe, foreby a fountaine side,
Disarmed all of yron-coted Plate,
And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate.

III

He feedes upon° the cooling shade, and bayes
His sweatie forehead in the breathing wind,
Which through the trembling leaves full gently playes,
Wherein the cherefull birds of sundry kind
Do chaunt sweet musick, to delight his mind:
The Witch approaching gan him fairely greet,
And with reproch of carelesnesse unkind
Upbrayd, for leaving her in place unmeet,
With fowle words tempring faire, soure gall with hony sweet.

IV

Unkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,
And bathe in pleasaunce of the joyous shade,
Which shielded them against the boyling heat,
And with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade,
About the fountaine like a girlond made;
Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly well,
Ne ever would through fervent sommer fade:
The sacred Nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
Was out of Dianes favour, as it then befell

V

The cause was this: One day, when Phœbe° fayre
With all her band was following the chace,
This Nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of scorching ayre,
Sat downe to rest in middest of the race:
The goddesse wroth gan fowly her disgrace,
And bad the waters, which from her did flow,
Be such as she her selfe was then in place.
Thenceforth her waters waxed dull and slow,
And all that drinke thereof do faint and feeble grow.°

VI

Hereof this gentle knight unweeting was,
And lying downe upon the sandie graile,
Drunke of the streame, as cleare as cristall glas:
Eftsoones his manly forces gan to faile,
And mightie strong was turned to feeble fraile.
His chaunged powres at first them selves not felt,
Till crudled cold his corage gan assaile,
And chearefull bloud in faintnesse chill did melt,
Which like a fever fit through all his body swelt.

VII

Yet goodly court he made still to his Dame,
Pourd° out in loosnesse on the grassy grownd,
Both carelesse of his health, and of his fame:
Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sownd,
Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebownd,
That all the earth for terrour seemd to shake,
And trees did tremble. Th' Elfe therewith astownd,
Upstarted lightly from his looser make,°
And his unready weapons gan in hand to take.

VIII

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
Or get his shield, his monstrous enimy
With sturdie steps came stalking in his sight,
An hideous Geaut,° horrible and hye,
That with his tallnesse seemd to threat the skye.
The ground eke groned under him for dreed;
His living like saw never living eye,

Ne durst behold: his stature did exceed
The hight of three the tallest sonnes of mortall seed.

IX

The greatest Earth his uncouth mother was,
And blustering Æolus his boasted syre,
* * * * * *
Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthly slime
Puft up with emptie wind, and fild with sinfull crime.

X

So growen great through arrogant delight
Of th' high descent, whereof he was yborne,
And through presumption of his matchlesse might,
All other powres and knighthood he did scorne.
Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,
And left to losse: his stalking steps are stayde
Upon a snaggy Oke, which he had torne
Out of his mothers bowelles, and it made
His mortall mace, wherewith his foeman he dismayde.

XI

That when the knight he spide, he gan advance
With huge force and insupportable mayne,
And towardes him with dreadfull fury praunce;
Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse, all in vaine
Did to him pace, sad battaile to darrayne,
Disarmd, disgrast, and inwardly dismayde,
And eke so faint in every joynt and vaine,
Through that fraile fountaine, which him feeble made,
That scarsely could he weeld his bootlesse single blade.

XII

The Geaunt strooke so maynly mercilesse,
That could have overthrowne a stony towre,
And were not heavenly grace, that did him blesse,
He had beene pouldred all, as thin as flowre:
But he was wary of that deadly stowre,
And lightly lept from underneath the blow:
Yet so exceeding was the villeins powre,
That with the wind it did him overthrow,
And all his sences stound, that still he lay full low.

XIII

As when that divelish yron Engin° wrought
In deepest Hell, and framd by Furies skill,
With windy Nitre and quick Sulphur fraught,
And ramd with bullet round, ordaind to kill,
Conceiveth fire, the heavens it doth fill
With thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth choke,
That none can breath, nor see, nor heare at will,
Through smouldry cloud of duskish stincking smoke.
That th' onely breath° him daunts, who hath escapt the stroke

XIV

So daunted when the Geaunt saw the knight,
His heavie hand he heaved up on hye,
And him to dust thought to have battred quight,
Untill Duessa loud to him gan crye:
O great Orgoglio, greatest under skye,
O hold thy mortall hand for Ladies sake,
Hold for my sake, and do him not to dye,°
But vanquisht thine eternall bondslave make,
And me, thy worthy meed, unto thy Leman take

XV

He hearkned, and did stay from further harmes,
To gayne so goodly guerdon, as she spake:
So willingly she came into his armes,
Who her as willingly to grace did take,
And was possessed of his new found make.
Then up he tooke the slombred sencelesse corse,
And ere he could out of his swowne awake,
Him to his castle brought with hastie forse,
And in a Dongeon deepe him threw without remorse.

XVI

From that day forth Duessa was his deare,
And highly honourd in his haughtie eye,
He gave her gold and purple pall to weare,
And triple crowne set on her head full hye,
And her endowd with royall majestye:
Then for to make her dreaded more of men,
And peoples harts with awfull terrour tye,
A monstrous beast° ybred in filthy fen
He chose, which he had kept long time in darksome den.°

XVII

Such one it was, as that renowmed Snake°
Which great Alcides in Stremona slew,
Long fostred in the filth of Lerna lake,
Whose many heads out budding ever new
Did breed him endlesse labour to subdew:
But this same Monster much more ugly was;
For seven great heads out of his body grew,
An yron brest, and back of scaly bras,°
And all embrewd in bloud, his eyes did shine as glas.

XVIII

His tayle was stretched out in wondrous length,
That to the house of heavenly gods it raught,°
And with extorted powre, and borrow'd strength,
The ever-burning lamps from thence it braught,
And prowdly threw to ground, as things of naught;
And underneath his filthy feet did tread
The sacred things, and holy heasts foretaught.°
Upon this dreadfull Beast with sevenfold head
He sett the false Duessa, for more aw and dread.

XIX

The wofull Dwarfe, which saw his maisters fall,
Whiles he had keeping of his grasing steed,
And valiant knight become a caytive thrall,
When all was past, tooke up his forlorne weed,°
His mightie armour, missing most at need;
His silver shield, now idle maisterlesse;
His poynant speare, that many made to bleed,
The rueful moniments° of heavinesse,
And with them all departes, to tell his great distresse.

XX

He had not travaild long, when on the way
He wofull Ladie, wofull Una met,
Fast flying from that Paynims greedy pray,
Whilest Satyrane him from pursuit did let:
Who when her eyes she on the Dwarfe had set,
And saw the signes, that deadly tydings spake,
She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,
And lively breath her sad brest did forsake,
Yet might her pitteous hart be seene to pant and quake.

XXI

The messenger of so unhappie newes,
Would faine have dyde: dead was his hart within,
Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes:
At last recovering hart, he does begin
To rub her temples, and to chaufe her chin.
And everie tender part does tosse and turne.
So hardly° he the flitted life does win,
Unto her native prison to retourne:
Then gins her grieved ghost thus to lament and mourne.

XXII

Ye dreary instruments of dolefull sight,
That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
Why do ye lenger feed on loathed light,
Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,
Sith cruell fates the carefull threeds unfould,
The which my life and love together tyde?
Now let the stony dart of senselesse cold
Perce to my hart, and pas through every side,
And let eternall night so sad sight fro me hide.

XXIII

O lightsome day, the lampe of highest Jove,
First made by him, mens wandring wayes to guyde,
When darkenesse he in deepest dongeon drove,
Henceforth thy hated face for ever hyde,
And shut up heavens windowes shyning wyde:
For earthly sight can nought but sorrow breed,
And late repentance, which shall long abyde.
Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feed,
But seeled up with death,° shall have their deadly meed.

XXIV

Then downe againe she fell unto the ground;
But he her quickly reared up againe:
Thrise did she sinke adowne in deadly swownd
And thrise he her reviv'd with busie paine,
At last when life recover'd had the raine,
And over-wrestled his strong enemie,
With foltring tong, and trembling every vaine,
Tell on (quoth she) the wofull Tragedie,
The which these reliques sad present unto mine eie.

XXV

Tempestuous fortune hath spent all her spight,
And thrilling sorrow throwne his utmost dart;
Thy sad tongue cannot tell more heavy plight,
Then that I feele, and harbour in mine hart:
Who hath endur'd the whole, can beare each part.
If death it be, it is not the first wound,
That launched hath my brest with bleeding smart.
Begin, and end the bitter balefull stound;°
If lesse then that I feare,° more favour I have found.

XXVI

Then gan the Dwarfe the whole discourse declare,
The subtill traines of Archimago old;
The wanton loves of false Fidessa faire,
Bought with the blood of vanquisht Paynim bold;
The wretched payre transformed to treen mould;
The house of Pride, and perils round about;
The combat, which he with Sansjoy did hould;
The lucklesse conflict with the Gyant stout,
Wherein captiv'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.

XXVII

She heard with patience all unto the end,
And strove to maister sorrowfull assay,°
Which greater grew, the more she did contend,
And almost rent her tender hart in tway;
And love fresh coles unto her fire did lay:
For greater love, the greater is the losse.
Was never Lady° loved dearer day,
Then she did love the knight of the Redcrosse;
For whose deare sake so many troubles her did tosse.

XXVIII

At last when fervent sorrow slaked was,
She up arose, resolving him to find
Alive or dead: and forward forth doth pas,
All as the Dwarfe the way to her assynd:
And evermore, in constant carefull mind,
She fed her wound with fresh renewed bale;
Long tost with stormes, and bet with bitter wind,
High over hills, and low adowne the dale,
She wandred many a wood, and measurd many a vale.

XXIX

At last she chaunced by good hap to meet
A goodly knight,° faire marching by the way
Together with his Squire, arrayed meet:
His glitterand armour shined farre away,
Like glauncing light of Phœbus brightest ray;
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of steele endanger may:
Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he ware,
That shynd, like twinkling stars, with stons most pretious rare.

XXX

And in the midst thereof one pretious stone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mights,
Shapt like a Ladies head,° exceeding shone,
Like Hesperus° emongst the lesser lights,
And strove for to amaze the weaker sights:
Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
In yvory sheath, ycarv'd with curious slights;
Whose hilts were burnisht gold, and handle strong
Of mother pearle, and buckled with a golden tong.

XXXI

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightnesse, and great terrour bred;
For all the crest a Dragon° did enfold
With greedie pawes, and over all did spred
His golden wings: his dreadfull hideous hed
Close couched on the bever, seem'd to throw
From flaming mouth bright sparkles fierie red,
That suddeine horror to faint harts did show,
And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his backe full low

XXXII

Upon the top of all his loftie crest,
A bunch of haires discolourd diversly,
With sprincled pearle, and gold full richly drest,
Did shake, and seemd to daunce for jollity,
Like to an Almond tree ymounted hye
On top of greene Selinis° all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At every little breath that under heaven is blowne.

XXXIII

His warlike shield° all closely cover'd was,
Ne might of mortall eye be ever seene;
Not made of steele, nor of enduring bras,
Such earthly mettals soone consumed beene;
But all of Diamond perfect pure and cleene
It framed was, one massie entire mould,
Hewen out of Adamant rocke with engines keene,
That point of speare it never percen could,
Ne dint of direfull sword divide the substance would.

XXXIV

The same to wight he never wont disclose,
But when as monsters huge he would dismay,
Or daunt unequall armies of his foes,
Or when the flying heavens he would affray;
For so exceeding shone his glistring ray,
That Phœbus golden face it did attaint,
As when a cloud his beames doth over-lay;
And silver Cynthia° wexed pale and faint,
As when her face is staynd with magicke arts constraint.

XXXV

No magicke arts hereof had any might,
Nor bloudie wordes of bold Enchaunters call;
But all that was not such as seemd in sight,°
Before that shield did fade, and suddeine fall;
And, when him list° the raskall routes appall,
Men into stones therewith he could transmew,
And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all;
And when him list the prouder lookes subdew,
He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.

XXXVI

Ne let it seeme, that credence this exceedes,
For he that made the same, was knowne right well
To have done much more admirable deedes.
It Merlin° was, which whylome did excell
All living wightes in might of magicke spell:
Both shield, and sword, and armour all he wrought
For this young Prince, when first to armes he fell;
But when he dyde, the Faerie Queene it brought
To Faerie lond, where yet it may be seene, if sought.

XXXVII

A gentle youth, his dearely loved Squire,
His speare of heben wood behind him bare,
Whose harmefull head, thrice heated in the fire,
Had riven many a brest with pikehead square:
A goodly person, and could menage faire
His stubborne steed with curbed canon bit,
Who under him did trample° as the aire,
And chauft, that any on his backe should sit:
The yron rowels into frothy fome he bit.

XXXVIII

When as this knight nigh to the Ladie drew,
With lovely court he gan her entertaine;
But when he heard her answers loth, he knew
Some secret sorrow did her heart distraine:
Which to allay, and calme her storming paine,
Faire feeling words he wisely gan display,
And for her humour° fitting purpose faine,
To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray;
Wherewith emmov'd, these bleeding words she gan to say.

XXXIX

What worlds delight, or joy of living speach
Can heart, so plung'd in sea of sorrowes deep,
And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach?
The carefull cold beginneth for to creepe,
And in my heart his yron arrow steepe,
Soone as I thinke upon my bitter bale:
Such helplesse harmes yts better hidden keepe,
Then rip up griefe, where it may not availe,
My last left comfort is, my woes to weepe and waile.

XL

Ah Ladie deare, quoth then the gentle knight,
Well may I weene your griefe is wondrous great;
For wondrous great griefe groneth in my spright,
Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat.
But wofull Ladie, let me you intrete
For to unfold the anguish of your hart:
Mishaps are maistred by advice discrete,
And counsell mittigates the greatest smart;
Found° never helpe who never would his hurts impart.

XLI

O but (quoth she) great griefe will not be tould,°
And can more easily be thought then said.
Right so (quoth he), but he that never would,
Could never: will to might gives greatest aid.
But griefe (quoth she) does greater grow displaid,
If then it find not helpe, and breedes despaire.
Despaire breedes not (quoth he) where faith is staid.
No faith° so fast (quoth she) but flesh does paire.
Flesh may empaire (quoth he) but reason can repaire.

XLII

His goodly reason, and well guided speach,
So deepe did settle in her gracions thought,
That her perswaded to disclose the breach,
Which love and fortune in her heart had wrought,
And said; Faire Sir, I hope good hap hath brought
You to inquire the secrets of my griefe,
Or that your wisedome will direct my thought,
Or that your prowesse can me yield reliefe:
Then heare the storie sad, which I shall tell you briefe.

XLIII

The forlorne Maiden, whom your eyes have seene
The laughing stocke of fortunes mockeries,
Am th' only daughter° of a King and Queene,
Whose parents deare, whilest equal destinies°
Did runne about, and their felicities
The favourable heavens did not envy,
Did spread their rule through all the territories,
Which Phison° and Euphrates floweth by,
And Gehons golden waves doe wash continually.

XLIV

Till that their cruell cursed enemy,
An huge great Dragon horrible in sight,
Bred in the loathly lakes of Tartary,°
With murdrous ravine, and devouring might
Their kingdome spoild, and countrey wasted quight:
Themselves, for feare into his jawes to fall,
He forst to castle strong to take their flight,
Where fast embard in mighty brasen wall,
He has them now foure yeres besiegd to make them thrall.°

XLV

Full many knights adventurous and stout
Have enterpriz'd that Monster to subdew;
From every coast that heaven walks about,°
Have thither come the noble Martiall crew,
That famous hard atchievements still pursew;
Yet never any could that girlond win,
But all still shronke, and still he greater grew:
All they for want of faith, or guilt of sin,
The pitteous pray of his fierce crueltie have bin.

XLVI

At last yledd with farre reported praise,
Which flying fame throughout the world had spred,
Of doughty knights, whom Faery land did raise,
That noble order° hight of Maidenhed,
Forthwith to court of Gloriane° I sped
Of Gloriane great Queene of glory bright,
Whose Kingdomes seat Cleopolis° is red,
There to obtaine some such redoubted knight,
The Parents deare from tyrants powre deliver might.

XLVII

It was my chance (my chance was faire and good)
There for to find a fresh unproved knight,
Whose manly hands imbrew'd in guiltie blood
Had never bene, ne ever by his might
Had throwne to ground the unregarded right:
Yet of his prowesse proofe he since hath made
(I witnesse am) in many a cruell fight;
The groning ghosts of many one dismaide
Have felt the bitter dint of his avenging blade.

XLVIII

And ye the forlorne reliques of his powre,
His byting sword, and his devouring speare,
Which have endured many a dreadfull stowre,
Can speake his prowesse, that did earst you beare,
And well could rule: now he hath left you heare
To be the record of his ruefull losse,
And of my dolefull disaventurous deare: °
O heavie record of the good Redcrosse,
Where have you left your Lord, that could so well you toss

XLIX

Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,
That he my captive languor° should redeeme,
Till all unweeting, an Enchaunter bad
His sence abusd, and made him to misdeeme
My loyalty, not such as it did seeme;
That rather death desire, then such despight.
Be judge ye heavens, that all things right esteeme,
How I him lov'd, and love with all my might,
So thought I eke of him, and thinke I thought aright.

L

Thenceforth me desolate he quite forsooke,
To wander, where wilde fortune would me lead,
And other bywaies he himselfe betooke,
Where never foot of living wight did tread,
That brought° not backe the balefull body dead;
In which him chaunced false Duessa meete,
Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread,
Who with her witchcraft, and misseeming sweete,
Inveigled him to follow her desires unmeete.

LI

At last by subtill sleights she him betraid
Unto his foe, a Gyant huge and tall,
Who him disarmed, dissolute, dismaid,
Unwares surprised, and with mighty mall
The monster mercilesse him made to fall,
Whose fall did never foe before behold ;
And now in darkesome dungeon, wretched thrall,
Remedilesse, for aie he doth him hold ;
This is my cause of griefe, more great then may be told

LII

Ere she had ended all, she gan to faint :
But he her comforted and faire bespake,
Certes, Madame, ye have great cause of plaint,
The stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to quake.
But be of cheare, and comfort to you take :
For till I have acquit your captive knight,
Assure your selfe, I will you not forsake.
His chearefull wordes reviv'd her chearelesse spright,
So forth they went, the Dwarfe them guiding ever right

CANTO VIII

Faire virgin to redeeme her deare
brings Arthur to the fight:
Who slayes that Gyant, woundes the beast,
and strips Duessa quight.

I

Ay me, how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall,
Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
And stedfast truth acquite him out of all.
Her love is firme, her care continuall,
So oft as he through his owne foolish pride,
Or weaknesse is to sinfull bands made thrall:
Else should this Redcrosse knight in bands have dydd
For whose deliverance she this Prince doth thither guide.

II

They sadly traveild thus, until they came
Nigh to a castle builded strong and hie:
Then cryde the Dwarfe, Lo yonder is the same,
In which my Lord my liege doth lucklesse lie,
Thrall to that Gyants hateful tyrannie:
Therefore, deare Sir, your mightie powres assay.
The noble knight alighted by and by
From loftie steede, and bad the Ladie stay,
To see what end of fight should him befall that day

III

So with the Squire, th' admirer of his might,
He marched forth towards that castle wall;
Whose gates he found fast shut, ne living wight
To ward the same, nor answere commers call.
Then tooke that Squire an horne° of bugle small,
Which hong adowne his side in twisted gold
And tassels gay. Wyde wonders over all
Of that same hornes great vertues weren told,
Which had approved bene in uses manifold.

IV

Was never wight that heard that shrilling sownd,
But trembling feare did feel in every vaine;
Three miles it might be easie heard around,
And Ecchoes three answerd it selfe againe:
No false enchauntment, nor deceiptfull traine,
Might once abide the terror of that blast,
But presently was voide and wholly vaine:
No gate so strong, no locke so firme and fast,
But with that percing noise flew open quite, or brast.

V

The same before the Geants gate he blew,
That all the castle quaked from the ground,
And every dore of freewill open flew.
The Gyant selfe dismaied with that sownd,
Where he with his Duessa dalliance fownd,
In hast came rushing forth from inner bowre,
With staring countenance sterne, as one astownd,
And staggering steps, to weet, what suddein stowre,
Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his dreaded powre.

VI

And after him the proud Duessa came
High mounted on her many-headed beast;
And every head with fyrie tongue did flame,
And every head was crowned on his creast,
And bloody mouthed with late cruell feast.°
That when the knight beheld, his mightie shild
Upon his manly arme he soone addrest,
And at him fiercely flew, with courage fild,
And eger greedinesse through every member thrild.

VII

Therewith the Gyant buckled him to fight,
Inflam'd with scornefull wrath and high disdaine,
And lifting up his dreadfull club on hight,
All arm'd with ragged snubbes and knottie graine,
Him thought at first encounter to have slaine.
But wise and wary was that noble Pere,
And lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,
Did faire avoide the violence him nere;
It booted nought to thinke such thunderbolts to beare.

VIII

Ne shame he thought to shunne so hideous might:
The idle stroke, enforcing furious way,
Missing the marke of his misaymed sight
Did fall to ground, and with his heavie sway
So deepely dinted in the driven clay,
That three yardes deepe a furrow up did throw:
The sad earth wounded with so sore assay,
Did grone full grievous underneath the blow,
And trembling with strange feare, did like an earthquake sho

IX

As when almightie Jove, in wrathfull mood,°
To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,
Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food,
Enrold in flames, and smouldring dreriment,
Through riven cloudes and molten firmament;
The fierce threeforked engin making way
Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry passage stay,
And shooting in the earth, casts up a mount of clay.

X

His boystrous club, so buried in the ground,
He could not rearen up againe so light,
But that the knight him at avantage found,
And whiles he strove his combred clubbe to quight
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
He smote off his left arme, which like a blocke
Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might;
Large streames of bloud out of the truncked stocke
Forth gushed, like fresh water streame from riven rocke.

XI

Dismayed with so desperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of unwonted paine,
He lowdly brayd with beastly yelling sound,
That all the fields rebellowed againe;
As great a noyse, as when in Cymbrian plaine°
An heard of Bulles, whom kindly rage° doth sting,
Do for the milkie mothers want complaine,
And fill the fields with troublous bellowing,
The neighbour woods around with hollow murmur ring.

XII

That when his deare Duessa heard, and saw
The evil stownd, that daungerd her estate,
Unto his aide she hastily did draw
Her dreadfull beast, who swolne with blood of late
Came ramping forth with proud presumpteous gate,
And threatned all his heads like flaming brands.°
But him the Squire made quickly to retrate,
Encountring fierce with single sword in hand,
And twixt him and his Lord did like a bulwarke stand.

XIII

The proud Duessa, full of wrathfull spight,
And fierce disdaine, to be affronted so,
Enforst her purple beast with all her might
That stop out of the way to overthroe,
Scorning the let of so unequall foe:
But nathemore would that courageous swayne
To her yeeld passage, gainst his Lord to goe,
But with outrageous strokes did him restraine,
And with his bodie bard the way atwixt them twaine.

XIV

Then tooke the angrie witch her golden cup,°
Which still she bore, replete with magick artes;
Death and despeyre did many thereof sup,
And secret poyson through their inner parts,
Th' eternall bale of heavie wounded harts;
Which after charmes and some enchauntments said
She lightly sprinkled on his weaker parts;
Therewith his sturdie courage soone was quayd,
And all his senses were with suddeine dread dismayd.

XV

So downe he fell before the cruell beast,
Who on his neck his bloody clawes did seize,
That life nigh crusht out of his panting brest:
No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rize.
That when the carefull knight gan well avise,
He lightly left the foe, with whom he fought,
And to the beast gan turne his enterprise;
For wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,
To see his loved Squire into such thraldome brought.

XVI

And high advauncing his blood-thirstie blade,
Stroke one of those deformed heads so sore,
That of his puissance proud ensample made;
His monstrous scalpe downe to his teeth it tore,
And that misformed shape mis-shaped more:
A sea of blood gusht from the gaping wound,
That her gay garments staynd with filthy gore,
And overflowed all the field around;
That over shoes in bloud he waded on the ground.

XVII

Thereat he roared for exceeding paine,
That to have heard great horror would have bred,
And scourging th' emptie ayre with his long traine,
Through great impatience° of his grieved hed
His gorgeous ryder from her loftie sted
Would have cast downe, and trod in durtie myre,
Had not the Gyant soone her succoured;
Who all enrag'd with smart and franticke yre,
Came hurtling in full fierce, and forst the knight retyre.

XVIII

The force which wont in two to be disperst,
In one alone left hand° he now unites,
Which is through rage more strong than both were erst;
With which his hideous club aloft he dites,
And at his foe with furious rigour smites,
That strongest Oake might seeme to overthrow:
The stroke upon his shield so heavie lites,
That to the ground it doubleth him full low:
What mortall wight could ever beare so monstrous blow?

XIX

And in his fall his shield,° that covered was,
Did loose his vele by chaunce, and open flew:
The light whereof, that heavens light did pas,
Such blazing brightnesse through the aier threw,
That eye mote not the same endure to vew.
Which when the Gyaunt spyde with staring eye,
He downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew
His weapon huge, that heaved was on hye
For to have slaine the man, that on the ground did lye.

XX

And eke the fruitfull-headed beast, amazd
At flashing beames of that sunshiny shield,
Became starke blind, and all his sences daz'd,
That downe he tumbled on the durtie field,
And seem'd himselfe as conquered to yield.
Whom when his maistresse proud perceiv'd to fall,
Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,
Unto the Gyant loudly she gan call,
O helpe Orgoglio, helpe, or else we perish all.

XXI

At her so pitteous cry was much amoov'd
Her champion stout, and for to ayde his frend,
Againe his wonted angry weapon proov'd:
But all in vaine: for he has read his end
In that bright shield, and all their forces spend
Themselves in vaine: for since that glauncing sight,
He had no powre to hurt, nor to defend;
As where th' Almighties lightning brond does light,
It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the senses quight.

XXII

Whom when the Prince, to battell new addrest,
And threatning high his dreadfull stroke did see,
His sparkling blade about his head he blest,
And smote off quite his right leg by the knee,
That downe he tombled; as an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rocky clift,
Whose hartstrings with keene steele nigh hewen be,
The mightie trunck halfe rent, with ragged rift
Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift.

XXIII

Or as a Castle reared high and round,
By subtile engins and malitious slight
Is undermined from the lowest ground,
And her foundation forst, and feebled quight,
At last downe falles, and with her heaped hight
Her hastie ruine does more heavie make,
And yields it selfe unto the victours might;
Such was this Gyants fall, that seemd to shake
The stedfast globe of earth, as it for feare did quake.

XXIV

The knight then lightly leaping to the pray,
With mortall steele him smot againe so sore,
That headlesse his unweldy bodie lay,
All wallowd in his owne fowle bloudy gore,
Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous store.
But soone as breath out of his breast did pas,
That huge great body, which the Gyaunt bore,
Was vanisht quite, and of that monstrous mas
Was nothing left, but like an emptie bladder was.

XXV

Whose grievous fall, when false Duessa spide,
Her golden cup she cast unto the ground,
And crowned mitre rudely threw aside;
Such percing griefe her stubborne hart did wound,
That she could not endure that dolefull stound,
But leaving all behind her, fled away;
The light-foot Squire her quickly turnd around,
And by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,
So brought unto his Lord, as his deserved pray.

XXVI

The royall Virgin which beheld from farre,
In pensive plight, and sad perplexitie,
The whole atchievement of this doubtfull warre,
Came running fast to greet his victorie,
With sober gladnesse, and myld modestie,
And with sweet joyous cheare him thus bespake:
Faire braunch of noblesse, flowre of chevalrie,
That with your worth the world amazed make,
How shall I quite the paines ye suffer for my sake?

XXVII

And you fresh budd of vertue springing fast,
Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto deaths dore,
What hath poore Virgin for such perill past
Wherewith you to reward? Accept therefore
My simple selfe, and service evermore;
And he that high does sit, and all things see
With equall eyes, their merites to restore,
Behold what ye this day have done for mee,
And what I cannot quite, requite with usuree.

XXVIII

But sith the heavens, and your faire handeling
Have made you master of the field this day,
Your fortune maister° eke with governing,
And well begun end all so well, I pray.
Ne let that wicked woman scape away;
For she it is, that did my Lord bethrall,
My dearest Lord, and deepe in dongeon lay,
Where he his better dayes hath wasted all.
O heare, how piteous he to you for ayd does call.

XXIX

Forthwith he gave in charge unto his Squire,
That scarlot whore to keepen carefully;
Whiles he himselfe with greedie great desire
Into the Castle entred forcibly,
Where living creature none he did espye;
Then gan he lowdly through the house to call:
But no man car'd to answere to his crye.
There raignd a solemne silence over all,
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seene in bowre or hall.

XXX

At last with creeping crooked pace forth came
An old old man, with beard as white as snow,
That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,
And guide his wearie gate both to and fro:
For his eye sight him failed long ygo,
And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,
The which unused rust° did overgrow:
Those were the keyes of every inner dore,
But he could not them use, but kept them still in store.

XXXI

But very uncouth sight was to behold,
How he did fashion his untoward pace,
For as he forward moov'd his footing old,
So backward still was turnd his wrincled face,
Unlike to men, who ever as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
This was the auncient keeper of that place,
And foster father of the Gyant dead;
His name Ignaro did his nature right aread.

XXXII

His reverend haires and holy gravitie
The knight much honord, as beseemed well,
And gently askt, where all the people bee,
Which in that stately building wont to dwell.
Who answerd him full soft, he could not tell.
Again he askt, where that same knight was layd,
Whom great Orgoglio with his puissance fell
Had made his caytive thrall, againe he sayde,
He could not tell: ne ever other answere made.

XXXIII

Then asked he, which way he in might pas:
He could not tell, againe he answered.
Thereat the curteous knight displeased was,
And said, Old sire, it seemes thou hast not red
How ill it sits with that same silver hed,
In vaine to mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee:
But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed
With natures pen,° in ages grave degree,
Aread in graver wise, what I demaund of thee.

XXXIV

His answere likewise was, he could not tell.
Whose sencelesse speach, and doted ignorance
When as the noble Prince had marked well,
He ghest his nature by his countenance,
And calmd his wrath with goodly temperance.
Then to him stepping, from his arme did reach
Those keyes, and made himselfe free enterance.
Each dore he opened without any breach;
There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to empeach.

XXXV

There all within full rich arrayd he found,
With royall arras and resplendent gold.
And did with store of every thing abound,
That greatest Princes° presence might behold.
But all the floore (too filthy to be told)
With bloud of guiltlesse babes, and innocents trew,°
Which there were slaine, as sheepe out of the fold,
Defiled was, that dreadfull was to vew,
And sacred ashes over it was strowed new.°

XXXVI

And there beside of marble stone was built
An Altare,° carv'd with cunning ymagery,
On which true Christians bloud was often spilt,
And holy Martyrs often doen to dye,
With cruell malice and strong tyranny:
Whose blessed sprites from underneath the stone
To God for vengeance cryde continually,
And with great griefe were often heard to grone,
That hardest heart would bleede, to hear their piteous mone.

XXXVII

Through every rowme he sought, and every bowr,
But no where could he find that woful thrall:
At last he came unto an yron doore,
That fast was lockt, but key found not at all
Emongst that bounch, to open it withall;
But in the same a little grate was pight,
Through which he sent his voyce, and lowd did call
With all his powre, to weet, if living wight
Were housed there within, whom he enlargen might.

XXXVIII

Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce
These pitteous plaints and dolours did resound;
O who is that, which brings me happy choyce
Of death, that here lye dying every stound,
Yet live perforce in balefull darkenesse bound?
For now three Moones have changed thrice their hew,
And have been thrice hid underneath the ground,
Since I the heavens chearfull face did vew,
O welcome thou, that doest of death bring tydings trew.

XXXIX

Which when that Champion heard, with percing point
Of pitty deare his hart was thrilled sore,
And trembling horrour ran through every joynt
For ruth of gentle knight so fowle forlore:
Which shaking off, he rent that yron dore,
With furious force, and indignation fell;
Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,
But all a deepe descent, as darke as hell,
That breathed ever forth a filthie banefull smell.

XL

But neither darkenesse fowle, nor filthy bands,
Nor noyous smell his purpose could withhold,
(Entire affection hateth nicer hands)
But that with constant zeale, and courage bold,
After long paines and labours manifold,
He found the meanes that Prisoner up to reare;
Whose feeble thighes, unhable to uphold
His pined corse, him scarse to light could beare,
A ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly drere.

XLI

His sad dull eyes deepe sunck in hollow pits,
Could not endure th' unwonted sunne to view;
His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,
And empty sides deceived of their dew,
Could make a stony hart his hap to rew;
His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawned bowrs°
Were wont to rive steele plates, and helmets hew,
Were cleane consum'd, and all his vitall powres
Decayd, and all his flesh shronk up like withered flowres.

XLII

Whom when his Lady saw, to him she ran
With hasty joy: to see him made her glad,
And sad to view his visage pale and wan,
Who earst in flowres of freshest youth was clad.
Tho when her well of teares she wasted had,
She said, Ah dearest Lord, what evill starre° 375
On you hath frownd, and powrd his influence bad,
That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre,
And this misseeming hew your manly looks doth marre?

XLIII

But welcome now my Lord, in wele or woe,
Whose presence I have lackt too long a day; 380
And fie on Fortune mine avowed foe,°
Whose wrathful wreakes them selves doe now alay.
And for these wrongs shall treble penaunce pay
Of treble good: good growes of evils priefe.°
The chearelesse man, whom sorrow did dismay, 385
Had no delight to treaten of his griefe;
His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

XLIV

Faire Lady, then said that victorious knight,
The things, that grievous were to do, or beare,
Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight; 390
Best musicke breeds delight° in loathing eare:
But th' onely good, that growes of passed feare,
Is to be wise, and ware of like agein.
This dayes ensample hath this lesson deare
Deepe written in my heart with yron pen, 395
That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men.

XLV

Henceforth sir knight, take to you wonted strength,
And maister these mishaps with patient might;
Loe where your foe lyes stretcht in monstrous length,
And loe that wicked woman in your sight,
The roote of all your care, and wretched plight,
Now in your powre, to let her live, or dye.
To do her dye (quoth Una) were despight,
And shame t'avenge so weake an enimy;
But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly.

XLVI

So as she bad, that witch they disaraid,
And robd of royall robes, and purple pall,
And ornaments that richly were displaid;
Ne spared they to strip her naked all.
Then when they had despoiled her tire and call,
Such as she was, their eyes might her behold,
That her misshaped parts did them appall,
A loathly, wrinckled hag, ill favoured, old,
Whose secret filth good manners biddeth not be told.

* * * * * *

XLIX

Which when the knights beheld, amazd they were,
And wondred at so fowle deformed wight.
Such then (said Una) as she seemeth here,
Such is the face of falshood, such the sight
Of fowle Duessa, when her borrowed light
Is laid away, and counterfesaunce knowne.
Thus when they had the witch disrobed quight,
And all her filthy feature open showne,
They let her goe at will, and wander wayes unknowne

L

She flying fast from heavens hated face,
And from the world that her discovered wide,
Fled to the wastfull wildernesse apace,
From living eyes her open shame to hide,
And lurkt in rocks and caves long unespide.
But that faire crew of knights, and Una faire
Did in that castle afterwards abide,
To rest them selves, and weary powres repaire,
Where store they found of all that dainty was and rare.

CANTO IX

His loves and lignage Arthur tells:
the Knights knit friendly hands:
Sir Trevisan flies from Despayre,
whom Redcrosse Knight withstands.

I

O GOODLY golden chaine,° wherewith yfere
The vertues linked are in lovely wize:
And noble mindes of yore allyed were,
In brave poursuit of chevalrous emprize,
That none did others safety despize,
Nor aid envy to him, in need that stands,
But friendly each did others prayse devize,
How to advaunce with favourable hands,
As this good Prince redeemd the Redcrosse knight from bands.

II

Who when their powres empaird through labour long,
With dew repast they had recured well,
And that weake captive wight now wexed strong,
Them list no lenger there at leasure dwell,
But forward fare, as their adventures fell,
But ere they parted, Una faire besought
That straunger knight his name and nation tell;
Least so great good, as he for her had wrought,
Should die unknown, and buried be in thanklesse° thought.

III

Faire virgin (said the Prince) ye me require
A thing without the compas of my wit:
For both the lignage and the certain Sire,
From which I sprong, from me are hidden yit.
For all so soone as life did me admit
Into this world, and shewed heavens light,
From mothers pap I taken was unfit:
And streight deliver'd to a Faery knight,°
To be upbrought in gentle thewes and martiall might.

IV

Unto old Timon he me brought bylive,
Old Timon, who in youthly yeares hath beene
In warlike feates th'expertest man alive,
And is the wisest now on earth I weene;
His dwelling is low in a valley greene,
Under the foot of Rauran mossy hore,°
From whence the river Dee° as silver cleene,
His tombling billowes roll with gentle rore:
There all my dayes he traind me up in vertuous lore.

V

Thither the great magicien Merlin came,
As was his use, ofttimes to visit me:
For he had charge my discipline to frame,°
And Tutours nouriture to oversee.
Him oft and oft I askt in privitie,
Of what loines and what lignage I did spring:
Whose aunswere bad me still assured bee,
That I was sonne and heire unto a king,
As time in her just terme° the truth to light should bring.

VI

Well worthy impe, said then the Lady gent,
And pupill fit for such a Tutours hand.
But what adventure, or what high intent
Hath brought you hither into Faery land,
Aread Prince Arthur, crowne of Martiall band?
Full hard it is (quoth he) to read aright
The course of heavenly cause, or understand
The secret meaning of th' eternall might,
That rules mens wayes, and rules the thoughts of living wight.

VII

For whether he through fatall deepe foresight
Me hither sent, for cause to me unghest,
Or that fresh bleeding wound,° which day and night
Whilome doth rancle in my riven brest,
With forced fury° following his behest,
Me hither brought by wayes yet never found;
You to have helpt I hold myself yet blest.
Ah curteous knight (quoth she) what secret wound
Could ever find,° to grieve the gentlest hart on ground?

VIII

Deare dame (quoth he) you sleeping sparkes awake,°
Which troubled once, into huge flames will grow,
Ne ever will their fervent fury slake,
Till living moysture into smoke do flow,
And wasted life do lye in ashes low.
Yet sithens silence lesseneth not my fire,
But told° it flames, and hidden it does glow;
I will revele what ye so much desire:
Ah Love, lay down thy bow, the whiles I may respire.

IX

It was in freshest flowre of youthly yeares,
When courage first does creepe in manly chest,
Then first the coale of kindly heat appeares
To kindle love in every living brest;
But me had warnd old Timons wise behest,
Those creeping flames by reason to subdew,
Before their rage grew to so great unrest,
As miserable lovers use to rew,
Which still wex old in woe, whiles woe still wexeth new.

X

That idle name of love, and lovers life,
As losse of time, and vertues enimy,
I ever scornd, and joyd to stirre up strife,
In middest of their mournfull Tragedy,
Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,
And blow the fire, which them to ashes brent:
Their God himselfe, griev'd at my libertie,
Shot many a dart at me with fiers intent,
But I them warded all with wary government.

XI

But all in vaine: no fort can be so strong,
Ne fleshly brest can armed be so sound,
But will at last be wonne with battrie long,
Or unawares at disadvantage found:
Nothing is sure, that growes on earthly ground:
And who most trustes in arme of fleshly might,
And boasts in beauties chaine not to be bound,
Doth soonest fall in disaventrous fight,
And yeeldes his caytive neck to victours most despight.

XII

Ensample make° of him your haplesse joy,
And of my selfe now mated, as ye see;
Whose prouder vaunt that proud avenging boy
Did soone pluck downe and curbd my libertie.
For on a day, prickt forth with jollitie
Of looser life, and heat of hardiment,
Raunging the forest wide on courser free,
The fields, the floods, the heavens with one consent
Did seeme to laugh on me, and favour mine intent.

XIII

For-wearied with my sports, I did alight
From loftie steed, and downe to sleepe me layd;
The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,
And pillow was my helmet faire displayd:
Whiles every sence° the humour sweet embayd,
And slombring soft my hart did steale away,
Me seemed, by my side a royall Mayd
Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay:
So faire a creature yet saw never sunny day.

XIV

Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment
She to me made, and bad me love her deare;
For dearely sure her love was to me bent,
As when just time expired should appeare.
But whether dreames delude, or true it were,
Was never hart so ravisht with delight,
Ne living man like words did ever heare,
As she to me delivered all that night;
And at her parting said, She Queene of Faeries hight.

XV

When I awoke, and found her place devoyd,
And nought but pressed gras, where she had lyen,
I sorrowed all so much as earst I joyd,
And washed all her place with watry eyen.
From that day forth I lov'd that face divine;
From that day forth I cast in carefull mind
To seeke her out with labour, and long tyne,
And never vowd to rest till her I find,
Nine monethes I seeke in vain, yet ni'll that vow unbind.

XVI

Thus as he spake, his visage wexed pale,
And chaunge of hew great passion did bewray,
Yet still he strove to cloke his inward bale,
And hide the smoke that did his fire display,
Till gentle Una thus to him gan say;
O happy Queene of Faeries, that hast found
Mongst many, one that with his prowesse may
Defend thine honour, and thy foes confound:
True Loves are often sown, but seldom grow on ground.

XVII

Thine, O then, said the gentle Redcrosse knight,
Next to that Ladies love,° shal be the place,
O fairest virgin, full of heavenly light,
Whose wondrous faith exceeding earthly race,
Was firmest fixt° in mine extremest case.
And you, my Lord, the Patrone of my life,
Of that great Queene may well gaine worthy grace:
For onely worthy you through prowes priefe,
Yf living man mote worthie be, to be her liefe.

XVIII

So diversly discoursing of their loves,
The golden Sunne his glistring head gan shew,
And sad remembraunce now the Prince amoves
With fresh desire his voyage to pursew;
Als Una earnd her traveill to renew.
Then those two knights, fast friendship for to bynd,
And love establish each to other trew,
Gave goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull mynd,
And eke the pledges firme, right hands together joynd.

XIX

Prince Arthur gave a boxe of Diamond sure,
Embowd with gold and gorgeous ornament,
Wherein were closd few drops of liquor pure,
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
That any wound could heale incontinent:
Which to requite, the Redcrosse knight him gave
A booke,° wherein his Saveours testament
Was writ with golden letters rich and brave;
A worke of wondrous grace, and able soules to save.

XX

Thus beene they parted, Arthur on his way
To seeke his love, and th' other for to fight
With Unaes foe, that all her realme did pray.
But she now weighing the decayed plight,
And shrunken synewes of her chosen knight,
Would not a while her forward course pursew,
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,
Till he recovered had his former hew:
For him to be yet weake and wearie well she knew.

XXI

So as they traveild, lo they gan espy
An armed knight° towards them gallop fast,
That seemed from some feared foe to fly,
Or other griesly thing, that him aghast.
Still as he fled, his eye was backward cast,
As if his feare still followed him behind;
Als flew his steed, as he his bands had brast,
And with his winged heeles did tread the wind,
As he had beene a fole of Pegasus° his kind.

XXII

Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his head
To be unarmd, and curld uncombed heares
Upstaring stiffe, dismayd with uncouth dread;
Nor drop of bloud in all his face appeares
Nor life in limbe: and to increase his feares
In fowle reproch of knighthoods faire degree,
About his neck an hempen rope he weares,
That with his glistring armes does ill agree;
But he of rope or armes has now no memoree.

XXIII

The Redcrosse knight toward him crossed fast,
To weet, what mister wight was so dismayd:
There him he finds all sencelesse and aghast,
That of him selfe he seemd to be afrayd;
Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,
Till he these wordes to him deliver might;
Sir knight, aread who hath ye thus arayd,
And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight:
For never knight I saw in such misseeming plight.

XXIV

He answerd nought at all, but adding new
Feare to his first amazment, staring wide
With stony eyes, and hartlesse hollow hew,
Astonisht stood, as one that had aspide
Infernall furies, with their chaines untide.
Him yet againe, and yet againe bespake
The gentle knight; who nought to him replide,
But trembling every joint did inly quake,
And foltring tongue at last these words seemd forth to shake.

XXV

For Gods deare love, Sir knight, do me not stay;
For loe he comes, he comes fast after mee.
Eft looking back would faine have runne away;
But he him forst to stay, and tellen free
The secret cause of his perplexitie:
Yet nathemore by his bold hartie speach
Could his bloud-frosen hart emboldned bee,
But through his boldnesse rather feare did reach,
Yet forst, at last he made through silence suddein breach.

XXVI

And am I now in safetie sure (quoth he)
From him, that would have forced me to dye?
And is the point of death now turnd fro mee,
That I may tell this haplesse history?
Feare nought: (quoth he) no daunger now is nye.
Then shall I you recount a ruefull cace,
(Said he) the which with this unlucky eye
I late beheld, and had not greater grace°
Me reft from it, had bene partaker of the place.

XXVII

I lately chaunst (would I had never chaunst)
With a faire knight to keepen companee,
Sir Terwin hight, that well himselfe advaunst
In all affaires, and was both bold and free,
But not so happy as mote happy bee:
He lov'd, as was his lot, a Ladie gent,
That him againe lov'd in the least degree:
For she was proud, and of too high intent,
And joyd to see her lover languish and lament.

XXVIII

From whom returning sad and comfortlesse,
As on the way together we did fare,
We met that villen (God from him me blesse)
That cursed wight, from whom I scapt whyleare,
A man of hell, that cals himselfe Despaire:
Who first us greets, and after faire areedes°
Of tydings strange, and of adventures rare:
So creeping close, as Snake in hidden weedes,
Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deedes.

XXIX

Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts
Embost with bale, and bitter byting griefe,
Which love had launched with his deadly darts,
With wounding words and termes of foule repriefe,
He pluckt from us all hope of due reliefe,
That earst us held in love of lingring life;
Then hopelesse hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe
Perswade us die, to stint all further strife:
To me he lent this rope, to him a rustie knife.

XXX

With which sad instrument of hasty death,
That wofull lover, loathing lenger light,
A wide way made to let forth living breath.
But I more fearfull, or more luckie wight,
Dismayd with that deformed dismall sight,
Fled fast away, halfe dead with dying feare :°
Ne yet assur'd of life by you, Sir knight,
Whose like infirmitie° like chaunce may beare :
But God° you never let his charmed speeches heare.

XXXI

How may a man (said he) with idle speach
Be wonne, to spoyle the Castle of his health ?°
I wote° (quoth he) whom triall late did teach,
That like would not for all this worldes wealth :
His subtill tongue, like dropping honny, mealt'h°
Into the hart, and searcheth every vaine ;
That ere one be aware, by secret stealth
His powre is reft, and weaknesse doth remaine.
O never Sir desire to try his guilefull traine.

XXXII

Certes (said he) hence shall I never rest,
Till I that treacherours art have heard and tride ;
And you Sir knight, whose name mote I request,
Of grace do me unto his cabin guide.
I that hight Trevisan (quoth he) will ride,
Against my liking backe, to do you grace :
But not for gold nor glee° will I abide
By you, when ye arrive in that same place
For lever had I die, then see his deadly face.

XXXIII

Ere long they come, where that same wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
Farre underneath a craggie clift ypight,
Darke, dolefull, drearie, like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcases doth crave:
On top whereof aye dwelt the ghastly Owle,°
Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle;
And all about it wandring ghostes did waile and howle.

XXXIV

And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever seene,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees;
On which had many wretches hanged beene,
Whose carcases were scattered on the greene,
And throwne about the clifts. Arrived there,
That bare-head knight for dread and dolefull teene,
Would faine have fled, ne durst approchen neare,
But th' other forst him stay, and comforted in feare.

XXXV

That darkesome cave they enter, where they find
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullein mind;
His griesie lockes, long growen, and unbound,
Disordred hong about his shoulders round,
And hid his face; through which his hollow eyne
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;
His raw-bone cheekes, through penurie and pine,
Were shronke into his jawes, as° he did never dine.

XXXVI

His garment nought but many ragged clouts,
With thornes together pind and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts;
And him beside there lay upon the gras
A drearie corse,° whose life away did pas,
All wallowed in his owne yet luke-warme blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh alas;
In which a rustie knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

XXXVII

Which piteous spectacle, approving trew
The wofull tale that Trevisan had told,
When as the gentle Redcrosse knight did vew,
With firie zeale he burnt in courage bold,
Him to avenge, before his bloud were cold,
And to the villein said, Thou damned wight,
The author of this fact we here behold,
What justice can but judge against thee right,°
With thine owne bloud to price° his bloud, here shed in sight.

XXXVIII

What franticke fit (quoth he) hath thus distraught
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to give?
What justice° ever other judgement taught,
But he should die, who merites not to live?
None else to death this man despayring drive,
But his owne guiltie mind deserving death.
Is then unjust° to each his due to give?
Or let him die, that loatheth living breath?
Or let him die at ease, that liveth here uneath?

XXXIX

Who travels by the wearie wandring way,°
To come unto his wished home in haste,
And meetes a flood, that doth his passage stay,
Is not great grace to helpe him over past,
Or free his feet that in the myre sticke fast?
Most envious man, that grieves at neighbours good,
And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast,
Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath stood
Upon the banke, yet wilt thy selfe not passe the flood?

XL

He there does now enjoy eternall rest
And happy ease, which thou dost want and crave,
And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little paine the passage have,
That makes fraile flesh to feare the bitter wave?
Is not short paine well borne, that brings long ease,
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life does greatly please.

XLI

The knight much wondred at his suddeine wit,°
And said, The terme of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten it;
The souldier may not move from watchfull sted,
Nor leave his stand, untill his Captaine bed.
Who life did limit by almightie doome
(Quoth he)° knowes best the termes established;
And he, that points the Centonell his roome,
Doth license him depart at sound of morning droome.

XLII

Is not his deed, what ever thing is donne
In heaven and earth? did not he all create
To die againe? all ends that was begonne.
Their times in his eternall booke of fate
Are written sure, and have their certaine date.
Who then can strive with strong necessitie,
That holds the world in his still chaunging state,
Or shunne the death ordaynd by destinie?
When houre of death is come, let none aske whence, nor why.

XLIII

The lenger life, I wote the greater sin,
The greater sin, the greater punishment:
All those great battels, which thou boasts to win,
Through strife, and blood-shed, and avengement,
Now prayse, hereafter deare thou shalt repent:
For life must life, and blood must blood repay.
Is not enough thy evill life forespent?
For he that once hath missed the right way,
The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.

XLIV

Then do no further goe, no further stray,
But here lie downe, and to thy rest betake,
Th' ill to prevent, that life ensewen may.
For what hath life, that may it loved make,
And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
Paine, hunger, cold, that makes the hart to quake;
And ever fickle fortune rageth rife,
All which, and thousands mo do make a loathsome life.

XLV

Thou wretched man, of death hast greatest need,
If in true ballance thou wilt weigh thy state:
For never knight, that dared warlike deede,
More lucklesse disaventures did amate:
Witnesse the dungeon deepe, wherein of late
Thy life shut up, for death so oft did call;
And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,°
Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,
Into the which hereafter thou maiest happen fall.

XLVI

Why then doest thou, O man of sin, desire
To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?
Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire°
High heaped up with huge iniquitie,
Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?
Is not enough, that to this Ladie milde
Thou falsed hast thy faith with perjurie,
And sold thy selfe to serve Duessa vilde,
With whom in all abuse thou hast thy selfe defilde?

XLVII

Is not he just, that all this doth behold
From highest heaven, and beares an equall eye?
Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
And guilty be of thine impietie?
Is not his law, Let every sinner die:
Die shall all flesh? what then must needs be donne,
Is it not better to doe willinglie,
Then linger, till the glasse be all out ronne?
Death is the end of woes: die soone, O faeries sonne.

XLVIII

The knight was much enmoved with his speach,
That as a swords point through his hart did perse,
And in his conscience made a secret breach,
Well knowing true all that he did reherse,
And to his fresh remembraunce did reverse
The ugly vew of his deformed crimes,
That all his manly powres it did disperse,
As he were charmed° with inchaunted rimes,
That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

XLIX

In which amazement, when the Miscreant
Perceived him to waver weake and fraile,
Whiles trembling horror did his conscience dant,
And hellish anguish did his soule assaile,
To drive him to despaire, and quite to quaile,
He shew'd him painted in a table° plaine,
The damned ghosts, that doe in torments waile,
And thousand feends that doe them endlesse paine
With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remaine

L

The sight whereof so throughly him dismaid,
That nought but death before his eyes he saw,
And ever burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous sentence of th' Almighties law.
Then gan the villein him to overcraw,
And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw;
And bad him choose, what death he would desire:
For death was due to him, that had provokt Gods ire.

LI

But when as none of them he saw him take,
He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene,
And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake,
And tremble like a leafe of Aspin greene,
And troubled bloud through his pale face was seene
To come, and goe with tidings from the heart,
As it a running messenger had beene.
At last resolv'd to worke his finall smart,
He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did start.

LII

Which whenas Una saw, through every vaine
The crudled cold ran to her well of life,
As in a swowne: but soone reliv'd againe,
Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him said, Fie, fie, faint harted knight,
What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife?
Is this the battell, which thou vauntst to fight
With that fire-mouthed Dragon,° horrible and bright?

LIII

Come, come away, fraile, seely, fleshly wight,
Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
Ne divelish thoughts dismay thy constant spright.
In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
Why shouldst thou then despeire, that chosen art?°
Where justice growes, there grows eke greater grace,
The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,
And that accurst hand-writing° doth deface.
Arise, Sir knight, arise, and leave this cursed place.

LIV

So up he rose, and thence amounted streight.
Which when the carle beheld, and saw his guest
Would safe depart for all his subtill sleight,
He chose an halter from among the rest,
And with it hung himselfe, unbid unblest.
But death he could not worke himselfe thereby;
For thousand times he so himselfe had drest,°
Yet nathelesse it could not doe him die,
Till he should die his last, that is, eternally.

CANTO X

Her faithfull knight faire Una brings
to house of Holinesse,
Where he is taught repentance, and
the way to heavenly blesse.

I

What man is he, that boasts of fleshly might
And vaine assurance of mortality,
Which all so soone as it doth come to fight
Against spirituall foes, yeelds by and by,
Or from the field most cowardly doth fly?
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory.
If any strength we have, it is to ill,
But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.

II

But that, which lately hapned, Una saw,
That this her knight was feeble, and too faint;
And all his sinews woxen weake and raw,
Through long enprisonment, and hard constraint,
Which he endured in his late restraint,
That yet he was unfit for bloudy fight:
Therefore to cherish him with diets daint,
She cast to bring him, where he chearen might,
Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.

III

There was an auntient house° not farre away,
Renowmd throughout the world for sacred lore,
And pure unspotted life: so well they say
It governd was, and guided evermore,
Through wisedome of a matrone grave and hore
Whose onely joy was to relieve the needes
Of wretched soules, and helpe the helpelesse pore:
All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
And all the day in doing good and godly deedes.

IV

Dame Cœlia° men did her call, as thought
From heaven to come, or thither to arise,
The mother of three daughters, well upbrought
In goodly thewes, and godly exercise:
The eldest two, most sober, chast, and wise,
Fidelia° and Speranza virgins were,
Though spousd, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize:
But faire Charissa° to a lovely fere
Was lincked, and by him had many pledges dere.

V

Arrived there, the dore they find fast lockt;
For it was warely watched night and day,
For feare of many foes: but when they knockt,
The Porter opened unto them streight way:
He was an aged syre, all hory gray,
With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full slow,
Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,
Hight Humiltà.° They passe in stouping low;
For streight and narrow was the way which he did show.

VI

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin,
But entred in a spacious court they see,
Both plaine, and pleasant to be walked in,
Where them does meete a francklin faire and free,
And entertaines with comely courteous glee,
His name was Zele, that him right well became,
For in his speeches and behaviour hee
Did labour lively to expresse the same,
And gladly did them guide, till to the Hall they came.

VII

There fairely them receives a gentle Squire,
Of milde demeanure, and rare courtesie,
Right cleanly clad in comely sad attire;
In word and deede that shew'd great modestie,
And knew his good° to all of each degree,
Hight Reverence. He them with speeches meet
Does faire entreat; no courting nicetie,
But simple true, and eke unfained sweet,
As might become a Squire so great persons to greet.

VIII

And afterwards them to his Dame he leades,
That aged Dame, the Ladie of the place:
Who all this while was busy at her beades:
Which doen, she up arose with seemely grace,
And toward them full matronely did pace.
Where when that fairest Una she beheld,
Whom well she knew to spring from heavenly race,
Her hart with joy unwonted inly sweld,
As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld.

IX

And her embracing said, O happie earth,
Whereon thy innocent feet doe ever tread,
Most vertuous virgin borne of heavenly berth,
That, to redeeme thy woefull parents head,
From tyrans rage, and ever-dying dread,°
Hast wandred through the world now long a day;°
Yet ceasest not thy weary soles to lead,°
What grace hath thee now hither brought this way?
Or doen thy feeble feet unweeting hither stray?

X

Strange thing it is an errant knight to see
Here in this place, or any other wight,
That hither turnes his steps. So few there bee
That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right:
All keepe the broad high way, and take delight
With many rather for to go astray,
And be partakers of their evill plight,
Then with a few to walke the rightest way;
O foolish men, why haste ye to your owne decay?

XI

Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbes to rest,
O matrone sage (quoth she) I hither came;
And this good knight his way with me addrest,
Led with thy prayses and broad-blazed fame,
That up to heaven is blowne. The auncient Dame
Him goodly greeted in her modest guise,
And entertaynd them both, as best became,
With all the court'sies that she could devise,
Ne wanted ought, to shew her bounteous or wise.

XII

Thus as they gan of sundry things devise,
Loe two most goodly virgins came in place,
Ylinked arme in arme in lovely wise,
With countenance demure, and modest grace,
They numbred even steps and equall pace:
Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,
Like sunny beames threw from her christall face,
That could have dazd the rash beholders sight,
And round about her head did shine like heavens light.

XIII

She was araied all in lilly white,°
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water fild up to the hight,
In which a Serpent did himselfe enfold,
That horrour made to all that did behold;
But she no whit did chaunge her constant mood:
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A booke, that was both signd and seald with blood:
Wherin darke things were writ, hard to be understood.

XIV

Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in blew, that her beseemed well;
Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight,
As was her sister; whether dread did dwell,
Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell:
Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
Whereon she leaned ever, as befell:
And ever up to heaven, as she did pray,
Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other way.

XV

They seeing Una, towards her gan wend,
Who them encounters with like courtesie;
Many kind speeches they betwene them spend,
And greatly joy each other well to see:
Then to the knight with shamefast modestie
They turne themselves, at Unaes meeke request,
And him salute with well beseeming glee;
Who faire them quites, as him beseemed best,
And goodly gan discourse of many a noble gest.

XVI

Then Una thus; But she your sister deare,
The deare Charissa where is she become?
Or wants she health, or busie is elsewhere?
Ah no, said they, but forth she may not come:
For she of late is lightned of her wombe,
And hath encreast the world with one sonne more,
That her to see should be but troublesome.
Indeed (quoth she) that should be trouble sore;
But thankt be God, and her encrease° so evermore.

XVII

Then said the aged Cœlia, Deare dame,
And you good Sir, I wote that of youre toyle,
And labours long, through which ye hither came,
Ye both forwearied be: therefore a whyle
I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle.
Then called she a Groome, that forth him led
Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile
Of puissant armes, and laid in easie bed;
His name was meeke Obedience rightfully ared.

XVIII

Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,
And bodies were refresht with due repast,
Faire Una gan Fidelia faire request,
To have her knight into her schoolehouse plaste,
That of her heavenly learning he might taste,
And heare the wisedom of her words divine.
She graunted, and that knight so much agraste,
That she him taught celestiall discipline,
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them shine.

XIX

And that her sacred Booke, with blood ywrit,
That none could read, except she did them teach,
She unto him disclosed every whit,
And heavenly documents thereout did preach,
That weaker wit of man could never reach,
Of God, of grace, of justice, of free will,
That wonder was to heare her goodly speach:
For she was able with her words to kill,
And raise againe to life the hart that she did thrill.

XX

And when she list° poure out her larger spright,
She would commaund the hastie Sunne to stay,
Or backward turne his course from heavens hight;
Sometimes great hostes of men she could dismay;
[Dry-shod to passe she parts the flouds in tway;°]
And eke huge mountaines from their native seat
She would commaund, themselves to beare away,
And throw in raging sea with roaring threat.
Almightie God her gave such powre, and puissaunce great.

XXI

The faithfull knight now grew in litle space,
By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
To such perfection of all heavenly grace,
That wretched world he gan for to abhore,
And mortall life gan loath, as thing forlore,
Greevd with remembrance of his wicked wayes,
And prickt with anguish of his sinnes so sore,
That he desirde to end his wretched dayes:
So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dismayes.

XXII

But wise Speranza gave him comfort sweet,
And taught him how to take assured hold
Upon her silver anchor, as was meet;
Else had his sinnes so great and manifold
Made him forget all that Fidelia told.
In this distressed doubtfull agonie,
When him his dearest Una did behold,
Disdeining life, desiring leave to die,
She found her selfe assayld with great perplexitie.

XXIII

And came to Cœlia to declare her smart,
Who well acquainted with that commune plight,
Which sinfull horror workes in wounded hart,
Her wisely comforted all that she might,
With goodly counsell and advisement right;
And streightway sent with carefull diligence,
To fetch a Leach, the which had great insight
In that disease of grieved conscience,
And well could cure the same; his name was Patience.

XXIV

Who comming to that soule-diseased knight,
Could hardly him intreat° to tell his griefe:
Which knowne, and all that noyd his heavie spright
Well searcht, eftsoones he gan apply relief
Of salves and med'cines, which had passing priefe,
And thereto added words of wondrous might;°
By which to ease he him recured briefe,
And much aswag'd the passion of his plight,°
That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more light.

XXV

But yet the cause and root of all his ill,
Inward corruption and infected sin,
Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained still,
And festring sore did rankle yet within,
Close creeping twixt the marrow and the skin.
Which to extirpe, he laid him privily
Downe in a darkesome lowly place farre in,
Whereas he meant his corrosives to apply,
And with streight diet tame his stubborne malady.

XXVI

In ashes and sackcloth he did array
His daintie corse, proud humors to abate,
And dieted with fasting every day,
The swelling of his wounds to mitigate,
And made him pray both earely and eke late:
And ever as superfluous flesh did rot
Amendment readie still at hand did wayt,
To pluck it out with pincers firie whot,
That soone in him was left no one corrupted jot.

XXVII

And bitter Penance with an yron whip,
Was wont him once to disple every day:
And sharpe Remorse his hart did pricke and nip,
That drops of blood thence like a well did play;
And sad Repentance used to embay
His bodie in salt water smarting sore,
The filthy blots of sinne to wash away.
So in short space they did to health restore
The man that would not live, but earst lay at deathes dore.

XXVIII

In which his torment often was so great,
That like a Lyon he would cry and rore,
And rend his flesh, and his owne synewes eat.
His owne deare Una hearing evermore
His ruefull shriekes and gronings, often tore
Her guiltlesse garments, and her golden heare,
For pitty of his paine and anguish sore;
Yet all with patience wisely she did beare;
For well she wist his crime could else be never cleare.

XXIX

Whom thus recover'd by wise Patience
And trew Repentaunce they to Una brought:
Who joyous of his cured conscience,
Him dearely kist, and fairely eke besought
Himselfe to chearish, and consuming thought
To put away out of his carefull brest.
By this Charissa, late in child-bed brought,
Was woxen strong, and left her fruitfull nest;
To her faire Una brought this unacquainted guest.

XXX

She was a woman in her freshest age,°
Of wondrous beauty, and of bountie rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth not easie to compare;
Full of great love, but Cupid's wanton snare
As hell she hated, chast in worke and will;
Her necke and breasts were ever open bare,
That ay thereof her babes might sucke their fill;
The rest was all in yellow robes arayed still.

XXXI

A multitude of babes about her hong,
Playing their sports, that joyd her to behold,
Whom still she fed, whiles they were weake and young,
But thrust them forth still as they wexed old:
And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,
Adornd with gemmes and owches wondrous faire,
Whose passing price° uneath was to be told:
And by her side there sate a gentle paire
Of turtle doves, she sitting in an yvorie chaire.

XXXII

The knight and Una entring faire her greet,
And bid her joy of that her happie brood;
Who them requites with courtsies seeming meet,
And entertaines with friendly chearefull mood.
Then Una her besought, to be so good
As in her vertuous rules to schoole her knight,
Now after all his torment well withstood,
In that sad house of Penaunce, where his spright
Had past the paines of hell, and long enduring night.

XXXIII

She was right joyous of her just request,
And taking by the hand that Faeries sonne,
Gan him instruct in every good behest,
Of love, and righteousnesse, and well to donne,°
And wrath, and hatred warely to shonne,
That drew on men Gods hatred and his wrath,
And many soules in dolours had fordonne:
In which when him she well instructed hath,
From thence to heaven she teacheth him the ready path.

XXXIV

Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guide,
An auncient matrone she to her does call,
Whose sober lookes her wisedome well descride:
Her name was Mercie, well knowne over all,
To be both gratious, and eke liberall:
To whom the carefull charge of him she gave,
To lead aright, that he should never fall
In all his wayes through this wide worldes wave,
That Mercy in the end his righteous soule might save.

XXXV

The godly Matrone by the hand him beares
Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,
Scattred with bushy thornes, and ragged breares,
Which still before him she remov'd away,
That nothing might his ready passage stay:
And ever when his feet encombred were,
Or gan to shrinke, or from the right to stray,
She held him fast, and firmely did upbeare,
As carefull Nourse her child from falling oft does reare.

XXXVI

Eftsoones unto an holy Hospitall,
That was fore by the way, she did him bring,
In which seven Bead-men° that had vowed all
Their life to service of high heavens king,
Did spend their dayes in doing godly thing:
Their gates to all were open evermore,
That by the wearie way were traveiling,
And one sate wayting ever them before,
To call in commers by, that needy were and pore.

XXXVII

The first of them that eldest was, and best,
Of all the house had charge and governement,
As Guardian and Steward of the rest:
His office was to give entertainement
And lodging, unto all that came, and went:
Not unto such, as could him feast againe,
And double quite, for that he on them spent,
But such, as want of harbour did constraine:
Those for Gods sake his dewty was to entertaine.

XXXVIII

The second was as Almner of the place,
His office was, the hungry for to feed,
And thristy give to drinke, a worke of grace:
He feard not once him selfe to be in need,
Ne car'd to hoord for those whom he did breede:
The grace of God he layd up still in store,
Which as a stocke he left unto his seede;
He had enough, what need him care for more?
And had he lesse, yet some he would give to the pore.

XXXIX

The third had of their wardrobe custodie,
In which were not rich tyres, nor garments gay,
The plumes of pride, and wings of vanitie,
But clothes meet to keepe keene could away,
And naked nature seemely to aray;
With which bare wretched wights he dayly clad,
The images of God in earthly clay;
And if that no spare cloths to give he had,
His owne coate he would cut, and it distribute glad.

XL

The fourth appointed by his office was,
Poore prisoners to relieve with gratious ayd,
And captives to redeeme with price of bras,°
From Turkes° and Sarazins, which them had stayd,
And though they faultie were, yet well he wayd,
That God to us forgiveth every howre
Much more then that why they in bands were layd,
And he that harrowd° hell with heavie stowre,
The faultie soules from thence brought to his heavenly bowre.

XLI

The fift had charge sicke persons to attend,
And comfort those, in point of death which lay;
For them most needeth comfort in the end,
When sin, and hell, and death do most dismay
The feeble soule departing hence away.
All is but lost, that living we bestow,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O man have mind of that last bitter throw
For as the tree does fall, so lyes it ever low.

XLII

The sixt had charge of them now being dead,
In seemely sort their corses to engrave,
And deck with dainty flowres their bridall bed,
That to their heavenly spouse both sweet and brave
They might appeare, when he their soules shall save.°
The wondrous workmanship of Gods owne mould,
Whose face he made all beasts to feare, and gave
All in his hand, even dead we honour should.
Ah dearest God me graunt, I dead be not defould.°

XLIII

The seventh, now after death and buriall done,
Had charge the tender orphans of the dead
And widowes ayd,° least they should be undone:
In face of judgement° he their right would plead,
Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
In their defence, nor would for gold or fee
Be wonne their rightfull causes downe to tread:
And, when they stood in most necessitee,
He did supply their want, and gave them ever free.

XLIV

There when the Elfin knight arrived was,
The first and chiefest of the seven, whose care
Was guests to welcome, towardes him did pas:
Where seeing Mercie, that his steps upbare,
And alwayes led, to her with reverence rare
He humbly louted in meeke lowlinesse,
And seemely welcome for her did prepare:
For of their order she was Patronesse,
Albe Charissa were their chiefest founderesse.

XLV

There she awhile him stayes, him selfe to rest,
That to the rest more able he might bee:
During which time, in every good behest
And godly worke of almes and charitee,
She him instructed with great industree;
Shortly therein so perfect he became,
That from the first unto the last degree,
His mortall life he learned had to frame
In holy righteousnesse, without rebuke or blame.

XLVI

Thence forward by that painfull way they pas,
Forth to an hill, that was both steepe and hy;
On top whereof a sacred chappell was,
And eke a little Hermitage thereby,
Wherein an aged holy man did lye,
That day and night said his devotion,
Ne other worldly busines did apply;
His name was heavenly Contemplation;
Of God and goodnesse was his meditation.

XLVII

Great grace that old man to him given had;
For God he often saw from heavens hight,
All were his earthly eyen both blunt and bad,
And through great age had lost their kindly sight,
Yet wondrous quick and persant was his spright,
As Eagles eye, that can behold the Sunne:
That hill they scale with all their powre and might,
That his° fraile thighes nigh weary and fordonne
Gan faile, but by her° helpe the top at last he wonne.

XLVIII

There they do finde that godly aged Sire,
With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed,
As hoarie frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy braunches of an Oke halfe ded.
Each bone might through his body well be red,
And every sinew seene through his long fast:
For nought he car'd° his carcas long unfed; 130
His mind was full of spirituall repast,
And pyn'd his flesh, to keepe his body low and chast.

XLIX

Who when these two approaching he aspide,
At their first presence grew agrieved sore,
That forst him lay his heavenly thoughts aside; 135
And had he not that Dame respected more,
Whom highly he did reverence and adore,
He would not once have moved for the knight.
They him saluted, standing far afore:
Who well them greeting, humbly did requight, 140
And asked, to what end they clomb that tedious height.

L

What end (quoth she) should cause us take such paine,
But that same end which every living wight
Should make his marke, high heaven to attaine?
Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right 145
To that most glorious house that glistreth bright
With burning starres and everliving fire,
Whereof the keyes are to thy hand behight
By wise Fidelia? She doth thee require,
To show it to his knight, according his desire. 150

LI

Thrise happy man, said then the father grave,
Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,
And shewes the way, his sinfull soule to save.
Who better can the way to heaven aread,
Then thou thy selfe, that was both borne and bred
In heavenly throne, where thousand Angels shine?
Thou doest the prayers of the righteous sead
Present before the majestie divine,
And his avenging wrath to clemencie incline.

LII

Yet since thou bidst, thy pleasure shal be donne.
Then come thou man of earth, and see the way,
That never yet was seene of Faeries sonne,
That never leads the traveiler astray,
But after labors long, and sad delay,
Brings them to joyous rest and endlesse blis.
But first thou must a season fast and pray,
Till from her bands the spright assoiled is,
And have her strength recur'd from fraile infirmitis.

LIII

That donne, he leads him to the highest Mount;
Such one as that same mighty man° of God,
That blood-red billowes° like a walled front
On either side disparted with his rod,
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
Dwelt forty dayes upon; where writ in stone
With bloudy letters by the hand of God,
The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
He did receive, whiles flashing fire about him shone.

LIV

Or like that sacred hill,° whose head full hie,
Adornd with fruitfull Olives all arownd,
Is, as it were for endlesse memory
Of that deare Lord who oft thereon was fownd,
For ever with a flowring girlond crownd:
Or like that pleasaunt Mount,° that is for ay
Through famous Poets verse each where renownd,
On which the thrise three learned Ladies play
Their heavenly notes, and make full many a lovely lay.

LV

From thence, far off he unto him did shew
A litle path, that was both steepe and long,
Which to a goodly Citie° led his vew;
Whose wals and towres were builded high and strong
Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tong
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my simple song;
The Citie of the great king hight it well,
Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth dwell.

LVI

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
The blessed Angels to and fro descend
From highest heaven in gladsome companee,
And with great joy into that Citie wend,
As commonly as friend does with his frend.
Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquere,
What stately building durst so high extend
Her loftie towres unto the starry sphere,
And what unknowen nation there empeopled were.

LVII

Faire knight (quoth he) Hierusalem that is,
The new Hierusalem, that God has built
For those to dwell in, that are chosen his,
His chosen people purg'd from sinfull guilt
With pretious blood, which cruelly was spilt
On cursed tree, of that unspotted lam,
That for the sinnes of al the world was kilt:
Now are they Saints all in that Citie sam,
More dear unto their God then younglings to their dam.

LVIII

Till now, said then the knight, I weened well,
That great Cleopolis,° where I have beene,
In which that fairest Faerie Queene doth dwell,
The fairest citie was that might be seene;
And that bright towre all built of christall cleene,
Panthea,° seemd the brightest thing that was:
But now by proofe all otherwise I weene;
For this great Citie that does far surpas,
And this bright Angels towre quite dims that towre of glas.

LIX

Most trew, then said the holy aged man;
Yet is Cleopolis, for earthly frame,°
The fairest peece that eye beholden can;
And well beseemes all knights of noble name,
That covett in th' immortall booke of fame
To be eternized, that same to haunt,
And doen their service to that soveraigne dame,
That glorie does to them for guerdon graunt:
For she is heavenly borne, and heaven may justly vaunt.

LX

And thou faire ymp, sprong out from English race,
How ever now accompted Elfins sonne,
Well worthy doest thy service for her grace,
To aide a virgin desolate fordonne.
But when thou famous victory hast wonne,
And high emongst all knights hast hong thy shield,
Thenceforth the suit of earthly conquest shonne,
And wash thy hands from guilt of bloudy field:
For blood can nought but sin, and wars but sorrowes yield.

LXI

Then seek this path, that I to thee presage,
Which after all to heaven shall thee send;
Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage
To yonder same Hierusalem do bend,
Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end:
For thou emongst those Saints, whom thou doest see,
Shall be a Saint, and thine owne nations frend
And Patrone: thou Saint George shalt called bee,
Saint George of mery England, the signe of victoree.

LXII

Unworthy wretch (quoth he) of so great grace,
How dare I thinke such glory to attaine?
These that have it attaind, were in like cace,
(Quoth he) as wretched, and liv'd in like paine.
But deeds of armes must I at last be faine
And Ladies love to leave so dearely bought?
What need of armes, where peace doth ay remaine,
(Said he,) and battailes none are to be fought?
As for loose loves, they're vain, and vanish into nought.

LXIII

O let me not (quoth he) then turne againe
Backe to the world, whose joyes so fruitlesse are;
But let me here for aye in peace remaine,
Or streight way on that last long voyage fare,
That nothing may my present hope empare.
That may not be, (said he) ne maist thou yit
Forgo that royall maides bequeathed care,°
Who did her cause into thy hand commit,
Till from her cursed foe thou have her freely quit.

LXIV

Then shall I soone (quoth he) so God me grace,
Abet that virgins cause disconsolate,
And shortly backe returne unto this place,
To walke this way in Pilgrims poore estate.
But now aread, old father, why of late
Didst thou behight me borne of English blood,
Whom all a Faeries sonne doen nominate?
That word shall I (said he) avouchen good,
Sith to thee is unknowne the cradle of thy blood.

LXV

For well I wote thou springst from ancient race
Of Saxon kings, that have with mightie hand
And many bloody battailes° fought in place
High reard their royall throne in Britane land,
And vanquisht them, unable to withstand:
From thence a Faerie thee unweeting reft,
There as thou slepst in tender swadling band,
And her base Elfin brood there for thee left.
Such men do Chaungelings° call, so chang'd by Faeries theft.

LXVI

Thence she thee brought into this Faerie lond,
And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde,
Where thee a Ploughman all unweeting fond,
As he his toylesome teme that way did guyde,
And brought thee up in ploughmans state to lyde,
Whereof Georgos° he gave thee to name;
Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pryde,
To Faerie court thou cam'st to seeke for fame,
And prove thy puissaunt armes, as seemes thee best became.

LXVII

O holy Sire (quoth he) how shall I quight
The many favours I with thee have found,
That hast my name and nation red aright,
And taught the way that does to heaven bound?
This said, adowne he looked to the ground,
To have returnd, but dazed were his eyne
Through passing brightnesse, which did quite confound
His feeble sence, and too exceeding shyne.
So darke are earthly things compard to things divine.

LXVIII

At last whenas himselfe he gan to find,
To Una back he cast him to retire;
Who him awaited still with pensive mind.
Great thankes and goodly meed to that good syre
He thence departing gave for his paines hyre.
So came to Una, who him joyd to see,
And after little rest, gan him desire
Of her adventure mindfull for to bee.
So leave they take of Cœlia, and her daughters three.

CANTO XI

The knight with that old Dragon fights
two dayes incessantly;
The third him overthrowes, and gayns
most glorious victory.

I

High time now gan it wex for Una faire
To thinke of those her captive Parents deare,
And their forwasted kingdome to repaire:
Whereto whenas they now approched neare,
With hartie wordes her knight she gan to cheare,
And in her modest manner thus bespake;
Deare knight, as deare as ever knight was deare,
That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,
High heaven behold the tedious toyle ye for me take.

II

Now are we come unto my native soyle,
And to the place where all our perils dwell;
Here haunts that feend, and does his dayly spoyle;
Therefore henceforth be at your keeping well,°
And ever ready for your foeman fell.
The sparke of noble courage now awake,
And strive your excellent selfe to excell:
That shall ye evermore renowmed make,
Above all knights on earth that batteill undertake.

III

And pointing forth, Lo yonder is (said she)°
The brasen towre in which my parents deare
For dread of that huge feend emprisond be,
Whom I from far, see on the walles appeare,
Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly cheare:
And on the top of all I do espye
The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare,
That O my parents might I happily
Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery.

IV

With that they heard a roaring hideous sound,
That all the ayre with terrour filled wide,
And seemd uneath° to shake the stedfast ground.
Eftsoones that dreadful Dragon° they espide,
Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side,°
Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill.
But all so soone as he from far descride
Those glistring armes, that heaven with light did fill,
He rousd himselfe full blith, and hastned them untill.

V

Then bad the knight his Lady yede aloofe,
And to an hill her selfe withdraw aside:
From whence she might behold that battailles proof,
And eke be safe from daunger far descryde:
She him obayd, and turnd a little wyde.
Now O thou sacred muse,° most learned Dame,
Faire ympe of Phœbus and his aged bride,
The Nourse of time and everlasting fame,
That warlike hands ennoblest with immortall name;

VI

O gently come into my feeble brest,
Come gently, but not with that mighty rage,
Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest infest,
And harts of great Heroës doest enrage,
That nought their kindled courage may aswage,
Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to sownd,
The God of warre with his fiers equipage
Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so sownd,
All scared nations doest with horrour sterne astownd.

VII

Faire Goddesse, lay that furious fit aside,
Till I of warres° and bloody Mars do sing,
And Briton fields with Sarazin bloud bedyde,
Twixt that great Faery Queene, and Paynim king,
That with their horrour heaven and earth did ring;
A worke of labour long and endlesse prayse:
But now a while let downe that haughtie string°
And to my tunes thy second tenor rayse,
That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

VIII

By this the dreadfull Beast drew nigh to hand,
Halfe flying, and halfe footing in his haste,
That with his largenesse measured much land,
And made wide shadow under his huge wast,
As mountaine doth the valley overcast.
Approching nigh, he reared high afore
His body monstrous, horrible, and vaste,
Which to increase his wondrous greatnesse more,
Was swoln with wrath, and poyson, and with bloudy gore.

IX

And over, all with brasen scales was armd,
Like plated coate of steele, so couched neare,
That nought mote perce, ne might his corse be harmd
With dint of sword, nor push of pointed speare;
Which, as an Eagle, seeing pray appeare,
His aery plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight;
So shaked he, that horrour was to heare,
For as the clashing of an Armour bright,
Such noyse his rouzed scales did send unto the knight.

X

His flaggy wings when forth he did display,
Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:
And eke the pennes, that did his pineons bynd,
Were like mayne-yards, with flying canvas lynd;
With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,
And there by force unwonted passage find,
The cloudes before him fled for terrour great,
And all the heavens stood still amazed with his threat.

XI

His huge long tayle wound up in hundred foldes,
Does overspred his long brass-scaly backe,
Whose wreathed boughts when ever he unfoldes,
And thicke entangled knots adown does slacke,
Bespotted as with shields of red and blacke,
It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,
And of three furlongs does but litle lacke;
And at the point two stings in-fixed arre,
Both deadly sharpe, that sharpest steele exceeden farre.

XII

But stings and sharpest steele did far exceed
The sharpnesse of his cruell rending clawes;
Dead was it sure, as sure as death in deed,
What ever thing does touch his ravenous pawes,
Or what within his reach he ever drawes.
But his most hideous head my toung to tell
Does tremble: for his deepe devouring jawes
Wide gaped, like the griesly mouth of hell,
Through which into his darke abisse all ravin fell.

XIII

And that more wondrous was, in either jaw
Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were,
In which yet trickling blood, and gobbets raw
Of late devoured bodies did appeare,
That sight thereof bred cold congealed feare:
Which to increase, and as atonce to kill,
A cloud of smoothering smoke and sulphure seare,
Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,
That all the ayre about with smoke and stench did fill.

XIV

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shields,
Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living fyre:
As two broad Beacons,° set in open fields,
Send forth their flames far off to every shyre,
And warning give, that enemies conspyre
With fire and sword the region to invade;
So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre:
But farre within, as in a hollow glade,
Those glaring lampes were set, that made a dreadfull shade.

XV

So dreadfully he towards him did pas,
Forelifting up aloft his speckled brest,
And often bounding on the brused gras,
As for great joyance of his newcome guest.
Eftsoones he gan advance his haughtie crest,
As chauffed Bore his bristles doth upreare,
And shoke his scales to battell ready drest:
That made the Redcrosse knight nigh quake for feare,
As bidding bold defiance to his foeman neare.

XVI

The knight gan fairely couch his steadie speare,
And fiercely ran at him with rigorous might:
The pointed steele arriving rudely theare,
His harder hide would neither perce, nor bight,
But glauncing by forth passed forward right;
Yet sore amoved with so puissaunt push,
The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
And him so rudely passing by, did brush
With his long tayle, that horse and man to ground did rush.

XVII

Both horse and man up lightly rose againe,
And fresh encounter towards him addrest:
But th'idle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,
And found no place his deadly point to rest.
Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious beast,
To be avenged of so great despight;
For never felt his imperceable brest
So wondrous force, from hand of living wight;
Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puissant knight.

XVIII

Then with his waving wings displayed wyde,
Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground,
And with strong flight did forcibly divide
The yielding aire, which nigh too feeble found
Her flitting parts,° and element unsound,
To beare so great a weight: he cutting way
With his broad sayles, about him soared round:
At last low stouping° with unweldie sway,
Snatcht up both horse and man, to beare them quite away.

XIX

Long he them bore above the subject plaine,
So far as Ewghen bow a shaft may send,
Till struggling strong did him at last constraine
To let them downe before his flightes end:
As hagard hauke,° presuming to contend
With hardie fowle, above his hable might,°
His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend
To trusse the pray too heavy for his flight;
Which comming downe to ground, does free it selfe by fight.

XX

He so disseized° of his gryping grosse,
The knight his thrillant speare again assayd
In his bras-plated body to embosse,
And three mens strength unto the stroke he layd;
Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked, as affrayd,
And glauncing from his scaly necke, did glyde
Close under his left wing, then broad displayd:
The percing steele there wrought a wound full wyde,
That with the uncouth smart the Monster lowdly cryde

XXI

He cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore,
When wintry storme his wrathfull wreck does threat
The roaring billowes beat the ragged shore,
As they the earth would shoulder from her seat,
And greedy gulfe does gape,° as he would eat
His neighbour element in his revenge:
Then gin the blustring brethren° boldly threat
To move the world from off his steadfast henge,
And boystrous battell make, each other to avenge.

XXII

The steely head stucke fast still in his flesh,
Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the wood,
And quite a sunder broke. Forth flowed fresh
A gushing river of blacke goarie blood,
That drowned all the land, whereon he stood;
The streame thereof would drive a water-mill:
Trebly augmented was his furious mood
With bitter sence of his deepe rooted ill,
That flames of fire he threw forth from his large nostrill.

XXIII

His hideous tayle then hurled he about,
And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes
Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage stout
Striving to loose the knot that fast him tyes,
Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash implyes,
That to the ground he is perforce constraynd
To throw his rider: who can quickly ryse
From off the earth, with durty blood distaynd,
For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disdaynd.

XXIV

And fiercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,
With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
That nothing seemd the puissaunce could withstand:
Upon his crest the hardned yron fell,
But his more hardned crest was armd so well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make;
Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,
That from thenceforth he shund the like to take,
But when he saw them come, he did them still forsake.

XXV

The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguyld,
And smote againe with more outrageous might;
But backe againe the sparckling steele recoyld,
And left not any marke, where it did light,
As if in Adamant rocke it had bene pight.
The beast impatient of his smarting wound,
And of so fierce and forcible despight,
Thought with his wings to stye above the ground;
But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.

XXVI

Then full of griefe and anguish vehement,
He lowdly brayd, that like was never heard,
And from his wide devouring oven° sent
A flake of fire, that, flashing in his beard,
Him all amazd, and almost made affeard:
The scorching flame sore swinged all his face,
And through his armour all his body seard,
That he could not endure so cruell cace,
But thought his armes to leave, and helmet to unlace.

XXVII

Not that great Champion° of the antique world,
Whom famous Poetes verse so much doth vaunt,
And hath for twelve huge labours high extold,
So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
When him the poysond garment did enchaunt,
With Centaures bloud and bloudie verses charm'd;
As did this knight twelve thousand dolours daunt,
Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that earst him arm'd,
That erst him goodly arm'd, now most of all him harm'd.

XXVIII

Faint, wearie, sore, emboyled, grieved, brent°
With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, and inward fire,
That never man such mischiefes did torment;
Death better were, death did he oft desire,
But death will never come, when needes require.
Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,
He cast to suffer him no more respire,
But gan his sturdy sterne about to weld,
And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him feld.

XXIX

It fortuned, (as faire it then befell,)
Behind his backe unweeting, where he stood,
Of auncient time there was a springing well,
From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good.
Whylome, before that cursed Dragon got
That happy land, and all with innocent blood
Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly hot
The well of life,° ne yet his vertues had forgot.

XXX

For unto life the dead it could restore,
And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away,
Those that with sicknesse were infected sore
It could recure, and aged long decay
Renew, as one were borne that very day.
Both Silo° this, and Jordan did excell,
And th' English Bath,° and eke the German Spau;
Ne can Cephise,° nor Hebrus match this well:
Into the same the knight back overthrowen, fell.

XXXI

Now gan the golden Phœbus for to steepe
His fierie face in billowes of the west,
And his faint steedes watred in Ocean deepe,
Whiles from their journall labours they did rest,
When that infernall Monster, having kest
His wearie foe into that living well,
Can high advance his broad discoloured brest
Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his yron wings, as victor he did dwel'

XXXII

Which when his pensive Ladie saw from farre,
Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,
As weening that the sad end of the warre,
And gan to highest God entirely pray,
That feared chance from her to turne away;
With folded hands and knees full lowly bent,
All night she watcht, ne once adowne would lay
Her daintie limbs in her sad dreriment,
But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

XXXIII

The morrow next gan early to appeare,
That Titan rose to runne his daily race;
But early ere the morrow next gan reare
Out of the sea faire Titans deawy face,
Up rose the gentle virgin from her place,
And looked all about, if she might spy
Her loved knight to move° his manly pace:
For she had great doubt of his safety,
Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

XXXIV

At last she saw, where he upstarted brave
Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay:
As Eagle° fresh out of the Ocean wave,
Where he hath left his plumes all hoary gray,
And deckt himselfe with feathers youthly gay,
Like Eyas hauke up mounts unto the skies,
His newly budded pineons to assay,
And marveiles at himselfe, still as he flies:
So new this new-borne knight to battell new did rise.

XXXV

Whom when the damned feend so fresh did spy,
No wonder if he wondred at the sight,
And doubted, whether his late enemy
It were, or other new supplied knight.
He, now to prove his late renewed might,
High brandishing his bright deaw-burning blade,°
Upon his crested scalpe so sore did smite,
That to the scull a yawning wound it made;
The deadly dint his dulled senses all dismaid.

XXXVI

I wote not, whether the revenging steele
Were hardned with that holy water dew,
Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did feele,
Or his baptized hands now greater grew;
Or other secret vertue did ensew;
Else never could the force of fleshly arme,
Ne molten mettall in his blood embrew°;
For till that stownd could never wight him harme,
By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

XXXVII

The cruell wound enraged him so sore,
That loud he yelded for exceeding paine;
As hundred ramping Lyons seem'd to rore,
Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constraine:
Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,
And therewith scourge the buxome aire so sore,
That to his force to yeelden it was faine;
Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand afore,
That high trees overthrew, and rocks in peeces tore.

XXXVIII

The same advauncing high above his head,
With sharpe intended sting° so rude him smot,
That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead,
Ne living wight would have him life behot:
The mortall sting his angry needle shot
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seasd,
Where fast it stucke, ne would there out be got:
The griefe thereof him wondrous sore diseasd,
Ne might his ranckling paine with patience be appeasd.

XXXIX

But yet more mindfull of his honour deare,
Then of the grievous smart, which him did wring,
From loathed soile he can him lightly reare,
And strove to loose the far infixed sting:
Which when in vaine he tryde with struggeling,
Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he heft,
And strooke so strongly, that the knotty string
Of his huge taile he quite a sunder cleft,
Five joints thereof he hewd, and but the stump him left.

XL

Hart cannot thinke, what outrage, and what cryes,
With foule enfouldred smoake and flashing fire,
The hell-bred beast threw forth unto the skyes,
That all was covered with darkenesse dire:
Then fraught with rancour, and engorged ire,
He cast at once him to avenge for all,
And gathering up himselfe out of the mire,
With his uneven wings did fiercely fall,
Upon his sunne-bright shield, and gript it fast withall.

XLI

Much was the man encombred with his hold,
In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,
Ne wist yet, how his talaunts to unfold;
For harder was from Cerberus greedy jaw
To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw
To reave by strength the griped gage° away:
Thrise he assayd it from his foot to draw,
And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay,
It booted nought to thinke to robbe him of his pray.

XLII

Tho when he saw no power might prevaile,
His trustie sword he cald to his last aid,
Wherewith he fiercely did his foe assaile,
And double blowes about him stoutly laid,
That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid;
As sparckles from the Andvile use to fly,
When heavy hammers on the wedge are swaid;
Therewith at last he forst him to unty
One of his grasping feete, him to defend thereby.

XLIII

The other foot, fast fixed on his shield,
Whenas no strength, nor stroks mote him constraine
To loose, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield,
He smot thereat with all his might and maine,
That nought so wondrous puissaunce might sustaine;
Upon the joint the lucky steele did light,
And made such way, that hewd it quite in twaine;
The paw yett missed not his minisht might,°
But hong still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

XLIV

For griefe thereof and divelish despight,°
From his infernall fournace forth he threw
Huge flames, that dimmed all the heavens light,
Enrold in duskish smoke and brimstone blew:
As burning Aetna from his boyling stew
Doth belch out flames, and rockes in peeces broke,
And ragged ribs of mountains molten new,
Enwrapt in coleblacke clouds and filthy smoke,
That all the land with stench, and heaven with horror choke

XLV

The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilence
So sore him noyd, that forst him to retire
A little backward for his best defence.
To save his body from the scorching fire,
Which he from hellish entrailes did expire.
It chaunst (eternall God that chaunce did guide,)
As he recoiled backward, in the mire
His nigh forwearied feeble feet did slide,
And downe he fell, with dread of shame sore terrifide.

XLVI

There grew a goodly tree° him faire beside,
Loaden with fruit and apples rosie red,
As they in pure vermilion had beene dide,
Whereof great vertues over all were red°:
For happy life to all which thereon fed,
And life eke everlasting did befall:
Great God it planted in that blessed sted
With his Almighty hand, and did it call
The tree of life, the crime of our first fathers fall.°

XLVII

In all the world like was not to be found,
Save in that soile, where all good things did grow,
And freely sprong out of the fruitfull ground,
As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
Till that dread Dragon all did overthrow.
Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
Whereof whoso did eat, eftsoones did know
Both good and ill: O mornefull memory:
That tree through one mans fault hath doen us all to dy.

XLVIII

From that first tree forth flowd, as from a well,
A trickling streame of Balme, most soveraine
And dainty deare, which on the ground, still fell,
And overflowed all the fertile plaine,
As it had deawed bene with timely raine:
Life and long health that gratious ointment gave,
And deadly wounds could heale and reare againe
The senselesse corse appointed for the grave.
Into that same he fell: which did from death him save.

XLIX

For nigh thereto the ever damned beast
Durst not approch, for he was deadly made,°
And all that life preserved did detest:
Yet he is oft adventur'd to invade.
By this the drouping day-light gan to fade,
And yield his roome to sad succeeding night,
Who with her sable mantle gan to shade
The face of earth, and wayes of living wight,
And high her burning torch set up in heaven bright.

L

When gentle Una saw the second fall
Of her deare knight, who wearie of long fight,
And faint through losse of blood, mov'd not at all,
But lay, as in a dreame of deepe delight,
Besmeard with pretious Balme, whose vertuous might
Did heale his wounds, and scorching heat alay,
Againe she stricken was with sore affright,
And for his safetie gan devoutly pray,
And watch the noyous night, and wait for joyous day

LI

The joyous day gan early to appeare,
And faire Aurora from the deawy bed
Of aged Tithone gan herselfe to reare
With rosy cheekes, for shame as blushing red;
Her golden locks for haste were loosely shed
About her eares, when Una her did marke
Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers spred:
From heaven high to chase the chearelesse darke,
With merry note her loud salutes the mounting larke.

LII

Then freshly up arose the doughtie knight,
All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
And did himselfe to battell ready dight;
Whose early foe awaiting him beside
To have devourd, so soone as day he spyde,
When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,
As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,
He woxe dismayd, and gan his fate to feare;
Nathlesse with wonted rage he him advaunced neare.

LIII

And in his first encounter, gaping wide,°
He thought attonce him to have swallowd quight,
And rusht upon him with outragious pride;
Who him r'encountring fierce, as hauke in flight
Perforce rebutted backe. The weapon bright
Taking advantage of his open jaw,
Ran through his mouth with so importune might,
That deepe emperst his darksome hollow maw,
And back retyrd,° his life blood forth with all did draw.

LIV

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
That vanisht into smoke and cloudes swift;
So downe he fell, that th' earth him underneath
Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift;
So downe he fell, as an huge rockie clift,
Whose false foundation waves have washt away,
With dreadfull poyse is from the mayneland rift,
And rolling downe, great Neptune doth dismay;
So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

LV

The knight himselfe even trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a masse it seem'd;
And his deare Ladie, that beheld it all,
Durst not approch for dread, which she misdeem'd°;
But yet at last, whenas the direfull feend
She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright,
She nigher drew, and saw that joyous end:
Then God she praysd, and thankt her faithfull knight,
That had atchieved so great a conquest by his might.

CANTO XII

Faire Una to the Redcrosse knight,
betrouthed is with joy:
Though false Duessa it to barre
her false sleights doe imploy.

I

Behold I see the haven nigh at hand,
To which I meane my wearie course to bend;
Vere the maine shete,° and beare up with the land,
The which afore is fairely to be kend,
And seemeth safe from storms that may offend;
There this faire virgin wearie of her way
Must landed be, now at her journeyes end:
There eke my feeble barke a while may stay
Till merry wind and weather call her thence away.

II

Scarsely had Phœbus in the glooming East
Yet harnessed his firie-footed teeme,
Ne reard above the earth his flaming creast;
When the last deadly smoke aloft did steeme
That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme
Unto the watchman on the castle wall,
Who thereby dead that balefull Beast did deeme,
And to his Lord and Ladie lowd gan call,
To tell how he had seene the Dragons fatall fall.

III

Uprose with hastie joy, and feeble speed
That aged Sire, the Lord of all that land,
And looked forth, to weet if true indeede
Those tydings were, as he did understand,
Which whenas true by tryall he out found,
He bad to open wyde his brazen gate,
Which long time had bene shut, and out of hond[c]
Proclaymed joy and peace through all his state;
For dead now was their foe which them forrayed late.

IV

Then gan triumphant Trompets sound on hie,
That sent to heaven the ecchoed report
Of their new joy, and happie victorie
Gainst him, that had them long oppresst with tort,
And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.
Then all the people, as in solemne feast,
To him assembled with one full consort,
Rejoycing at the fall of that great beast,
From whose eternall bondage now they were releast.

V

Forth came that auncient Lord and aged Queene,
Arayd in antique robes downe to the ground,
And sad habiliments right well beseene;
A noble crew about them waited round
Of sage and sober Peres, all gravely gownd,
Whom farre before did march a goodly band
Of tall young men,° all hable armes to sownd,
But now they laurell braunches bore in hand;
Glad signe of victorie and peace in all their land.

VI

Unto that doughtie Conquerour they came,
And him before themselves prostrating low,
Their Lord and Patrone loud did him proclame,
And at his feet their laurell boughes did throw.
Soone after them all dauncing on a row
The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
As fresh as flowres in medow greene do grow,
When morning deaw upon their leaves doth light:
And in their hands sweet Timbrels all upheld on hight.

VII

And them before, the fry of children young
Their wanton sports and childish mirth did play,
And to the Maydens° sounding tymbrels sung,
In well attuned notes, a joyous lay,
And made delightfull musicke all the way,
Untill they came, where that faire virgin stood;
As faire Diana in fresh sommers day,
Beholds her Nymphes enraung'd in shadie wood,
Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in christall flood:

VIII

So she beheld those maydens meriment
With chearefull vew; who when to her they came,
Themselves to ground with gracious humblesse bent,
And her ador'd by honorable name,
Lifting to heaven her everlasting fame:
Then on her head they set a girland greene,
And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game;
Who in her self-resemblance well beseene,°
Did seeme such, as she was, a goodly maiden Queene.

IX

And after, all the raskall many° ran,
Heaped together in rude rablement,
To see the face of that victorious man:
Whom all admired, as from heaven sent,
And gazd upon with gaping wonderment.
But when they came where that dead Dragon lay,
Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large extent,
The sight with idle feare did them dismay,
Ne durst approch him nigh, to touch, or once assay.

X

Some feard, and fled; some feard and well it faynd;
One that would wiser seeme then all the rest,
Warnd him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd
Some lingring life within his hollow brest,
Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest
Of many Dragonets, his fruitfull seed;
Another said, that in his eyes did rest
Yet sparckling fire, and bad thereof take heed;
Another said, he saw him move his eyes indeed.

XI

One mother, when as her foolehardie chyld
Did come too neare, and with his talants play,
Halfe dead through feare, her little babe revyld,
And to her gossips gan in counsell say;
How can I tell, but that his talants may
Yet scratch my sonne, or rend his tender hand?
So diversly themselves in vaine they fray;
Whiles some more bold, to measure him nigh stand,
To prove how many acres he did spread of land.

XII

Thus flocked all the folke him round about,
The whiles that hoarie king, with all his traine,
Being arrived where that champion stout
After his foes defeasance did remaine.
Him goodly greetes, and faire does entertaine
With princely gifts of yvorie and gold,
And thousand thankes him yeelds for all his paine.
Then when his daughter deare he does behold,
Her dearely doth imbrace, and kisseth manifold.

XIII

And after to his Pallace he them brings,
With shaumes, and trompets, and with Clarions sweet;
And all the way the joyous people sings,
And with their garments strowes the paved street:
Whence mounting up, they find purveyance meet
Of all that royall Princes court became,
And all the floore was underneath their feet
Bespred with costly scarlot of great name.°
On which they lowly sit, and fitting purpose frame.°

XIV

What needs me tell their feast and goodly guize,°
In which was nothing riotous nor vaine?
What needs of dainty dishes to devize,
Of comely services, or courtly trayne?
My narrow leaves cannot in them containe
The large discourse of royall Princes state.
Yet was their manner then but bare and plaine:
For th' antique world excesse and pride did hate;
Such proud luxurious pompe is swollen up but late.

XV

Then when with meates and drinkes of every kinde
Their fervent appetites they quenched had,
That auncient Lord gan fit occasion finde,
Of straunge adventures, and of perils sad,
Which in his travell him befallen had,
For to demaund of his renowmed guest:
Who then with utt'rance grave, and count'nance sad,
From point to point, as is before exprest,
Discourst his voyage long, according his request.

XVI

Great pleasures mixt with pittiful regard,
That godly King and Queene did passionate,
Whiles they his pittifull adventures heard,
That oft they did lament his lucklesse state,
And often blame the too importune fate,
That heaped on him so many wrathfull wreakes:
For never gentle knight, as he of late,
So tossed was in fortunes cruell freakes;
And all the while salt teares bedeawd the hearers cheaks.

XVII

Then sayd the royall Pere in sober wise;
Deare Sonne, great beene the evils which ye bore
From first to last in your late enterprise,
That I note whether prayse, or pitty more:
For never living man, I weene, so sore
In sea of deadly daungers was distrest;
But since now safe ye seised have the shore,
And well arrived are, (high God be blest)
Let us devize of ease and everlasting rest.

XVIII

Ah, dearest Lord, said then that doughty knight,
Of ease or rest I may not yet devize,
For by the faith, which I to armes have plight,
I bounden am streight after this emprize,
As that your daughter can ye well advize,
Backe to returne to that great Faerie Queene,
And her to serve six yeares in warlike wize,
Gainst that proud Paynim king° that workes her teene
Therefore I ought crave pardon, till I there have beene.

XIX

Unhappie falles that hard necessitie,
(Quoth he) the troubler of my happie peace,
And vowed foe of my felicitie:
Ne I against the same can justly preace:
But since that band ye cannot now release,
Nor doen undo°: (for vowes may not be vaine,)
Soone as the terme of those six yeares shall cease,
Ye then shall hither backe returne againe,
The marriage to accomplish vowd betwixt you twain.

XX

Which for my part I covet to performe,
In sort as° through the world I did proclame,
That whoso kild that monster most deforme,
And him in hardy battaile overcame,
Should have mine onely daughter to his Dame,
And of my kingdome heyre apparaunt bee:
Therefore since now to thee perteines the same,
By dew desert of noble chevalree,
Both daughter and eke kingdome, lo, I yield to thee.

XXI

Then forth he called that his daughter faire,
The fairest Un' his onely daughter deare,
His onely daughter, and his onely heyre;
Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,
As bright as doth the morning starre appeare
Out of the East, with flaming lockes bedight,
To tell that dawning day is drawing neare,
And to the world does bring long wished light:
So faire and fresh that Lady shewd her selfe in sight.

XXII

So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May;
For she had layd her mournefull stole aside,
And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,
Wherewith her heavenly beautie she did hide,
Whiles on her wearie journey she did ride;
And on her now a garment she did weare,
All lilly white, withoutten spot, or pride,
That seemd like silke and silver woven neare,
But neither silke nor silver therein did appeare.

XXIII

The blazing brightnesse of her beauties beame,
And glorious light of her sunshyny face,
To tell, were as to strive against the streame;
My ragged rimes are all too rude and bace,
Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.
Ne wonder: for her owne deare loved knight,
All were she° dayly with himselfe in place,
Did wonder much at her celestiall sight:
Oft had he seene her faire, but never so faire dight.

XXIV

So fairely dight, when she in presence came,
She to her Sire made humble reverence,
And bowed low, that her right well became,
And added grace unto her excellence:
Who with great wisedome and grave eloquence
Thus gan to say. But eare he thus had said,
With flying speede, and seeming great pretence
Came running in, much like a man dismaid,
A Messenger with letters, which his message said.

XXV

All in the open hall amazed stood
At suddeinnesse of that unwarie sight,
And wondred at his breathlesse hastie mood.
But he for nought would stay his passage right,
Till fast before the king he did alight:
Where falling flat, great humblesse he did make,
And kist the ground, whereon his foot was pight;
Then to his hands that writ he did betake,
Which he disclosing, red thus, as the paper spake.

XXVI

To thee, most mighty king of Eden faire,
Her greeting sends in these sad lines addrest,
The wofull daughter, and forsaken heire
Of that great Emperour of all the West;
And bids thee be advized for the best,
Ere thou thy daughter linck in holy band
Of wedlocke to that new unknowen guest:
For he already plighted his right hand
Unto another love, and to another land.

XXVII

To me sad mayd, or rather widow sad,
He was affiaunced long time before,
And sacred pledges he both gave, and had,
False erraunt knight, infamous, and forswore:
Witnesse the burning Altars, which he swore,
And guiltie heavens of his bold perjury,
Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,
Yet I to them for judgement just do fly,
And them conjure t'avenge this shamefull injury.

XXVIII

Therefore since mine he is, or free or bond,
Or false or trew, or living or else dead,
Withhold, O soveraine Prince, your hasty hond
From knitting league with him, I you aread;
Ne weene my right with strength adowne to tread,
Through weaknesse of my widowhed, or woe;
For truth is strong her rightfull cause to plead,
And shall find friends, if need requireth soe.
So bids thee well to fare, Thy neither friend, nor foe,
Fidessa.

XXIX

When he these bitter byting wordes had red,
The tydings straunge did him abashed make,
That still he sate long time astonished,
As in great muse, ne word to creature spake.
At last his solemne silence thus he brake,
With doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his guest;
Redoubted knight, that for mine onely sake
Thy life and honour late adventurest,
Let nought be hid from me, that ought to be exprest.

XXX

What meane these bloody vowes, and idle threats,
Throwne out from womanish impatient mind?
What heavens? what altars? what enraged heates
Here heaped up with termes of love unkind,
My conscience cleare with guilty bands would bind?
High God be witnesse, that I guiltlesse ame.
But if yourselfe, Sir knight, ye faultie find,
Or wrapped be in loves of former Dame,
With crime do not it cover, but disclose the same.

XXXI

To whom the Redcrosse knight this answere sent
My Lord, my King, be nought hereat dismayd,
Till well ye wote by grave intendiment,
What woman, and wherefore doth me upbrayd
With breach of love, and loyalty betrayd.
It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
I lately traveild, that unwares I strayd
Out of my way, through perils straunge and hard;
That day should faile me, ere I had them all declard.

XXXII

There did I find, or rather I was found
Of this false woman, that Fidessa hight,
Fidessa hight the falsest Dame on ground,
Most false Duessa, royall richly dight,
That easy was to invegle weaker sight:
Who by her wicked arts, and wylie skill,
Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,
Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will,
And to my foe betrayd, when least I feared ill.

XXXIII

Then stepped forth the goodly royall Mayd,
And on the ground her selfe prostrating low,
With sober countenaunce thus to him sayd;
O pardon me, my soveraigne Lord, to show
The secret treasons, which of late I know
To have bene wroght by that false sorceresse.
She onely she it is, that earst did throw
This gentle knight into so great distresse,
That death him did awaite in dayly wretchednesse.

XXXIV

And now it seemes, that she suborned hath
This craftie messenger with letters vaine,
To worke new woe and unprovided scath,
By breaking of the band betwixt us twaine;
Wherein she used hath the practicke paine
Of this false footman, clokt with simplenesse,
Whom if ye please for to discover plaine,
Ye shall him Archimago find, I ghesse,
The falsest man alive; who tries shall find no lesse.

XXXV

The king was greatly moved at her speach,
And, all with suddein indignation fraight,
Bad on that Messenger rude hands to reach.
Eftsoones the Gard, which on his state did wait,
Attacht that faitor false, and bound him strait:
Who seeming sorely chauffed at his band,
As chained Beare, whom cruell dogs do bait,°
With idle force did faine them to withstand,
And often semblaunce made to scape out of their hand.

XXXVI

But they him layd full low in dungeon deepe,
And bound him hand and foote with yron chains
And with continual watch did warely keepe:
Who then would thinke, that by his subtile trains
He could escape fowle death or deadly paines?
Thus when that princes wrath was pacifide,
He gan renew the late forbidden bains,
And to the knight his daughter dear he tyde,
With sacred rites and vowes for ever to abyde.

XXXVII

His owne two hands the holy knots did knit,
That none but death for ever can devide;
His owne two hands, for such a turne most fit,
The housling fire° did kindle and provide,
And holy water thereon sprinckled wide;
At which the bushy Teade a groome did light,
And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,
Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
For feare of evill fates, but burnen ever bright.

XXXVIII

Then gan they sprinckle all the posts with wine,
And made great feast to solemnize that day;
They all perfumde with frankencense divine,
And precious odours fetcht from far away,
That all the house did sweat with great aray:
And all the while sweete Musicke did apply
Her curious skill, the warbling notes to play,
To drive away the dull Melancholy;
The whiles one sung a song of love and jollity.

XXXIX

During the which there was an heavenly noise
Heard sound through all the Pallace pleasantly,
Like as it had bene many an Angels voice
Singing before th' eternall Majesty,
In their trinall triplicities° on hye;
Yet wist no creature whence that heavenly sweet
Proceeded, yet eachone felt secretly
Himselfe thereby reft of his sences meet,
And ravished with rare impression in his sprite.

XL

Great joy was made that day of young and old,
And solemne feast proclaimd throughout the land,
That their exceeding merth may not be told:
Suffice it heare by signes to understand
The usuall joyes at knitting of loves band.
Thrise happy man the knight himselfe did hold,
Possessed of his Ladies hart and hand,
And ever, when his eye did her behold,
His heart did seeme to melt in pleasures manifold.

XLI

Her joyous presence, and sweet company
In full content he there did long enjoy;
Ne wicked envie, ne vile gealosy,
His deare delights were able to annoy:
Yet swimming in that sea of blissfull joy,
He nought forgot how he whilome had sworne,
In case he could that monstrous beast destroy,
Unto his Faerie Queene backe to returne;
The which he shortly did, and Una left to mourne.

XLII

Now strike your sailes ye jolly Mariners, 376
For we be come unto a quiet rode,
Where we must land some of our passengers,
And light this wearie vessell of her lode.
Here she a while may make her safe abode,
Till she repaired have her tackles spent,° 377
And wants supplide. And then againe abroad
On the long voyage whereto she is bent:
Well may she speede and fairely finish her intent.

NOTES

Line 1. Lo I the man. . . . An imitation of the opening lines of Vergil's *Aeneid*:—

> "Ille ego, qui quondam gracili modulatus avena
> Carmen, . . .
> Gratum opus agricolis, at nunc horrentia Martis."

Referring to his *Shepheard's Calender* (1579) Spenser thus gracefully indicates his change from pastoral to epic poetry.

5–9. Knights and Ladies. The poet here imitates the opening of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*.

10. O holy virgin chiefe of nine, refers to Clio, the muse of history. Spenser should have invoked Calliope, the muse of epic poetry.

14. Of Faerie knights, the champions of Gloriana, the queen of Faerieland. **fairest Tanaquill,** a British princess, daughter of Oberon, king of Faerieland. In the allegory she is Queen Elizabeth.

15. that most noble Briton Prince is Prince Arthur, the perfect knight, who is in love with Gloriana. In the allegory the Earl of Leicester is probably meant, though by one tradition Sir Philip Sidney is identified with Prince Arthur.

19. impe of highest Jove, Cupid, the god of love, and son of Jupiter and Venus. He is represented as armed with an ebony bow (p. 23).

25. triumphant Mart, Mars, the god of war. The spelling is that of the Italians and Chaucer.

28. **O Goddesse heavenly bright**, Queen Elizabeth (aged 56), who was fond of such extravagant flattery, and expected it of all her courtiers.

31. **Phoebus lampe**, Apollo, the sun-god.

34. **glorious type of thine**, the Lady Una, who stands for Truth in the allegory.

35. **The argument of mine afflicted stile**, the subject of my humble pen. "*Afflicted*" has the original Latin sense of "cast down."

36. **O dearest dred**, O beloved object of reverence; a common salutation of royalty.

CANTO I

I. *The Plot:* At the bidding of Gloriana, the Redcross Knight undertakes to deliver Una's parents from a dragon who holds them captive. He sets out upon his quest attended by a dwarf and guided by Una, mounted on an ass and leading a lamb. They are driven by a storm into a forest, where they discover the cave of Error, who is slain by the Knight. They are then beguiled into the house of Archimago, an old enchanter. By his magic he leads the Knight in a dream to believe that Una is false to him, and thus separates them.

II. *The Allegory:* 1. Holiness, the love of God, united with Truth, the knowledge of God, is to deliver man from the thraldom of the Devil. Together they are able to overthrow Error; but Hypocrisy deceitfully alienates Holiness from Truth by making the latter appear unworthy of love.

2. There is a hint of the intrigues of the false Roman church and the treacherous Spanish king, Philip II, to undermine the religious and political freedom of the English people. The English nation, following the Reformed church, overthrows the Catholic faith, but is deceived by the machinations of Spanish diplomacy.

Line 1. A gentle Knight, the Redcross Knight, representing the hurch militant, and Reformed England. He is the young, untried hampion of the old cause whose struggles before the Reformation re referred to in ll. 3, 4. His shield bore "a cross gules upon a eld argent," a red cross on a silver ground. See *The Birth of St. Jeorge* in Percy's *Reliques*, iii, 3, and Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, i, 65.

15. **For soveraine hope**, as a sign of the supreme hope.

20. **greatest Gloriana**, Queen Elizabeth. In other books of *The Faerie Queene* she is called Belphoebe, the patroness of chasty, and Britomart, the military genius of Britain.

27. **A Dragon**, "the great dragon, that old serpent, called the evil," *Revelation*, xii, 9, also Rome and Spain. Cf. legend of t. George and the dragon, and Fletcher's *Purple Island*, vii *seq.*

28. **a lovely Ladie**, Una, the personification of truth and true ligion. Her lamb symbolizes innocence.

46. **a Dwarfe**, representing prudence, or common sense; according to Morley, the flesh.

56. **A shadie grove**, the wood of Error. "By it Spenser adows forth the danger surrounding the mind that escapes from e bondage of Roman authority and thinks for itself." — Kitchin. he description of the wood is an imitation of Ariosto's *Orlando urioso*, i, 37, Chaucer's *Assembly of Foules*, 176, and Tasso's *rusalem Delivered*, iii, 75. Morley sees in this grove an allegory man's life, the trees symbolizing trade, pleasure, youth, etc.

69. **The sayling Pine.** Ships were built of pine.

70. **the Poplar never dry**, because it grows best in moist il.

71. **The builder Oake.** In the Middle Ages most manor houses d churches were built of oak.

72. **the Cypresse funerall**, an emblem of death among the anents, and sacred to Pluto. Sidney says that they were wont to ess graves with cypress branches in old times.

73. **The Laurell.** Victors at the Pythian games and triumphing Roman generals were crowned with laurel. It was also sacred to Apollo, the god of poetry, hence "meed of poets sage."

74. **the Firre that weepeth still.** The fir exudes resinous substance.

75. **The Willow.** "Willows: a sad tree, whereof such who have lost their love make their mourning garlands."—Fuller's *Worthies*, i, 153. Cf. Heywood's *Song of the Green Willow*, and Desdemona's song in *Othello*, IV, iii, 39.

76. **The Eugh.** Ascham in his *Toxophilus* tells us that the best bows were made of yew.

78. **The Mirrhe,** the Arabian myrtle, which exudes a bitter but fragrant gum. The allusion is to the wounding of Myrrha by her father and her metamorphosis into this tree.

79. **The warlike Beech,** because lances and other arms were made of it. **the Ash for nothing ill.** "The uses of the ash is one of the most universal: it serves the souldier, the carpenter, the wheelwright, cartwright, cooper, turner, and thatcher." — Evelyn's *Sylva*. The great tree Igdrasil in the northern mythology was an ash.

81. **The carver Holme,** or evergreen oak, was good for carving.

106. **shame were to revoke,** etc., it would be cowardly not to go forward for fear of some suspected unseen danger.

114. **the wandring wood,** *i.e.* which causes men to go astray.

123. **monster.** The description of the monster Error, or Falsehood, is based on Hesiod's Echidna, *Theog.* 301, and the locusts in *Revelation*, ix, 7–10. She is half human, half serpent, because error is partly true and partly false. Dante's Fraud and Milton's Sin are similar monsters.

126. **full of vile disdaine,** full of vileness that bred disgust in the beholder.

130. **Of her there bred,** etc., of her were born a thousand young ones. Her offspring are lies and rumors of many shapes.

141. **Armed to point**, completely armed. Cf. Fr. *à point*, to a nicety.

145. **the valiant Elfe**, because he was the reputed son of an Elfin or Faerie, though really sprung from "an ancient race of Saxon kings." Three kinds of elves are mentioned in the *Edda:* the black dwarfs, and brownies, who both dwelt under ground, and the fair elves, who dwelt in Fairyland or Alfheim. "The difference between Spenser's elves and these Teutonic elves shows how he perverts Fairy mythology in the same way as he does Classical myths." — Percival.

168. **His gall did grate for griefe**, his anger was aroused on account of pain. In the old anatomy anger had its seat in the gall-bladder. See Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, I, i, 2.

177. **Her vomit full of bookes**, etc. From 1570, when Pope Sixtus V issued his bull of deposition against Queen Elizabeth, to 1590, great numbers of scurrilous pamphlets attacking the Queen and the Reformed church had been disseminated by Jesuit refugees.

181. **Nilus.** Pliny believed that the mud of the Nile had the power of breeding living creatures like mice. *Hist. Nat.* ix, 84. So Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, II, vii, 29.

199. **gentle Shepheard.** In this pastoral simile, Spenser imitates Homer's *Iliad*, ii, 469, and xvii, 641, and Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, xiv, 109.

208. **Thus ill bestedd.** There is a similar combat in the old romance *Guy of Warwick*, ix, between the hero and a man-eating dragon.

217. **Her scattred brood.** The poet here follows a belief as old as Pliny that the young of serpents fed on their mother's blood. In this entire passage the details are too revolting for modern taste.

232. **the which them nurst.** The antecedent of *which* is *her.* In the sixteenth century *the* was frequently placed before *which*, which was also the equivalent of *who.* Cf. the Lord's Prayer.

234. **he should contend**, he should have had to contend.

237. **borne under happy starre.** Belief in astrology was once common, and Spenser being a Pythagorean would hold the doctrine of the influence of the stars on human destiny.

239. **that Armorie,** the armor of the Christian warrior. *Ephesians*, vi, 13.

243. **that like succeed it may,** that like successful adventures may succeed it. The word order is inverted for the sake of the rhyme.

250. **to frend,** as his friend.

254. **An aged Sire,** the false enchanter, Archimago, or Hypocrisy, who is supposed to represent Pope Sixtus V or King Philip II of Spain. In general he stands for false religion or the Church of Rome. The character and adventure are taken from *Orlando Furioso*, ii, 12, in which there is a hypocritical hermit. The Knight at first takes Archimago to be a palmer, and inquires for the foreign news.

295. **take up your In,** take lodging.

301. **a little wyde,** a little way off.

315. **an Ave-Mary,** Hail Mary, a prayer to the Virgin. Cf. *Luke*, i, 28.

317. **the sad humour,** the heavy moisture, or "slombring deaw."

318. **Morpheus,** the son of Somnus and god of sleep and dreams, who sprinkled the dew of sleep on the brow of mortals from his horn or wings or from a bough dipped in Lethe.

323. **His Magick bookes and artes.** Monks engaged in scientific investigation, such as Friar Roger Bacon, were popularly supposed to use cabalistic books, and to make compacts with the Devil by means of necromancy, or the black art, as in st. xxxvii. Before the close of the century Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* and Greene's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, both based on the popular belief in magic, were presented on the London stage.

328. **blacke Plutoes griesly Dame,** Proserpine, the avenger of men, and inflicter of curses on the dead. She is identified with

Shakespeare's Hecate, the goddess of sorcery, and with Milton's Cotytto, goddess of lust. To this latter sin the knight is tempted.

332. Great Gorgon, Demogorgon, whose name might not be uttered, a magician who had power over the spirits of the lower world. The poet is here imitating the Latin poets Lucan and Statius.

333. Cocytus, the river of wailing, and **Styx**, the river of hate, both in Hades. There were two others, *Acheron*, the river of sorrow, and *Phlegethon*, the river of fire.

335. Legions of Sprights. In this stanza and the preceding Spenser follows Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, xiii, 6–11, where the magician Ismeno, guarding the Enchanted Wood, conjures "legions of devils" with the "mighty name" (l. 332).

339. chose. Imitation of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, ii, 15, in which a false spirit is called up by a hypocritical hermit. The description of the House of Sleep in st. xxxix *seq.* is modelled on the same poet, *Orlando Furioso*, ii, 15 *seq.* The influence of Homer's *Odyssey*, xi, 16 is seen in st. xxxix, ll. 348 *seq.*

348. Tethys, the ocean. In classical mythology she is the daughter of Uranus (heaven) and Gaea (earth), and the wife of Oceanus.

349. Cynthia, the moon. The allusion is to the story of Diana and Endymion. See Lyly's play *Endymion*.

352. Whose double gates. Homer, *Odyssey*, xix, 562, and Vergil, *Aeneid*, vi, 893, give the House of Dreams a horn and an ivory gate. Spenser substitutes silver for horn, mirrors being overlaid with silver in his time. From the ivory gate issued false dreams; from the other, true ones.

361. slumber soft. This stanza shows Spenser's wonderful technique. His exquisite effects are produced, it will be noticed, partly by the choice of musical words and partly by the rhythmical cadence of the verse phrases. It is an example of perfect "keeping," or adaptation of sound to sense. Cf. Chaucer's description of the waterfalls in the Cave of Sleep in his *Boke of the Duchesse*, 162.

376. **whose dryer braine**, whose brain too dry. In the old physiology, a dry brain was the cause of slow and weak perception, and a moist brain of quickness.

378. **all**, entirely, altogether.

381. **Hecate**, queen of phantoms and demons in Hades, and mistress of witches on earth. See xxxvii.

387. **the sleepers sent**, the sleeper's sense.

405. **most like to seeme**, etc., most likely fit to seem for (represent) Una. *Like* is an adv. A very awkward inversion.

411. **borne without her dew**, *i.e.* created by him in an unnatural manner.

425. **Fayre Venus**, the daughter of Jupiter, or Zeus, and the sea-nymph Dione. She is the same as Aphrodite, the Greek goddess of love and beauty.

430. **the Graces**, Euphrosyne, Aglaia, and Thalia, daughters of Zeus and Aphrodite.

431. **Hymen Iö Hymen**, refrain of an old Roman nuptial song. Hymen, the son of Apollo and the Muse Urania, was the god of marriage.

432. **freshest Flora**, the goddess of flowers. She typified spring.

447. **To prove his sense**, etc. To test his perception and prove her feigned truth.

449. **Tho can she weepe**, then did she weep. *Can* here is the Northern dialect form for the middle English *gan*, past tense of *ginnen*, to begin, which was used as an auxiliary.

454. **the blind God**, Cupid, Eros, or Amor, the god of love.

478. Like other knights of romance, *e.g.* Sir Galahad and Sir Gareth in Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, iii, 65, etc., the Redcross Knight does not yield to the temptation of the flesh, but overcomes it.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS FOR STUDY

(Canto I)

1. Tell in your own words the story of this canto. 2. Which muse does Spenser invoke? 3. Who were the nine muses? 4. What is the difference between *pastoral* and *epic* poetry? 5. Illustrate by *The Shepheards Calender* and the *The Faerie Queene.* 6. Point out imitations of Homer, Vergil, Lucan, Statius, Ariosto, Tasso, and Chaucer. 7. Explain the reference to the religious questions and politics of Queen Elizabeth's reign. 8. Where does Spenser use classical mythology — mediæval legends? 9. What references to the Bible do you find? 10. Try to make a mental picture of the Knight — of Una — of Error — of Archimago. 11. Is Spenser's character drawing objective or subjective? 12. Is the description of the wood in vii true to nature? Could so many trees grow together in a thick wood? 13. Study the Rembrandt-like effects of light and shade in xiv. 14. What infernal deities are conjured up by Archimago?

15. Paraphrase in your own language ll. 88, 106–107, 116, 267–268.

16. Explain use of *of* in l. 75. 17. What part of speech is *wandering* l. 114? *to viewen* l. 201? parse *which* l. 232; *him* and *spend* l. 233; *you* and *shew* l. 276. 18. Find examples of Euphuistic hyperbole in iv, of alliteration in xiv. 19. Explain the use and form of *eyne, edified, afflicted, weeds, Hebean, impe, compeld, areeds, blazon, ycladd.*

CANTO II

1. *The Plot*: Deceived by Archimago's phantoms, the Redcross Knight suspects the chastity of Una, and flies at early dawn with his dwarf. He chances to meet the Saracen Sansfoy in company with the false Duessa. They do battle and Sansfoy is slain. Duessa under the name of Fidessa attaches herself to the Knight,

and they ride forward. They stop to rest under some shady trees. On breaking a bough, the Knight discovers that the trees are two lovers, Fradubio and Fraelissa, thus imprisoned by the cruel enchantment of Duessa.

II. *The Allegory:* 1. Hypocrisy under a pious disguise is attractive to Holiness. Truth is also deceived by it, and shamefully slandered. Holiness having abandoned Truth, takes up with Falsehood, who is attended by Infidelity. Unbelief when openly assailing Holiness is overthrown, but Falsehood under the guise of Faith remains undiscovered. The fate of the man (Fradubio) is set forth who halts between two opinions, — False Religion (Duessa) and Heathen Philosophy, or Natural Religion (Fraelissa).

2. The Reformed Church, no longer under the guidance of Truth, rushes headlong into Infidelity, and unwittingly became the defender of the Romish Faith under the name of the True Faith. There is a hint of the intrigues of Mary Queen of Scots and the libels of the Jesuits on Queen Elizabeth designed to bring back the English nation to Romish allegiance.

Line 1. **the Northerne wagoner**, the constellation Boötes.

2. **his sevenfold teme**, the seven stars of Ursa Major, or Charles's Wain. **the stedfast starre**, the Pole-star, which never sets.

6. **chearefull Chaunticlere**, the name of the cock in the fabliaux and beast epics, *e.g. Roman de Renart* and *Reineke Fuchs.*

7. **Phœbus fiery carre**, the sun.

11. **that faire-forged Spright**, fair but miscreated spirit (I, xiv). Spenser took suggestions for this stanza from Ariosto and Tasso.

51. **faire Hesperus**, the evening star.

55. **the rosy-fingred Morning.** This beautiful epithet of Aurora, the goddess of the dawn, is borrowed from Homer, Hesiod, and other ancient poets.

56. **aged Tithones**, son of Laomedon, King of Troy. Aurora conferred upon him immortality without youth, hence the epithet "aged."

58. **Titan,** the sun-god in the Roman myths.

85. **Proteus,** a sea-god who was endowed with the power of prophecy. He could change himself into any shape in order to avoid having to prophesy. See Homer, *Odyssey*, iv, 366 *seq.*, and Vergil, *Georgics*, iv, 387.

90. **herbes.** In the sixteenth century the belief in potions, magic formulas, etc., was still strongly rooted in the popular mind. The Spanish court and the priests were supposed to employ supernatural agencies against the Protestants.

105. **A faithless Sarazin.** Spenser uses the word Saracen in the general sense of pagan. During the Middle Ages the Saracen power was a menace to Europe, and the stronghold of infidelity. The names of the three Paynim brethren, Sansfoy, Sansjoy, and Sansloy, — faithless, joyless, and lawless, — suggest the point of view of Spenser's age.

109. **a faire companion,** the enchantress Duessa, or Falsehood, who calls herself Fidessa. In the allegory Spenser intended her to represent the Romish church and Mary Queen of Scots. Her character and appearance were suggested by the woman of Babylon, in *Revelation*, viii, 4, Ariosto's Alcina, and Tasso's Armida.

136. **As when two rams.** This figure is found in Vergil, Apollonius, Malory, Tasso, Dante, and other poets and romancers.

141. **the hanging victory,** the victory which hung doubtful in the balance.

144. **The broken reliques,** the shattered lances.

148. **Each others equall puissaunce envies,** each envies the equal prowess of the other.

149. **through their iron sides,** etc., through their armored sides with cruel glances, etc.

155. **the bitter fit,** the bitterness of death.

158. **assured sitt,** etc., sit firm (in the saddle), and hide (cover) thy head (with thy shield).

160. **With rigour so outrageous,** with force so violent.

161. **That a large share**, etc., that a large piece it (the sword) hewed, etc.

162. **from blame him fairly blest**. 1, fairly preserved him from hurt; 2, fairly acquitted him of blame. *Him* in (1) refers to the knight, in (2) to the Saracen. (1) is the better interpretation.

169. **grudging**. Because reluctant to part from the flesh.

196. **daughter of an Emperour**. Duessa represents the Pope, who exercised imperial authority in Rome, though the seat of the empire had been transferred to Constantinople in 476.

200. **the only haire**. The dauphin of France, the first husband of Mary Queen of Scots, afterwards King Francis II, son of Henry II. Duessa's story is full of falsehoods.

244. **so dainty they say maketh derth**. coyness makes desire. The knight is allured on by Duessa's assumed shyness.

251. **ne wont there sound**, nor was accustomed to sound there.

254. **cool shade**. The Reformed Church, weakened by Falsehood, is enticed by doubt and skepticism.

262. **faire seemly pleasaunce**, pleasant courtesies.

263. **With goodly purposes**, with polite conversation. This whole stanza refers to Mary's candidacy for the English throne and its dangers to Protestantism.

269. **He pluckt a bough**. In this incident Spenser imitates Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, vi, 26, in which Ruggiero addresses a myrtle which bleeds and cries out with pain. The conception of men turned into trees occurs also in Ovid, Vergil, Tasso, and Dante.

272. **O spare with guilty hands**, etc. Cf. Vergil's account of Polydorus in *Aeneid*, iii, 41, in which a myrtle exclaims, *Parce pias scelerare manus*, etc.

284. **from Limbo lake**, here, the abode of the lost. With the Schoolmen, Limbo was a border region of hell where dwelt the souls of Old Testament saints, pious heathen, lunatics, and un-

baptized infants. Cf. Milton's Paradise of Fools, *Paradise Lost*, iii, 495.

291. **Fradubio**, as it were "Brother Doubtful," one who hesitates between false religion and pagan religion, Duessa and Fraelissa (Morley). Fraelissa is fair but frail, and will not do to lean upon.

342. **faire in place**, fair in that place.

351. **to treen mould**, to the form of a tree. *Treen* is an adj. like *wooden*.

354. **the same.** Supply "as she appeared to be," *i.e.* fair and true.

357. **proper hew.** Witches had to appear in their "proper hew" one day in spring and undergo a purifying bath. The old romances make frequent mention of the enchanted herb bath.

370. **by chaunges of my cheare**, by my changed countenance or expression.

371. **drownd in sleepie night.** The phrase modifies "body," or is equivalent to "while I was drowned in sleep."

382. **in a living well**, in a well of running water. This well signifies the healing power of Christianity. *John*, iv, 14. In Spenser's story this well is never found, and the wretched couple are never restored to human shape.

404. **all passed feare**, all fear having passed.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

(Canto II)

1. How does the knight feel and act while under Archimago's spell? 2. What becomes of Una? 3. How does Archimago plan to deceive her? 4. Tell the story of the lovers turned into trees. 5. Who was Sansfoy? 6. Describe the appearance and character of Duessa. 7. What did she have to do with Fradubio and Fraelissa? 8. What was the old belief about the penance of witches? 9. How only could the lovers be restored to their human shape?

Was it done? 10. Who were St. George, Phoebus, Titan, Tithonius? 11. Explain the reference to Chaunticlere in l. 6.

12. Find examples of *alliteration* in xix; of *balance* in xxxvii; and of *Latinizing* in xix; xxxvi; xxxviii, and xl.

13. Paraphrase in your own words ll. 111, 134–135, 162 (giving two interpretations); 335, 386–387.

14. What *figure of speech* is used in xiii, xvi, and xx?

15. Study the rich word-painting in the description of sunrise in vii. Find other examples of this poet's use of "costly" epithets.

16. Scan the following passages: 148, 174, 178, 193, and 299.

17. Find example of *tmesis* (separation of prep. from ob.) in xlv.

18. What is the difference between the two *wells* in xliii?

19. To whom do the pronouns in ll. 174, 175 refer?

20. What is the *case* of *heavens* in l. 193? of *Sarazin* in l. 217?

21. What words are omitted in ll. 188, 313, 398?

CANTO III

I. *The Plot:* Una wandering in quest of her Knight is guarded by a Lion. With difficulty they gain entrance to the cottage of Corceca and her daughter Abessa, the paramour of Kirkrapine. The latter is killed by the Lion. Fleeing the next day, Una falls in with Archimago disguised as the Redeross Knight. They journey on and meet a second Saracen knight, Sansloy. In the fight which ensues Archimago is unhorsed and his deception unmasked. The Lion is slain, and Una becomes the captive of Sansloy.

II. *The Allegory:* 1. Truth finds temporary protection in Reason, or Natural Honor (Lion), and with its help puts a stop to the Robbing of Churches (Kirkrapine), which is connived at by Blind Devotion (Corceca) and Secret Sin (Abessa). Truth is then associated with Hypocrisy under the guise of Holiness, but it is soon

unmasked by Lawlessness (Sansloy), with which Truth is forced into an unnatural alliance.

2. "The lion is said to represent Henry VIII, overthrowing the monasteries, destroying church-robbers, disturbing the dark haunts of idleness, ignorance and superstition." — Kitchin. The battle between Archimago and Sansloy refers to the contests of the Catholic powers with the Moslems. The whole canto also has a hint of the violence and lawlessness connected with the English conquest of Ireland.

Line 14. though true as touch, though true as if tested on the touchstone (by which true gold was distinguished from counterfeit).

18. And her due loves, etc., the love due to her diverted, etc.

27. Yet wished tydings, etc., yet none brought unto her the wished-for tidings of him. An awkward transposition.

34. the great eye of heaven, the sun. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, v. 171.

38. A ramping Lyon. Reason or Natural Honor; also Henry VIII. According to the ancient belief, no lion would attack a true virgin or one of royal blood. Similar scenes are found in *Sir Bevis of Hampton*, *The Seven Champions of Christendom*, etc. Cf. I *Henry* IV, ii, 4. The allegory signifies that man guided merely by reason will recognize Truth and pay it homage.

51. Whose yeelded pride, etc., object of *had marked*, l. 52.

77. he kept both watch and ward, he kept awake and guarded her.

89. A damzell spyde, Abessa, who symbolizes Flagrant or Secret Sin.

99. her cast in deadly hew, threw her into a deathly paleness.

101. upon the wager lay, was at stake.

102. whereas her mother blynd, where her blind mother, Cor-deca, or Blind Devotion.

109. unruly Page. This refers to the violence with which Henry

VIII forced Protestantism upon the people. In his *Present State of Ireland* (p. 645), Spenser speaks of the ignorance and blind devotion of the Irish Papists in the benighted country places.

116. **Pater nosters**, the Lord's Prayer; **Aves**, prayers to the Virgin.

136. **Aldeboran**, the Bull's Eye, a double star of the first magnitude in the constellation Taurus.

137. **Cassiopeias chaire**, a circumpolar constellation having a fancied resemblance to a chair.

139. **One knocked at the dore**, Kirkrapine, the plunderer of the Church. Spenser represents in him the peculiar vices of the Irish clergy and laity.

166. **stay him to advize**, stop to reflect.

172. **him booteth not resist**, it does him no good to resist. This whole passage refers, perhaps, to Henry VIII's suppression of the monasteries and convents in 1538–39.

185. **that long wandring Greeke**. Ulysses, or Odysseus, the hero of Homer's *Odyssey*, who wandered ten years and refused immortality from the goddess Calypso in order that he might return to Penelope.

xxii. Note the rhymes *deare*, *heare*, and *teare* (air). This 16th century pronunciation still survives in South Carolina. See Ellis's *Early English Pronunciation*, III, 868. This stanza reads like the description of an Irish wake.

238. **Or ought have done**, or have done something to displease you.

239. **That should as death**, etc., that should settle like death, etc.

248. **And chose in Faery court**. See Spenser's letter to Sir W. Raleigh, p. 6.

250. **her kindly skill**, her natural power.

276. **fierce Orions hound**, Sirius, the Dog-star, the brightest of the fixed stars. The constellation Orion was named from a giant hunter who was beloved by Aurora and slain by Diana.

279. **And Nereus crownes with cups**, and Nereus drinks bumpers in his honor. Nereus was a sea-god, son of Ocean and Earth.

282. **from ground**, from the land.

297. **Sans loy** symbolizes the pagan lawlessness in Ireland. There is also a wider reference to the struggles between the Turks and the allied Christian powers, which had been going on since the siege of Vienna in 1529.

309. **vainly crossed shield**, Archimago's false cross lacked the protecting power of St. George's charmed true cross.

321. **Lethe lake**, a lake or river of Hades, whose water brought oblivion or forgetfulness to all who drank of it.

322. Refers to the ancient custom of sacrificing an enemy on the funeral altar to appease the shade of the dead.

323. **The blacke infernall Furies**, the Erinyes, or goddesses of vengeance, who dwelt in Erebus. They were robed in black, bloody garments befitting their gloomy character.

325. In romance it was customary for the victor to unlace the helmet of the knight whom he had unhorsed before slaying him. Friends and relatives were sometimes discovered by this precaution.

342. **Ne ever wont in field**, etc., was never accustomed to fight in the battle-field or in the lists of the tournament.

xliii. Contrast Sansloy's rude treatment of Una with the chivalrous respect and courtesy always shown by a true knight to woman.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

(Canto III)

1. What moral reflections does the poet make in the introductory stanza? Note the reference to the Queen. 2. What do you learn of the laws, customs, and sentiments of chivalry in this canto? 3. Give an account of Una's meeting with the Lion.

4. Explain the allegory of the incident of the Lion. 5. Describe the character, appearance, and actions of Corceca, and explain the allegory. 6. Note the use of the stars to indicate time. 7. Under what circumstances does Una meet Archimago? 8. Explain the allegory in ix. 9. Note the Euphuistic balance in xxvii. 10. What figure do you find in xxxi? Note the Homeric style. 11. Describe the fight between Archimago and Sansloy, and explain the double allegory. 12. What is the moral interpretation of xli–xlii?

13. Explain the Latinisms in ll. 37 and 377. 14. How are the adjectives used in l. 57? 15. Note change of pronouns in vii from third person to first. 16. Explain tense of *shold pas* in l. 83. 17. Note confusion of pronouns in xxii and xxxv. 18. Examine the *nominative absolute* construction in st. xiv and xxxix. 19. Explain the ambiguous construction in l. 165. 20. Parse *her* in l. 262. 21. Note careless use of relative in l. 288.

CANTO IV

I. *The Plot:* In this and the following canto the adventures of the Redcross Knight are continued from Canto II. Guided by Duessa, he enters the House of Pride. There he sees Lucifera, the Queen of Pride, attended by her sinful court. Her six Counselors are described in detail, with an account of a pleasure trip taken by the Queen and her court. Sansjoy unexpectedly arrives and challenges the Knight to mortal combat for the shield of Sansfoy. That night Duessa holds a secret conference with the Saracen knight.

II. *The Allegory:* 1. The Christian Soldier, under the influence of false ideals (Duessa), is exposed to the temptations of the Seven Deadly Sins, chief among which is Pride. In the midst of these sinful pleasures, he is assailed by Joylessness, on whose side is Falsehood secretly.

2. The religious and political allegory is here vague and somewhat discontinuous. There is a hint, however, of the attempts of Mary Queen of Scots to bring England back to Romanism. The pride and corruption of the false church and its clergy are set forth. There is also a suggestion of the perilous position of the English in Ireland.

20. **of each degree and place**, of every rank and order of society.

21. **having scaped hard**, having escaped with difficulty.

24. **lazars.** Leprosy was a common disease in England even as late as the sixteenth century.

49. **Malvenû**, ill-come, as opposed to *Bienvenu*, welcome.

73. **like Phœbus fairest childe**, Phaethon, the son of Helios. He was killed by a thunderbolt from the hand of Zeus, as a result of his reckless driving of the chariot of the sun.

86. **A dreadfull Dragon**, Fallen Pride.

94. This genealogy of Pride is invented by the poet in accord with the Christian doctrine concerning this sin.

107. **six wizards old**, the remaining six of the Seven Deadly Sins, Wrath, Envy, Lechery, Gluttony, Avarice, and Idleness. See Chaucer's *Parson's Tale* for a sermon on these mortal sins, Gower's *Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins*, and Langland's *Piers Plowman*.

145. **coche.** Spenser imitates Ovid and Homer in this description of Juno's chariot. The peacock was sacred to the goddess, who transferred to its tail the hundred eyes of the monster Argus. See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, i, 625 *seq.*

157. **With like conditions**, etc. The behests were of a kind similar to the nature of the six Sins.

174. **he chalenged essoyne**, he claimed exemption.

185. **like a Crane.** This refers to Aristotle's story of a man who wished that his neck were as long as a crane's, that he might the longer enjoy the swallowing of his food. *Nic. Ethics*, iii, 13.

205. **a dry dropsie**, a dropsy causing thirst.

236. **Upon a Camell**, etc. The reference is to a story in Herodotus' *History* (iii, 102 *seq.*), in which the Indians are described as carrying off on camels gold dust hoarded by enormous ants.

252. **unto him selfe unknowne**, *i.e.* being ignorant of his own wretchedness.

309. **Unthrifty scath**, wicked damage, or mischief that thrives not.

313. **The swelling Splene.** The spleen was the seat of anger.

314. **Saint Fraunces fire**, St. Anthony's fire, or erysipelas. Diseases were named from those who were supposed to be able to heal them.

335. **With pleasaunce**, etc. Fed with enjoyment of the fields, the fresh air of which they went to breathe.

437. **And helplesse hap**, etc. It does no good to bemoan unavoidable chance.

440. **pay his dewties last**, pay his last duty to the shade of the slain man by sacrificing his murderer.

443. **oddes of armes**, chances of mishap in arms due to some advantage of one's antagonist.

Questions and Topics

(Canto IV)

1. What are the moral reflections in stanza i? 2. What suggestion of the condition of the English roads do you find in st. ii? 3. *But few returned*, l. 21. What became of the rest? 4. Give a description of the House of Pride. Note resemblance to a typical Elizabethan hall. 5. Explain the allegory of the House, noting the association of ugliness and beauty. 6. How is expectation aroused in vi? 7. Describe the dramatic appearance and character of Pride. Cf. description of Satan on his throne in *Paradise Lost*, iii. 8. What do you learn in this canto of Elizabethan or chivalric

manners and customs? 9. Describe the procession at the court of Pride. 10. What satire of the Romish priesthood in xviii–xx? 11. Note examples of Spenser's humor in xiv and xvi. 12. Point out the classical influence (Dionysus and Silenus) in the description of Gluttony. 13. Subject of the interview between Duessa and Sansjoy. 14. Point out the archaisms in l. 10; alliteration in xxxix and l; the Latinisms in xlvi and xlvii. 15. In what case is *way* in l. 17? 16. Explain the meaning and historical significance of *lazar*, l. 24, and *diall*, l. 36. 17. Explain the references of the pronouns in l. 55, and ll. 418–419. 18. Note the Euphuistic balance and antithesis in xxix and xlv. 19. Explain the suffix in *marchen* in l. 325. 20. Note the double negative in iv. xlix. 21. Paraphrase in your own words ll. 239, 243, 360, 437.

CANTO V

I. *The Plot:* (a continuation of Canto IV). The Knight fights in the lists with Sansjoy and defeats him, but is prevented by Duessa's magic from slaying him. Duessa descends to Erebus and obtains the aid of Night, who conveys the wounded Saracen in her chariot to Æsculapius to be healed of his wounds. The tortures of some of the souls in Erebus are described, particularly the cause of Æsculapius' punishment. A roll of the prisoners whom the dwarf discovers in Pride's dungeon is given. The Knight flees with the dwarf from her house.

II. *The Allegory:* When the Christian Soldier is attacked by Joylessness, he has a far more desperate struggle than that with Infidelity, and comes out wounded though victorious. Joylessness when crushed by Holiness is restored by Pagan Philosophy. The backsliding Christian is warned in time by Prudence of the fearful consequences of sin, and hastens to turn his back on Pride and the other sins. The soul is led to dread Pride, not by Truth, but by its sufferings and other inferior motives.

25. **their timely voyces**, their voices keeping time with their harps.

27. **Old loves**, famous love-affairs, the subject of the Minnesängers.

29. **In woven maile**, in chain armor.

32. **Araby**, probably here the Orient in general.

33. **from furthest Ynd**, from farthest India.

39. **unto a paled greene**, a green inclosure (lists for a tournament) surrounded by a palisade.

44. **his**. An old method of forming the possessive, based on a misapprehension of the original Anglo-Saxon suffix *-es*, which was shortened in middle English to *-is*, and finally to *s*.

45. **Both those**, etc. Both Duessa and the shield are to go to the victor.

65. **a Gryfon**, a fabulous animal, part lion and part eagle. *Gryfon* is subject of *encountereth*, with *Dragon* as object.

89. **And sluggish german**, etc., and sluggish brother dost relax thy strength to send his (Sansfoy's) foe after him, that he may overtake him. In ll. 86–88 Sansjoy addresses his brother, in ll. 89–90 himself. *German* is any blood relation.

100. The Knight supposed that Duessa's encouraging words were addressed to him.

114. Spenser here, with fine dramatic effect, imitates Homer, who saves Paris and Æneas by a similar device. *Iliad*, iii, 380, and v, 345.

159. **teares**. This mention of the man-eating crocodile's tears is based on an old Latin proverb. Sir John Mandeville repeats the story.

172. **griesly Night**. According to mythology (Hesiod's *Theog.*, 123), one of the first things created, the daughter of Chaos, and mother of Æther (sky) and Hemera (day); also of Deceit, Strife, Old Age, and Vengeance. See xxii and xxvii.

202. **on groning beare**, on a bier with groaning friends around.

204. **O what of gods**, etc., O what is it to be born of gods, if old Aveugle's (the father of the three Saracens) sons are so ill treated.

219. **and good successes**, etc., and good results which follow their foes.

221. **or breake the chayne**, refers to Jove's proposition to fasten a golden chain to the earth by which to test his strength. Homer's *Iliad*, viii, 19. Cf. Milton's *Paradise Lost*, ii, 1051.

225. **bad excheat**, bad gain by exchange. *Escheat* is an old legal term, meaning any lands or goods which fall to the lord of a fief by forfeiture. Cf. "rob Peter to pay Paul."

229. **shall with his owne bloud**, etc., shall pay the price of the blood that he has spilt with his own.

263. Here Spenser imitates Homer's *Odyssey*, xvi, 163.

267. **the ghastly Owle**. The poet follows the Latin rather than the Greek poets, who regard the owl as the bird of wisdom.

273. **of deepe Avernus hole**. Avernus in the poets is a cavern (in an ancient crater), supposed to be the entrance to the infernal regions. Cf. Vergil's *Æneid*, vi, 237. In Strabo's Geography it is a lake in Campania.

298. **Cerberus**, the dog which guarded the lower regions. This stanza is an imitation of Vergil's *Æneid*, vi, 417 *seq.* In Dante's *Inferno* Vergil appeases him by casting handfuls of earth into his maw.

XXXV. In this stanza we see the influence of Homer and Vergil. Ixion, the king of Lapithæ, was chained by order of Zeus to a fiery-winged wheel for aspiring to the love of the goddess Hera (Juno). Sysyphus had to roll a huge stone forever up a hill for betraying the designs of the gods. Tantalus, for divulging the secrets of Zeus, was condemned to stand tormented by thirst in a lake. Tityus, for an assault on Artemis, was pinioned to the ground with two vultures plucking at his vitals. Typhoeus, a hundred-headed giant, was slain by Zeus' thunderbolt, and buried under Ætna. The gin on which he was tortured was probably the rack of the

Middle Ages. Cf. the bed of Procrustes. Theseus, for attempting to carry off Persephone, was fixed to a rock in Tartarus. The "fifty sisters" are the fifty Danaides, who, for slaying their husbands, were condemned to pour water forever into a vessel full of holes.

322. **sad Aesculapius**, the god of medicine, slain by Zeus for arresting death and diseases.

354. **And fates expired**, and the threads of life which the fates (Parcæ) had severed.

387. **Great paines, and greater praise**, etc. His praise, like his pain, is to be eternal.

xlvii. This list of the thralls of Pride is in imitation of a similar one in Chaucer's *Monk's Tale*, which was based on Boccaccio's *De Casibus Illustrium Virorum*.

415. **proud king of Babylon**, Nebuchadnezzar. See *Daniel*, iii and iv.

420. **king Croesus**, the last king of Lydia, who was overthrown by Cyrus in B.C. 546. *Herodotus*, i, 26.

422. **proud Antiochus**, Antiochus Epiphanes, king of Syria, who captured Jerusalem twice, and defiled God's altar. He died raving mad B.C. 164. Josephus, *Antiquities of the Jews*, xiii, 5–9.

424. **great Nimrod**, "the mighty hunter" (*Genesis*, x, 8), whose game, according to Spenser, was man. Josephus tells us that through pride he built the tower of Babel.

426. **old Ninus**, the legendary founder of Nineveh, and put to death by his wife, Semiramis.

428. **that mighty Monarch**, Alexander the Great (B.C. 356–323), king of Macedon. While consulting the oracle of Jupiter Ammon in the Libyan desert he was saluted by the priests as "Ammons Sonne." He died either of poison (Plutarch) or of excessive drink (Diodorus).

437. **Great Romulus**, legendary founder of Rome (B.C. 753). See Livy, i, 16.

438. **Proud Tarquin**, Tarquinius Superbus, the last king of Rome. He was banished B.C. 510.

438. **too lordly Lentulus**, surnamed Sura, member of a haughty patrician family, who conspired with Catiline, and was strangled B.C. 62.

439. **Stout Scipio**, Cornelius Scipio Africanus (B.C. 237 ?–183 ?), the conqueror of Hannibal, and self-exiled from Rome. Livy speaks of his inordinate pride, xxxviii, 50.

439. **stubborne Hanniball** (B.C. 247–183), the great Carthaginian general, who died by poison to avoid falling into the hands of the Romans.

440. **Ambitious Sylla** (B.C. 138–78), Cornelius Sulla, the Dictator, who died a loathsome death.

440. **sterne Marius** (B.C. 157–86), after being seven times consul, he was obliged to take refuge from his rival Sulla amid the ruins of Carthage.

441. **High Caesar**, Caius Julius Cæsar (B.C. 100–44), who was murdered by Brutus and other conspirators.

441. **great Pompey.** Cn. Pompeius Magnus (B.C. 106–48). After his defeat at Pharsalia, he fled to Egypt, where he was murdered.

441. **fierce Antonius**, Marcus (B.C. 83–30), the great triumvir, who after his defeat at Actium killed himself in Egypt.

444. **The bold Semiramis**, the legendary queen of Assyria.

446. **Faire Sthenoboea**, the wife of Proteus, who on account of her unrequited love for Bellerophon, died by hemlock. Aristophanes' *Frogs*, 1049 *seq.*

448. **High minded Cleopatra** (B.C. 69–30), the beautiful queen of Egypt, who is said by Plutarch to have died in the manner mentioned.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

(Canto V)

1. How did Redcross spend the night before the fight with Sansjoy?

2. Study in detail the fine description of Duessa's descent to Erebus.

3. What elements of beauty are seen in the description of dawn and sunrise in ii? and compare *Psalms*, xix. 5. 4. What arbitrary classification of musicians does Spenser make in iii? 5. Who is the *far renowmed Queene* in v? 6. Describe the joust between the Knight and Sansjoy. 7. Where do you learn of the laws governing such contests? 8. Observe the dramatic way in which Duessa saves Sansjoy. 9. What dramatic stroke in xxvii? 10. Describe Night and her team. 11. Give an account of her descent to Erebus with Sansjoy. 12. What were some of the tortures of the damned? 13. What effect is produced in xxx and how? 14. Point out some instances in which Spenser has imitated Homer — Vergil.

15. Where does he follow the Latin rather than the Greek poets? 16. Why did Æsculapius hesitate to heal Sansjoy? 17. Whom did the dwarf see in the dungeons of Pride? 18. Why did the Knight flee from the House of Pride?

19. Examine the following grammatical forms: *maken*, l. 22; *woundes*, l. 400. 20. What *figure of speech* is employed in xviii? 21. What illustration is used in viii? 22. Find example of *balanced structure* in vii; *alliteration* in viii, xv, xviii. 23. Scan l. 23. 24. Note nom. abs. construction in xlv.

25. Paraphrase the involved constructions in xlii, xix, viii, xxxvi.

CANTO VI

I. *The Plot:* (Continuation of Canto III). Una is delivered from Sansloy by a band of Satyrs. She remains with them as their teacher. There a knight of the wild-wood, Sir Satyrane, discovers her, and by his assistance, Una succeeds in making her way out of the forest to the plain. On the way they meet Archimago, disguised as a pilgrim, and he deceives them and leads them to Sansloy. While Sir Satyrane and Sansloy are engaged in a bloody battle, Una flees. She is pursued by Archimago but makes her escape.

II. *The Allegory:* 1. Truth is saved from destruction by Lawless Violence (Sansloy) by the aid of Barbarism or Savage Instinct, which terrorizes Lawlessness but offers natural homage to Truth. Truth finds a temporary home among Ignorant and Rude Folk (Satyrs) and in return imparts divine truth to their unregenerate minds. Natural Heroism or Manly Courage (Sir Satyrane) sides with Truth and defends it against Lawlessness.

2. The religious allegory signifies the extension of Protestantism through the outlying rural districts of England and in Ireland. Upton thinks that Sir Satyrane represents "Sir John Perrot, whose behaviour, though honest, was too coarse and rude for a court. 'Twas well known that he was a son of Henry VIII." Holinshed says that as Lord President of Munster, Sir John secured such peace and security that a man might travel in Ireland with a white stick only in his hand.

16. from one to other Ynd, from the East to the West Indies.

61. A troupe of Faunes and Satyres. The Fauns were the wood-gods of the Romans, the Satyrs the wood-gods of the Greeks. They were half human, half goat, and represented the luxuriant powers of nature.

63. old Sylvanus, the Roman god of fields and woods, young and

fond of animal pleasures. Spenser represents him as a feeble but sensuous old man.

90. **With chaunge of feare**, from the wolf to the lion.

96. **rustick horror**, bristling hair.

99. **Their backward bent knees**, like the hinder legs of a goat.

101. **their barbarous truth**, their savage honor.

103. **Late learnd**, having been recently taught. She had shown too "hasty trust" in Archimago.

112. **without suspect of crime**, without suspicion of blame.

117. The olive is the emblem of peace, as the ivy (l. 126) is of sensuousness.

120. **with their horned feet**, with their hoofs.

128. **Or Bacchus merry fruit**, etc., whether they did discover grapes.

129. **Or Cybeles franticke rites**, the wild dances of the Corybantes, priestesses of Cybele, or Rhea, the wife of Chronos and mother of the gods.

132. **that mirrhour rare**, that model of beauty. So Sidney was called "the mirror of chivalry."

134. **faire Dryope**, a princess of Æchalia, who became a forest nymph. Pholoe, mentioned in l. 135, is probably a fictitious creation of the author's.

146. **dearest Cyparisse**, a youth of Cea, who accidentally killed his favorite stag and dying of grief was changed into a cypress. He was beloved by Apollo and Sylvanus.

148. **not faire to this**, *i.e.* compared to this.

152. **n'ould after joy**, would not afterwards be cheerful.

153. **selfe-wild annoy**, self-willed distress.

154. **faire Hamadryades**, the nymphs who dwelt in the forest trees and died with them.

156. **light-foot Naiades**, the fresh water nymphs, companions of the fauns and satyrs.

161. **their woody kind**, the wood-born creatures of their own kind, *e.g.* nymphs or satyrs.

163. Una was "luckelesse" in having lost her knights, but "lucky" in the friendship of the Satyrs. Note the Euphuistic phrasing.

169. **Idolatryes.** The allegory has reference to the idolatrous practices of the ignorant primitive Christians, such as the worship of images of the Saints, the pageant of the wooden ass during Lent (see *Matthew*, xxi, and Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, i, 124), and the Feast of the Ass (see *Matthew*, ii, 14).

172. **a noble warlike knight**, Sir Satyrane, in whom are united rude untaught chivalry and woodland savagery. He represents natural heroism and instinctive love of truth.

173. **by just occasion**, just at the right moment.

184. **Thyamis** is the symbol of Animal Passion; **Labryde** of the lower appetites; **Therion**, the human wild beast, who deserts his wife.

xxiv. This account of Sir Satyrane's education is based on that of Rogero by his uncle Atlante in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, vii, 7.

213. **maister of his guise**, his instructor.

214. **at his horrid vew**, his shaggy, uncouth appearance.

256. **his famous worth was blown**, *i.e.* blazoned by Fame's trumpet.

308. **a Jacobs staffe.** According to Nares, "A pilgrim's staff; either from the frequent pilgrimages to St. James of Comfortella (in Galicia), or because the apostle St. James is usually represented with one."

371. See Canto III, xxxviii, where Archimago was disguised as St. George.

372. **Th' enchaunter vaine**, etc., the foolish enchanter (Archimago) would not have rued his (St. George's) crime (*i.e.* slaying Sansfoy).

373. **But thou his errour shalt**, etc., thou shalt by thy death pay the penalty of his crime and thus prove that he was really guilty. A very obscure passage. Look up the original meaning of *shall*.

386. This simile is found frequently in the old romances. Cf. Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, ii, 104, and Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, l. 1160.

416. According to a usage of chivalry, the lover wore a glove, sleeve, kerchief, or other token of his lady-love on his helmet. By "lover's token" Sansloy ironically means a blow.

425. **to her last decay**, to her utter ruin.

426. Spenser leaves the fight between Sansloy and Sir Satyrane unfinished. Both warriors appear in later books of the *Faerie Queene*.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

(Canto VI)

1. Who rescued Una from Sansloy? 2. How does Una repay their kindness? 3. How was she treated by them? 4. Explain the references to the various classes of nymphs. 5. Look up the classical references in xvi and xviii. 6. Why is Una described as "luckelesse lucky"? 7. What customs of the early Christians are referred to in xix? 8. What does Sir Satyrane symbolize in the allegory? 9. What was his character and education? 10. Note the Elizabethan conception of the goddess Fortune in xxxi. 11. Did Una act ungratefully in leaving the Satyrs as she did? 12. Who is the *weary wight* in xxxiv? 13. What news of St. George did he give? Was it true? 14. Who is the Paynim mentioned in xl? 15. Note Euphuistic antithesis in xlii. 16. Explain the figures in iv, vi, x, xliv. 17. Paraphrase ll. 289, 296. 18. Find *Latinisms* in xxv; xxvi; xxviii; xxxi; and xxxvii. 19. Describe the fight at the end of the Canto.

CANTO VII

I. *The Plot:* (Continuation of Canto V). Duessa pursues the Redcross Knight, and overtakes him sitting by an enchanted fountain, weary and disarmed. He is beguiled into drinking from the fountain, and is quickly deprived of strength. In this unnerved and unarmed condition he is suddenly set upon by the giant Orgoglio. After a hopeless struggle he is struck down by the giant's club and is thrust into a dungeon. Una is informed by the dwarf of the Knight's misfortune and is prostrated with grief. Meeting Prince Arthur, she is persuaded to tell her story and receives promise of his assistance.

II. *The Allegory:* 1. The Christian soldier, beguiled by Falsehood, doffs the armor of God, and indulges in sinful pleasures, and loses his purity. He then quickly falls into the power of Carnal Pride, or the brutal tyranny of False Religion (Orgoglio). He can then be restored only by an appeal to the Highest Honor or Magnificence (Prince Arthur) through the good offices of Truth and Common Sense.

2. In the reaction from the Reformation, Protestant England by dallying with Romanism (Duessa, Mary Queen of Scots) falls under the tyrannic power of the Pope (Orgoglio), with whom Catholic England was coquetting. At this juncture National Honor and Consciousness comes to the relief of Protestantism. There is personal compliment to either Lord Leicester or Sir Philip Sidney.

19. **He feedes upon,** he enjoys. A Latinism: cf. Vergil's *Æneid*, iii.

37. **Phœbe,** a surname of Diana, or Artemis, the goddess of the moon.

45. Spenser probably takes the suggestion from the fountain in the gardens of Armida in Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, xiv, 74. Cf. also the fountain of Salmacis in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, xv, 319 *seq*

56. **Pourd out**, a metaphor borrowed from Euripides (*Herac.*, 75) and Vergil (*Æneid*, ix, 317).

62. **his looser make**, his too dissolute companion.

67. **An hideous Geant**, Orgoglio, symbolizing Inordinate Pride, and the Pope of Rome, who then claimed universal power over both church and state (x). For a list of many other giants of romance see Brewer's *Handbook*, pp. 376–379.

104. **that divelish yron Engin**, cannon. The invention of artillery by infernal ingenuity is an old conception of the poets. There is a suggestion of it in Vergil's *Æneid*, vi, 585 *seq.*, which is elaborated in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, ix, 91, which Milton in turn imitated in *Paradise Lost*, vi, 516 *seq.* So in the romance of *Sir Triamour*.

112. **th' onely breath**, the mere breath.

119. **do him not to dye**, slay him not; cf. "done to death."

138. **A monstrous beast**, on which the woman of Babylon sat, *Revelation*, xiii and xvii, 7.

139. This refers to the Romish policy of fostering ignorance among its members.

140. **that renowmed Snake**, the Lernæan Hydra, a monster with nine or more heads, offspring of Typhon and Echidna. It was slain by Hercules. **Stremona** is a name of Spenser's own invention.

147. The reference is to the cruelty and insensibility of the Romish Church.

150. Its tail reached to the stars. *Revelation*, xii, 4.

155. **and holy heasts foretaught**, and holy commands previously taught (them).

161. **his forlorne weed**, his abandoned clothing.

165. **moniments**, the sorrowful, mournful relics.

182. **So hardly he**, etc. So he with difficulty coaxes the life which has flown to return into her body. According to the Platonic teaching, the body is the prison-house of the soul. Cf. *Psalms*, cxlii, 7.

202. **But seeled up with death,** but closed in death. "Seel" was a term in falconry, meaning "to sew up" (the eyes of the hawk).

219. **the bitter balefull stound,** the bitter, grievous moment during which she listens to the story.

220. **If lesse then that I feare,** etc., if it is less bitter than I fear it is, I shall have found more favor (been more fortunate) than I expected.

231. **sorrowfull assay,** the assault of sorrow (on her heart).

236. **Was never Lady,** etc., there never was lady who loved day (life) dearer.

249. **A goodly knight.** Prince Arthur, son of King Uther Pendragon and Queen Ygerne, the model English gentleman, in whom all the virtues are perfected (Magnificence). According to Upton and most editors, Prince Arthur represents Lord Leicester; according to another tradition, Sir Philip Sidney. Could the author have possibly intended in him compliment to Sir Walter Raleigh? See Spenser's *Letter to Raleigh.* Arthur is the beau ideal of knighthood, and upon him the poet lavishes his richest descriptive powers. His armor, his shield Pridwen, his lance Roan, and sword Exculibur, were made by the great enchanter Merlin in the isle of Avallon.

259. **Shapt like a Ladies head,** an effigy of Queen Elizabeth, the Faerie Queene.

260. **Like Hesperus,** the evening star. Cf. Phosphorus, the morning star.

268. The dragon couchant was also the crest of Arthur's father, Uther, surnamed on this account Pen-dragon. The description in this stanza is imitated from Tasso's description of the helmet of the Sultan in *Jerusalem Delivered,* ix, 25, which in turn follows Vergil's *Æneid,* vii, 785 *seq.*

280. **greene Selinis,** a town in Sicily.

284. **His warlike shield.** Spenser here follows closely the de-

scription of the shield of the magician Atlante in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, ii, 55.

300. **silver Cynthia**, the moon. It was popularly supposed that magicians and witches had power to cause eclipses of the moon.

304. All falsehood and deception. Truth and Wisdom are symbolized (Upton).

306. **when him list**, when it pleased him. *Him* is dative.

314. **It Merlin was.** Ambrose Merlin, the prince of enchanters, son of the nun Matilda, and an incubus, "half-angel and half-man." He made, in addition to Prince Arthur's armor and weapons, the Round Table for one hundred and fifty knights at Carduel, the magic fountain of love, and built Stonehenge on Salisbury Plain. He died spellbound by the sorceress Vivien in a hollow oak. See Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*.

326. **did trample as the aire**, curveted as lightly as the air.

335. **And for her humour**, etc., and to suit her (sad) mood framed fitting conversation.

355. The subject of *found* is the substantive clause *who . . . impart*.

xli. Observe the antithetical structure of this stanza, both in the *Stichomuthia*, or balance of line against line, and in the lines themselves. In this rapid word-play Arthur wins his point by appealing to Una's faith.

363. **No faith so fast**, etc., no faith is so firm that human infirmity may not injure it.

376. Una, Truth, is the sole daughter of Eden.

377. **whilest equal destinies**, etc., whilst their destinies (Fates) revolved equally and undisturbed in their orbits. (Astronomical figure.)

381. **Phison and Euphrates**, etc., three of the four rivers that watered Eden, the Hiddekel being omitted. See *Genesis*, ii, 11–14. In this stanza the poet strangely mixes Christian doctrine and the

classical belief in the envy of the gods working the downfall of men.

385. **Tartary**, Tartarus (for the rhyme), the lowest circle of torment in the infernal regions.

391. Has this obscure line any reference to prophecy? Cf. *Daniel*, vii, 25, *Revelation*, xii, 6, 14.

394. **that heaven walks about**, under the sky.

404. **That noble order**, the Order of the Garter, of which the Maiden Queen was head. The figure of St. George slaying the dragon appears on the oval and pendant to the collar of this Order.

405. **of Gloriane**, Queen Elizabeth.

407. **Cleopolis is red**, is called Cleopolis, *i.e.* the city of Glory, or London.

425. **my dolefull disaventurous deare**, my sad misadventurous injury.

429. **That he my captive languor**, the languishing captivity of my parents.

432. **My loyalty**, *i.e.* the loyalty of me that rather death desire, etc.

441. **That brought not backe**, etc., (and whence) the body full of evil was not brought back dead.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

(Canto VII)

1. Relate how the Knight fell into the hands of the Giant. 2. Note the fine adaptation of sound to sense in vii. 3. Who were the parents and the foster-father of Orgoglio? 4. What are the principal characteristics of the giants of romance as seen in Orgoglio? cf. with the giants in *Pilgrim's Progress*. 5. In the description of the giant do the last two lines (viii) add to or detract from the impression? Why? 6. To whom does Spenser ascribe the invention of artillery? 7. Explain the allegory involved in the

relations of Duessa and Orgoglio. 8. How does Una act on hearing the news of the Knight's capture? 9. What part does the Dwarf play? 10. Is Una just to herself in ll. 200-201? 11. Is she over sentimental or ineffective — and is the pathos of her grief kept within the limits of the reader's pleasure? 12. Express in your own words the main thought in xxii. 13. Note the skillful summary of events in xxvi. and observe that this stanza is the *Central Crisis* and *Pivotal Point* of the whole Book. The fortunes of the Knight reach their lowest ebb and begin to turn. The first half of the Book has been the *complication* of the plot, the second half will be the *resolution*. 14. Give a description of Prince Arthur. 15. What mysterious power was possessed by his shield? Cf. the Holy Grail. 16. Observe carefully the scene between Una and Arthur, noting the changes in her mood. What light is thrown on her character? What are her feelings toward the Knight? 17. Explain the various threads of allegory in this Canto.

CANTO VIII

I. *The Plot:* Prince Arthur and Una are conducted by the Dwarf to Orgoglio's Castle. At the blast of the Squire's horn the Giant comes forth attended by Duessa mounted on the seven-headed Beast. In the battle which ensues Arthur wounds the Beast, slays the Giant and captures Duessa. Prince Arthur finds the Redcross Knight half starved in a foul dungeon and releases him. Duessa is stripped of her gaudy clothes and allowed to hide herself in the wilderness.

II. *The Allegory:* 1. Magnificence, the sum of all the virtues, wins the victory over Carnal Pride, and restores Holiness to its better half, Truth. With the overthrow of Pride, Falsehood, which is the ally of that vice, is stripped of its outward show and exposed in all its hideous deformity.

2. The false Romish Church becomes drunk in the blood of the martyrs. There is a hint of the persecutions in the Netherlands,

in Piedmont, of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day and the burnings under Bloody Mary. Protestant England is delivered from Popish tyranny by the honor and courage of the English people. Militant England (Prince Arthur) is assisted by the clergy (Squire) with his horn (Bible) and is guided by Truth and Common Sense (Dwarf).

23. **an horne of bugle small**, the English Bible. Spenser here imitates the description of the magic horn of Logistilla in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, xv, 15, 53. Such horns are frequently mentioned in romance, *e.g.*, *Chanson de Roland*, *Morte d'Arthur*, Hawes' *Pastime*, Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, *Huon of Bordeaux*, *Romance of Sir Otarel*, Cervantes' *Don Quixote*, etc.

50. **late cruell feast**, a probable reference to the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day in Paris in 1572, and to the persecutions of Alva's Council of Blood in the Netherlands in 1567.

ix. This stanza is an imitation of Homer's *Iliad*, xiv, 414.

95. **in Cymbrian plaine**, probably the Crimea, the ancient Tauric Chersonese. Some connect it with the Cimbric Chersonese, or Jutland, which was famous for its herds of bulls.

96. **kindly rage**, natural passion.

105. Note the Latinism "threatened his heads," and the imperfect rhyme "brands."

118. **her golden cup**, suggested by Circe's magic cup in Homer's *Odyssey*, x, 316, and the golden cup of the Babylonish woman in *Revelation*, xvii, 4.

148. **Through great impatience of his grieved hed**, etc., through inability to endure (the pain of) his wounded head, he would have cast down his rider, etc.

155. **In one alone left hand**, in one hand alone remaining. His left arm had been cut off (x).

xix. The uncovered shield represents the open Bible. The incident is an imitation of Ruggiero's display of his shield in *Orlando Furioso*, xxii, 85.

246. **Your fortune maister**, etc., be master of your fortune by good management.

268. **unused rust**, rust which is due to disuse; a Latinism.

296. **With natures pen**, etc., *i.e.* by his gray hairs, at that age to which proper seriousness belongs. "I cannot tell" did not become his venerable looks.

310. **That greatest Princes**, etc. This may mean (1) befitting the presence of the greatest princes, or (2) that the greatest princes might deign to behold in person. The first interpretation is preferable.

312. A general reference to the bloody persecutions without regard to age or sex carried on for centuries by the Romish Church, often under the name of "crusades," "acts of faith," "holy inquisition," etc.

315. This may refer to the burning of heretics, under the pretext that the Church shed no blood. Kitchin thinks that it means "accursed ashes."

317. **An Altare**, cf. *Revelation*, vi, 9. **Carv'd with cunning ymagery**, "in allusion to the stimulus given to the fine arts by the Church of Rome" (Percival).

366. **brawned bowrs**, brawny muscles.

375. **what evill starre**, etc. In Spenser's day, belief in astrology, the pseudo-science of the influence of the stars on human lives, was still common.

381. There was an old familiar ballad entitled *Fortune my Foe*.

384. *i.e.* your good fortune will be threefold as great as your evil fortune.

384. **good growes of evils priefe**, good springs out of our endurance of the tests and experience of evil.

391. **Best musicke breeds delight**, etc. A troublesome passage. Upton and Jortin emend *delight* to *dislike*; Church inserts *no* before *delight* and omits *best*; Kitchin suggests *despight*; Grosart

prefers the text as it stands with the meaning that although the best music pleases the troubled mind, it is no pleasure to renew the memory of past sufferings. I venture to offer still another solution, based on the context. When Una shows a desire to hear from her Knight a recountal of his sufferings in the dungeon, and he is silent, being loath to speak of them, Arthur reminds her that a *change of subject is best*, for the best music is that which breeds delight in the troubled ear.

xlvi. In this passage Spenser follows closely the description of the witch Alcina in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, vii, 73. Rogero has been fascinated by her false beauty, and her real foulness is exposed by means of a magic ring. The stripping of Duessa symbolizes the proscription of vestments and ritual, and the overthrow of images, etc., at the time of the Reformation. Duessa is only banished to the wilderness, not put to death, and reappears in another book of the poem.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

(Canto VIII)

1. What moral reflections are found in i? 2. What were the duties of the Squire in chivalry? 3. What part does Arthur's Squire play? 4. What does the Squire's horn symbolize? 5. Observe the classical figure in ix. 6. Describe the battle before the Giant's Castle, stating what part is taken by each of the four engaged. 7. Point out several of the characteristics of a typical battle of romance, and compare with combats in classical and modern times. 8. What additional traits of Una's character are presented in this Canto? Note especially her treatment of the Knight. 9. How is the unchangeableness of truth illustrated in this story? 10. Who is the old man in xxx *seq.*? 11. Who is the *woful thrall* in xxxvii? 12. In what condition, mental and physical, is the Knight when liberated? 13. How long was he a captive? 14. What was Duessa's punishment? Was it adequate? Explain its moral and

religious meaning. 15. Observe the use of *thou* and *ye* (*you*) in this Canto. 16. Find examples of *antithesis*, *alliteration*, *Latinisms*.

CANTO IX

I. *The Plot:* Prince Arthur tells Una of his vision of the Faerie Queene and of his quest for her. After exchanging presents with the Redcross Knight, he bids farewell to Una and her companions. These pursue their journey and soon meet a young knight, Sir Trevisan, fleeing from Despair. Sir Trevisan tells of his narrow escape from this old man, and unwillingly conducts the Redcross Knight back to his cave. The Knight enters and is almost persuaded to take his own life. He is saved by the timely interposition of Una. This is the most powerful canto of Book I.

II. *The Allegory:* 1. The moral allegory in Canto VII presents the transition of the Soul (Redcross) from Pride to Sin (Duessa) through distrust of Truth (Una), and it thus comes into the bondage of Carnal Pride (Orgoglio). In Canto IX the Soul suffers a similar change from Sin to Despair. Having escaped from actual sin, but with spiritual life weakened, it almost falls a victim to Despair through excess of confidence and zeal to perform some good action. The Soul is saved by Truth, by which it is reminded to depend on the grace of God.

2. The allegory on its religious side seems to have some obscure reference to the long and bitter controversies between Protestantism (Calvinism) and Roman Catholicism allied with infidelity.

1. **O goodly golden chaine**, chivalry or knightly honor, the bond that unites all the virtues.

18. **thanklesse**, because not knowing whom to thank.

26. In Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, Arthur is taken from his mother, Ygerne, at birth, and committed to the care of Sir Ector as his foster-father, i, 3. In *Merlin* Sir Antor is his foster-father.

33. **Rauran mossy hore**, Rauran white with moss. A "Rau-

ran-vaur hill" in Merionethshire is mentioned by Selden. Contrary to the older romancers, Spenser makes Prince Arthur a Welshman, not a Cornishman.

34. **the river Dee**, which rises in Merionethshire and flows through Lake Bala.

39. **my discipline to frame**, etc., to plan my course of instruction, and, as my tutor, to supervise my bringing up.

45. **in her just terme**, in due time.

57. **or that fresh bleeding wound**, *i.e.* his love for Gloriana.

59. **With forced fury**, etc., supplying "me" from "my" in l. 58 the meaning is: the wound . . . brought . . . me following its bidding with compulsive (passionate) fury, etc. In the sixteenth century *his* was still almost always used as the possessive of *it*. *Its* does not occur in the King James Version of the Bible (1611).

63. **Could ever find** (the heart) to grieve, etc. A Euphuistic conceit.

64. According to the physiology of Spenser's age, love was supposed to dry up the humors ("moysture") of the body.

70. **But told**, *i.e.* if it (my love) is told.

100. **Ensample make of him**, witness him (the Redcross knight).

113. **Whiles every sence**, etc., while the sweet moisture bathed all my senses.

146. **Next to that Ladies love**, *i.e.* next to his love (loyalty) for Gloriana. Does the poet mean that allegiance to queen and country comes before private affection?

149. **Was firmest fixt**, etc., were strongest in my extremity (in the giant's dungeon).

169. **A booke**, the New Testament, an appropriate gift from the champions of the Reformed Church.

182. **An armed knight**, Sir Trevisan, who symbolizes Fear.

189. **Pegasus**, the winged horse of the Muses. For note on the false possessive with *his*, see p. 248.

233. had not greater grace, etc., had not greater grace (than was granted my comrade) saved me from it, I should have been partaker (with him of his doom) in that place.

249. after faire areedes, afterwards graciously tells.

267. with dying feare, with fear of dying.

269. Whose like infirmitie, etc., *i.e.* if you are a victim of love, you may also fall into the hands of despair.

270. But God you never let, but may God never let you, etc.

272. to spoyle the Castle of his health, to take his own life. Cf. Eliot's *Castell of Helthe*, published in 1534.

273. I wote, etc. I, whom recent trial hath taught, and who would not (endure the) like for all the wealth of this world, know (how a man may be so gained over to destroy himself).

275. This simile is a very old one. See Homer's *Iliad*, i, 249; *Odyssey*, xviii, 283; *Song of Solomon*, iv, 11; and Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, ii, 51.

286. for gold nor glee. Cf. for love or money.

294–296. Imitated from Vergil's *Æneid*, vi, 462.

315. as, as if.

320. A drearie corse, Sir Terwin, mentioned in xxvii.

332. judge against thee right, give just judgment against thee.

333. to price, to pay the price of.

336. What justice, etc., what justice ever gave any other judgment but (this, that) he, who deserves, etc.

340. Is then unjust, etc., is it then unjust to give each man his due?

xxxix. Observe the subtle argument on suicide in this and st. xl.

xli. Spenser here puts into the mouth of the Knight Socrates' argument to Cebes in their dialogue on the immortality of the soul. Plato's *Phædo*, vi.

367. Quoth he, Despair.

403. thy date, the allotted measure or duration of thy life.

408. **thy sinfull hire**, thy service of sin.

431. **As he were charmed**, etc., as if he were under the spell of magic incantation.

438. **in a table**, in a picture. The horrors of the Last Judgment and the torments of the lost were favorite subjects of the mediæval Catholic painters.

468. **fire-mouthed Dragon.** The dragons of romance are all described as fire-breathing,

473. **that chosen art**, a reference to the doctrine of Election. *Mark*, xiii, 20.

476. **accurst hand-writing.** A reference to Paul's letter to the *Colossians*, ii, 14, in which he declares that the gospel of grace has superseded the law of Moses.

484. **he so himselfe had drest**, he had thus attempted (to take his life).

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

(Canto IX)

1. Give an account of Prince Arthur's vision of the Faerie Queene. 2. Interpret his search for her as an allegory of the young man's quest after his ideal. 3. Observe in xvii an allusion to Spenser's patron, Lord Leicester, who was a favored suitor for Elizabeth's hand. 4. What presents did the Knights exchange at parting? 5. Characterize Sir Trevisan by his appearance, speech, and actions. What does he symbolize? 6. Note the skill with which Spenser arouses interest before telling of the interview with Despair. 7. What was the fate of Sir Terwin? Its moral significance? 8. Describe the Cave of Despair, and show what effects are aimed at by the poet. 9. Compare with Despair Bunyan's Giant Despair and the Man in the Iron Cage. 10. Trace the sophistries by which Despair works in the mind of the Knight, *e.g.* the arguments from necessity (fatalism), humanity, cowardice, discouragement and disgust on account of his past failures, dread

of the future, of God's justice, and the relief of death. 11. Does Despair show knowledge of the Knight's past? 12. With what powerful truths does Una meet the arguments of Despair? 13. Where do you find reference to mediæval art?

14. Find examples of *Euphuism*, *metaphors*, *similes*, *Latinisms*, and *alliteration*. 15. Explain the verb forms in ll. 154, 321, 336.

CANTO X

I. *The Plot:* The Redeross Knight is conducted by Una to the House of Holiness, where they are welcomed by Dame Cœlia and graciously entertained. The Knight is instructed by Fidelia, Speranza, and Charissa, the three daughters of Cœlia, in his relations to God and his fellow-men. He is healed in body, and undergoes discipline for his sins. Mercy conducts him through the Hospital of Good Works, where he sees her seven Beadsmen. He then with Una climbs the Hill of Contemplation and hears from a holy man the story of his past with a prophecy of his future, and obtains a view of the City of Heaven.

This must be pronounced the most beautiful canto of the first book.

II. *The Allegory:* 1. The Soul is brought by the Truth to a knowledge of the Heavenly Life (Cœlia), and is led, through repentance, to seek forgiveness and to desire a holier life. Having learned Faith and Hope, it acquires a zeal for Good Works (Charity), and is strengthened by exercising Patience and Repentance. At last it enjoys a mood of happy Contemplation of the past with bright prospects for the future. The whole canto sets forth the beauty in a life of faith combined with good deeds.

2. The religious allegory presents the doctrine, discipline, and spirit of Protestantism in the sixteenth century. A close parallel may be drawn between this canto and many things in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. For his House of Holiness and its manage-

ment, Spenser has no doubt taken many suggestions from the great manor house of some Elizabethan gentleman.

19. **an auntient house,** the House of Holiness.

28. **Dame Cœlia,** *i.e.* the Heavenly Lady.

33. **Fidelia and Speranza,** Faith and Hope.

35. **faire Charissa,** Charity, or Love. *Cf. I Corinthians,* xiii, 13.

44. **Hight Humiltà,** named Humility.

59. **And knew his good,** etc., and knew how to conduct himself to all of every rank.

77. **ever-dying dread,** constant dread of death.

78. **long a day,** many a long day.

79. **thy weary soles to lead,** to guide thy weary feet (to rescue them).

xiii. The description of Fidelia is full of biblical allusions, *viz.;* her white robe (*Revelation,* vii, 9); the sacramental cup filled with wine and water according to the custom of the early Christians (*John,* xix, 34); the serpent symbolical of healing power (*Numbers,* xxi, and *Mark,* xiv, 24); the book sealed with the blood of the Lamb (*Revelation,* v, 1, and *II Corinthians,* v, 7).

144. **encrease** is in the optative subj. with *God* as subject.

172. **And when she list,** etc., and when it pleased her to manifest her higher spiritual power. These miracles of Faith are based on the following passages: *Joshua,* x, 12; *II Kings,* xx, 10; *Judges,* vii, 7; *Exodus,* xiv, 21; *Joshua,* iii, 17; *Matthew,* xxi, 21.

176. This line is given in the folio edition of 1609, but is wanting in the edition of 1590 and 1596.

209. **hardly him intreat,** scarcely prevail on him.

213. The absolutions granted by the clergy.

215. **the passion of his plight,** his suffering condition.

xxx. Percival points out the resemblance between Spenser's Charity and Andrea del Sarto's famous painting *La Charité* in the Louvre.

277. **Whose passing price**, etc., whose surpassing value it was difficult to calculate.

292. **well to donne**, well doing, right doing.

318. **seven Bead-men**, seven men of prayer, corresponding to the Seven Deadly Sins of the House of Pride. They represent good works: (1) entertainment of strangers; (2) food to the needy; (3) clothing to the naked; (4) relief to prisoners; (5) comfort to the sick; (6) burial of the dead, and (7) care of widows and orphans.

354. price of bras, ransom in money. *Bras* is a Latinism from *æs*.

355. **From Turkes and Sarazins.** In the sixteenth century thousands of Christians were held captive in Turkish and Saracen prisons, and many of these were ransomed by the charitable of Europe. Prescott tells us that Charles V found 10,000 Christians in Tunis at its capture in 1535.

359. **he that harrowd hell.** The Harrowing of Hell was the mediæval belief in the descent of Christ to hell to redeem the souls of Old Testament saints, and to despoil the powers of darkness. It is the subject of an old miracle play.

374. The reference is to the resurrection from the dead.

378. **I dead be not defould**, that I (when) dead be not defiled. This prayer was answered, for the poet received honorable burial in Westminster Abbey.

381. **And widowes ayd**, *i.e.* had charge (to) aid widows, etc.

382. **In face of judgement**, before the judgment-seat.

422–423. **his . . . her. Redeross Knight . . . mercy.**

430. **For nought he car'd**, for he cared nought that his body had been long unfed.

470. **that same mighty man of God, Moses.** See *Exodus*, xiv, 16, xxiv, and xxxiv.

471. **That blood-red billowes**, of the Red Sea.

478. **that sacred hill**, the mount of Olives.

483. **that pleasaunt Mount**, mount Parnassus, the seat of the

nine Muses (l. 485), the patronesses of the arts and of learning. Sacred and profane literature are beautifully blended in the thoughts of the contemplative man.

489. **a goodly Citie**, the Celestial City, Heaven. The description is suggested by that in *Revelation*, xxi, 10 *seq.*

515. **That great Cleopolis**, London, "the city of glory."

519. **Panthea**, probably Westminster Abbey, in which Elizabeth's ancestors were buried.

524. **for earthly frame**, for an earthly structure.

549. **Saint George of mery England.** St. George became the patron Saint of England in 1344, when Edward III consecrated to him the Order of the Garter. Church and Percival say that *merry* means *pleasant* and referred originally to the country, not the people. Cf. Mereweather.

lxii. Observe that lines 1, 2, 5, 6 are spoken by the Knight, the rest by Contemplation.

565. **bequeathed care**, the charge intrusted to thee (by Una).

579. **and many bloody battailes**, etc., and fought many bloody pitched battles.

585. **Chaungelings.** The belief in the power of fairies to substitute their elf-children for human babies is frequently referred to in writers of Spenser's time. In the *Seven Champions* the witch Kalyb steals away St. George, the son of Lord Albert of Coventry, soon after his birth.

591. **Georgos**, from the Greek γεωργός, an earth tiller, farmer. Spenser borrows the story in this stanza from that of Tages, son of Earth, who was similarly found and brought up. Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, xv, 553.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

(Canto X)

1. Observe that stanza i contains the moral of Canto IX. 2. What was Una's purpose in bringing the Knight to the House of Holiness?

3. Why should Faith and Hope be represented as betrothed virgins, and Charity a matron? 4. Who were Zeal, Reverence, Obedience, Patience, and Mercy, with the symbolism of each? 5. Who was the door-keeper? Explain the allegory. 6. Find and explain the biblical allusions in this Canto, which shows the influence of the Bible to a remarkable extent. 7. In what was the Knight instructed by Faith (xix *seq.*)? 8. Compare the mood of the Knight in xxi with that in Canto IX, li. 9. How did the two situations affect Una? 10. Note the teachings in xxiii (prayer), xxiv (absolution), and xxv (mortification of the flesh). 11. Observe that Faith teaches the Knight his relations to God; Charity, those to his fellow-men. 12. Explain the lyric note in l. 378. 13. Give an account of the knight's visit to the Hill of Contemplation. Explain the allegory. 14. Find a stanza complimentary to Queen Elizabeth. 15. What prophecy was made of the Knight?

CANTO XI

I. *The Plot:* The Redcross Knight reaches the Brazen Tower in which Una's parents, the King and Queen of Eden, are besieged by the Dragon. The monster is described. The first day's fight is described, in which the Knight is borne through the air in the Dragon's claws, wounds him under the wing with his lance, but is scorched by the flames from the monster's mouth. The Knight is healed by a bath in the Well of Life. On the second day the Knight gives the Dragon several sword-wounds, but is stung by the monster's tail and forced to retreat by the flames. That night he is refreshed and healed by the balm from the Tree of Life. On the third day he slays the Dragon by a thrust into his vitals.

II. *The Allegory:* 1. Mankind has been deprived of Eden by Sin or Satan (Dragon). The Christian overcomes the devil by means of the whole armor of God (shield of faith, helmet of salvation,

sword of the Spirit, etc.). The soul is strengthened by the ordinances of religion: baptism, regeneration, etc.

2. There is a hint of the long and desperate struggle between Reformed England (St. George) and the Church of Rome, in which the power of the Pope and the King of Spain was broken in England, the Netherlands, and other parts of Europe. Some may see a remoter allusion to the delivery of Ireland from the same tyranny.

13. **be at your keeping well,** be well on your guard.

iii. This stanza is not found in the edition of 1590.

30. **And seemd uneath,** etc., and seemed to shake the steadfast ground (so that it became) unstable. Church and Nares take *uneath* to mean "beneath" or "underneath"; Kitchin conjectures "almost."

31. **that dreadful Dragon,** symbolical of Satan. Spenser here imitates the combat between St. George and the Dragon in the *Seven Champions of Christendom*, i.

32. This description of the dragon watching the tower from the sunny hillside is justly admired for its picturesqueness, power, and suggestiveness. The language is extremely simple, but the effect is awe-inspiring. It has been compared with Turner's great painting of the Dragon of the Hesperides.

42. **O thou sacred muse,** Clio, the Muse of History, whom Spenser calls the daughter of Phœbus (Apollo) and Mnemosyne (Memory).

56. **till I of warres,** etc. Spenser is here supposed to refer to his plan to continue the *Faerie Queene* and treat of the wars of the English with Philip II ("Paynim King") and the Spanish ("Sarazin").

61. **let downe that haughtie string,** etc., cease that high-pitched strain and sing a second (or tenor) to my (lower) tune.

120. **As two broad Beacons.** Kitchin thinks this passage is a reminiscence of the beacon-fires of July 29, 1588, which signaled the arrival of the Armada off the Cornish coast.

158. **Her flitting parts**, her shifting parts; referring to the instability of the air.

161. **low stouping**, swooping low (to the ground); a term in falconry.

167. **hagard hauke**, a wild, untamed falcon.

168. **above his hable might**, beyond the strength of which he is capable.

172. 1. **He so disseized**, etc., *i.e.* the dragon being thus dispossessed of his rough grip. The construction is nominative absolute.

185. **And greedy gulfe does gape**, etc., *i.e.* the greedy waters gape as if they would devour the land.

187. **the blustring brethren**, the winds.

228. **his wide devouring oven**, the furnace of his maw, or belly.

235. **that great Champion**, Hercules. The charmed garment steeped in the blood of the Centaur Nessus, whom Hercules had slain, was given him by his wife Dejanira in order to win back his love. Instead of acting as a philter, the poison-robe burned the flesh from his body. Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, ix. 105.

xxviii. Observe the correspondence between the adjectives in l. 244 and the nouns in l. 245. The sense is: "He was so faint," etc.

261. **The well of life.** This incident is borrowed from *Bevis of Hampton*. The allegory is based on *John*, iv, 14, and *Revelation*, xxii, 1.

267. **Silo**, the healing Pool of Siloam. *John*, ix. 7. **Jordan**, by bathing in which Naaman was healed of leprosy, *II Kings*, v. 10.

268. **Bath**, in Somersetshire, a town famous from the earliest times for its medicinal baths. **Spau**, a town in Belgium noted for its healthful waters, now a generic name for German watering-places.

269. **Cephise**, the river Cephissus in Bœotia whose waters possessed the power of bleaching the fleece of sheep. Cf. *Isaiah*, i, 18. **Hebrus**, a river in Thrace, here mentioned because it

awaked to music the head and lyre of the dead Orpheus, as he floated down its stream. Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, xi, 50.

295. **to move**, moving. This is a French idiom.

300. **As Eagle fresh out of the Ocean wave**, etc. There was an ancient belief, that once in ten years the eagle would soar into the empyrean, and plunging thence into the sea, would molt his plumage and renew his youth with a fresh supply of feathers.

312. **his bright deaw-burning blade**, his bright blade flashing with the "holy water dew" in which it had been hardened (l. 317).

322. **Ne molten mettall in his blood embrew**, *i.e.* nor sword bathe itself in his (the dragon's) blood.

335. **With sharpe intended sting**, with sharp, outstretched sting.

366. **the griped gage**, the pledge (shield) seized (by the dragon).

386. **missed not his minisht might**, felt not the loss of its diminished strength; *i.e.* though cut off, the paw still held to the shield.

xliv. In comparing the fire-spewing dragon to a volcano, Spenser follows Vergil's *Æneid*, iii, 571, and Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, iv, 8.

406. **a goodly tree**. Cf. *Genesis*, ii, 9, and *Revelation*, xxii, 2.

409. **over all were red**, everywhere were spoken of.

414. Cf. *Genesis*, iii, 2. Adam and Eve were expelled from the garden lest they should eat and live forever.

434. **deadly made**, a creature of death, *i.e.* hell-born.

469. An imitation of an incident in the *Seven Champions* in which a winged serpent attempts to swallow St. George; i, 1.

477. **And back retyrd**, and as it was withdrawn. A Gallicism.

490. **which she misdeem'd**, in which she was mistaken. Una feared that the dragon was not dead.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

(Canto XI)

1. Describe the three days' fight between the Knight and the Dragon. 2. What advantages does each gain? 3. Study the Dragon as a type of the conventional monster of romance, contrasting his brutal nature with the intellectuality and strategy of the Knight. 4. Study the battle as an allegory of the victory of mind over matter, of virtue over vice, of Protestantism over Romanism. 5. By what devices does Spenser obtain the effects of *terror?* Mystery and terror are prime elements in romance. 6. Find examples of another romantic characteristic, *exaggeration*. 7. Do you think that in his use of hyperbole and impossibilities Spenser shows that he was deficient in a sense of humor? 8. Observe the lyric note in iii and liv. 9. How does the poet impress the reader with the size of the Dragon? 10. Which Muse does he invoke? 11. Spenser's poetry is richly *sensuous:* find passages in which he appeals to the sense of *sight* (iv, viii, xiv), of *sound* (iv, ix), of *touch* (x, xi, vii), of *smell* (xiii), of *taste* (xiii), of *pain* (xxxvii, xxvi, xxii), of *motion* (x, xv, xviii). 12. Where do you find an allegory of baptism? Of regeneration? Of the resurrection of Christ (the three days)? 13. Analyze the descriptions of the coming of darkness and of dawn.

CANTO XII

I. *The Plot:* The death of the dragon is announced by the watchman on the tower of the city, and Una's parents, the King and Queen, accompanied by a great throng, come forth rejoicing at their deliverance. The Knight and Una are conducted with great honors into the palace. On the eve of their betrothal, Archimago suddenly appears as Duessa's messenger and claims the Knight. Their wicked attempt is frustrated, and the pair are happily betrothed. After a long time spent in Una's society, the Knight sets out to engage in the further service of the Faerie Queene.

II. *The Allegory:* Holiness, by conquering the devil, frees the whole human race from the tyranny of sin. It is embarrassed by the unexpected appearance of the consequences of its past sins, but makes a manly confession. In spite of hypocritical intrigues (Archimago) and false slanders (Duessa), Holiness is united to Truth, thus forming a perfect character. The champion of the church militant responds cheerfully to the calls of duty and honor.

2. Reformed England, having destroyed the brutal power of Rome, is firmly united to the truth in spite of the intrigues of the Pope to win it back to allegiance. It then goes forth against the King of Spain in obedience to the command of Queen Elizabeth.

3. **vere the maine shete**, shift the mainsail. **beare up with the land**, direct the ship toward land.

25. **out of hond**, at once.

43. **Of tall young men.** An allusion to Queen Elizabeth's Pensioners, a band of the tallest and handsomest young men, of the best families and fortunes, that could be found (Warton). **All hable armes to sownd**, all proper to wield armes.

57. **to the Maydens**, to the accompaniment of the maidens' timbrels.

71. **in her self-resemblance well beseene**, looking well in her resemblance to her proper self, *i.e.* a king's daughter.

73. **the raskall many**, the crowd of common people.

116. **of great name**, of great celebrity, *i.e.* value.

117. **fitting purpose frame**, held fitting conversation.

xiv. Kitchin and Percival think this whole passage a clever compliment to the parsimony of the Queen's court.

161. **that proud Paynim king**, probably a reference to Philip of Spain.

168. **Nor doen undo**, nor undo what has been done.

173. **In sort as**, even as.

205. **all were she**, although she had been. **In place**, in various places.

313. **bait.** In Spenser's time bear-baiting was a favorite pastime of the people and received royal patronage.

328. **The housling fire,** the sacramental fire. Spenser seems here to have in mind, not the Christian *housel* or Eucharist, but the Roman marriage rites with their symbolic fire and water.

347. **trinall triplicities,** the threefold three orders of the celestial hierarchy according to the scholastic theologians. They were as follows: (1) Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones; (2) Dominations, Virtues, Powers; (3) Princedoms, Archangels, and Angels. Cf. Dante's *Paradiso*, xxviii, Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, xviii, 96, and Milton's *Paradise Lost*, v, 748.

375. **her tackles spent,** her worn-out rigging.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

(Canto XII)

1. Contrast the tone of this canto with the preceding two. 2. When does Spenser drop into a lighter, humorous vein? 3. Find allusions to sixteenth century customs, *e.g.* that of sitting on rush-strewn floors. 4. How was the Redcross Knight received by the King? 5. Compare Una's costume with that described in the first canto. Why this change? 6. What hint of the significance of her name in xxi? 7. What is the effect of Archimago's appearance? (For dramatic surprise.) 8. What is the effect of Duessa's letter? (Suspense of fear.) 9. Observe the confusion of Christian and Pagan rites in this canto. 10. Where does Spenser make happy use of maritime figures? 11. Explain the allegory of this canto.

GLOSSARY

[The numbers refer to cantos and stanzas.]

A

Abide, v, 17, to attend on.

About, i, 11, out of.

Acquite, viii, 1, release, set free.

Addrest, ii, 11, armed, equipped; x, 11, directed.

Advise, i, 33, consider.

Advizement, iv, 12, counsel, advice.

Afflicted, Int. 4, humble.

Affray, iii, 12, terror, alarm; v, 30, to startle.

Affronted, viii, 13, opposed.

Afore, x, 49, ahead, in front of.

Agraste, x, 18, favor, show grace.

Albe, v, 45, although.

All, x, 47; xii, 23, although.

Almner, x, 38, almoner, distributer of alms.

Als, ix, 18, also, quite so.

Amate, ix, 45, dismay, dishearten.

Amis, iv, 18, linen head-dress.

Amoves, iv, 45, viii, 21; ix, 18, moves.

Andvile, xi, 42, anvil.

Apply, x, 46, attend to, add.

Aread, viii, 31, 33; ix, 6, 23; x, 51, 64, tell, explain; xii, 28, advise; **ared**, x, 17; explained; **areeds**, Int. 1, urges.

Arise, vi, 32, depart, rise out of.

Armorie, i, 27, armor.

Arras, iv, 6; viii, 35, tapestry.

Aslake, iii, 36, appease, abate the fury of.

Assay, ii, 13, approved quality, value; vii, 27, trial; viii, 8, assault; ii, 24; iv, 8; viii, 2; xi, 32, try, assail, attempt.

Assoiled, x, 52, absolved.

Astond, ii, 31; vi, 9; ix, 35, astounded, amazed.

Attach, xii, 35, seize, arrest.

Attaine, ii, 8, reach, fall in with.

Attaint, vii, 34, obscure, discolor.

Avale, i, 21, fall, sink.

Avise, v, 40; viii, 15, perceive.

B

Baite, i, 32, feed, refresh.

Bale, i, 16; viii, 4, disaster, destruction; ix, 16, 29, trouble, grief.

Banes, xii, 36, banns of marriage.
Battailous, v, 2, warlike, ready for battle.
Battrie, ix, 11, assault.
Bauldrick, vii, 29, a leather girdle for the sword or bugle, worn pendant across the shoulder and breast.
Bayes, vii, 3, bathes.
Beades, i, 30, prayers.
Beadmen, x, 36, men devoted to prayer for the soul of the founder of the charitable institution in which they lived.
Become, x, 16, gone to ; **became**, x, 66, suited.
Bed, ix, 41, bid.
Bedight, xii, 21, adorned.
Beguyld, xi, 25, foiled.
Beheast, iv, 18, command.
Behight, x, 64, name, declare ; x, 50, intrusted, delivered ; xi, 38, **behot**, promised.
Beseemed, viii, 32, suited, was becoming.
Beseene, xii, 5, (good) looking, or (well) dressed.
Bestedd, i, 24, situated, badly off.
Bet, iii, 19, beat ; **bett**, vi, 5.
Betake, xii, 25, intrust to, hand over to.
Bethrall, viii, 28, imprison, take captive.
Bever, vii, 31, the lower and movable part of the helmet.
Bewaile, vi, 1. cause, bring about. Use either forced, or an error (Nares).
Bidding, i, 30, praying.
Bilive, or **blive**, v, 32, quickly.
Blame, ii, 18, hurt, injury, or blameworthiness.
Blaze, xi, 7, proclaim.
Blent, vi, 42, stained.
Blesse, v, 6 ; viii, 22, brandish ; vii, 12 ; ix, 28, protect, deliver ; pp. **blest**.
Blubbred, vi, 9, disfigured or swollen with weeping.
Blunt, x, 47, dim (of eyesight).
Bond, i, 3, bound.
Booteth, iii, 20, 40, profits, avails.
Bootlesse, v, 33, without avail.
Bost, iii, 24, vain glory.
Boughtes, i, 15 ; xi, 11, folds, coils.
Bound, x, 67, lead.
Bouzingcan, iv, 22, drinking vessel.
Bowrs, viii, 41, muscles.
Bras, x, 40, money, cf. Lat. *aes*.
Brast, v, 31 ; viii, 4 ; ix, 21, burst.
Brave, x, 42, fair, beautiful.
Brawned, viii, 41 ; brawny, muscular.
Breares, x, 35, briars.
Brent, ix, 10 ; xi, 28, burnt.

Brode, iv, 16, abroad.
Brond, iv, 33; viii, 21, firebrand.
Buffe, ii, 17; xi, 24, blow.
Bugle, viii, 3, wild ox.
Buxome, xi, 37, pliant, yielding.
Bylive, ix, 4, quickly.

C

Call, viii, 46, cap, headdress.
Can, iv, 46, an auxiliary verb with preterite meaning; ix, 5, can=gan, began (Halliwell).
Canon, vii, 37, a smooth, round bit (for horses).
Carefull, v, 52, etc., full of care, anxious, sorrowful.
Careless, i, 41; ii, 45, free from care.
Carke, i, 44, care, sorrow, anxiety.
Carle, ix, 54, churl.
Cast, x, 2; xi, 28, resolve, plan.
Caytive, v, 45, captive; v, ii; viii, 32; ix, 11, base, mean.
Chaufe, vii, 21, chafe, warm by rubbing; iii, 33, 43, vex, heat.
Chaw, iv, 30, jaw.
Chear, ii, 27, 42, face.
Chearen, x, 2, regain cheerfulness, refresh (himself).
Cleare, x, 28, clean.
Cleene, ix, 4, clear, pure, bright.
Compare, iv, 28, collect.
Compel, i, 5, call to aid.
Conceit, conception or design.
Constraint, ii, 8, anguish; vii, 34, binding charms.
Corage, ii, 35, heart.
Corse, iii, 42; iv, 22, etc., body.
Couch, ii, 15, lay (a lance in rest), level, adjust; **couched**, xi, 9, laid in place (of armor plates).
Couched, vii, 31, lying down with head up, ready to spring.
Counterfesaunce, viii, 49, fraud, imposture.
Court, vii, 38, courteous attention.
Crime, x, 28, sin; xi, 46, cause.
Cruddy, v, 29, clotted.
Crudled, vii, 6; ix, 52, curdled, congealed (with cold).
Cure, v, 44, charge.

D

Daint, x, 2, dainty, delicate.
Dalliaunce, ii, 14, trifling, light talk.
Dame, xii, 20, wife.
Damnify, xi, 52, injure.
Darrayne, iv, 40; vii, 11, prepare (for battle).
Deare, vii, 48, hurt, injury.

Deaw-burning, xi, 35, bright with dew.
Debonaire, ii, 23, gracious, courteous.
Defeasaunce, xii, 12, defeat.
Defray, v, 42, appease.
Deitye, iii, 21, immortality.
Derth, ii, 27, dearness, high value.
Deryn'd, iii, 2, diverted, drawn away.
Despight, ii, 6, resentment; iv, 35, 41, etc., malice, spite, contempt; vii, 49; xi, 17, injury.
Despoile, x, 17, strip.
Devise, xii, 17, plan.
Diamond, ix, 19, adamant, steel.
Dight, vii, 8; iv, 14, etc., arrange, dress, adorn.
Disaventrous, vii, 48, ix, 11, unfortunate.
Discipline, vi, 31, teaching.
Discolourd, vii, 32, variegated.
Discourse, xii, 14, description; xii, 15, to narrate.
Disease, xi, 38, render uneasy.
Dishonesty, ii, 23, unchastity.
Dispence, iii, 30, pay for.
Dispiteous, ii, 15, cruel.
Disple, x, 27, discipline.
Disseized, xi, 20, dispossessed.
Dissolute, vii, 51, weak, unstrung.
Distayned, xi, 23, defiled.
Dites, viii, 18, raises (a club).
Diverse, i, 44, distracting.
Divide, v, 17, play (variations).
Documents, x, 19, doctrines.
Donne, x, 33, to do.
Doom, ix, 38, judgment.
Doted, viii, 34, foolish.
Doubt, vi, 1, fear.
Doughty, xi, 52; xii, 6, strong, brave.
Dragonets, xii, 10, little dragons.
Dreed, or dred, Int. 4, vi, 2; object of reverence.
Drere, viii, 40, sorrow.
Drery, v, 30, gloomy; vi, 45, dripping with blood.
Dreriment, ii, 44; xi, 32, sorrow, gloom.
Drest, ix, 54, prepared, arranged.
Drift, viii, 22, impetus.
Droome, ix, 41, drum.
Drousy-hed, ii, 7, drowsiness.
Dry-dropsie, iv, 23 (meaning doubtful). (1) Dropsy causing thirst (Warton). (2) A misprint for *dire dropsie* (Upton). (3) A misprint for *hydropsie* (Collier).
Dye, ii, 36, chance, fortune (lit. a small cube used for gaming).

E

Earne, i, 3 ; vi, 25 ; ix, 18, yearn, long for.
Edifyde, i, 34, built.
Eeke, v, 42, increase.
Eft, ix, 25, again.
Eftsoones, x, 24, etc., forthwith.
Eke, iii, 21, also.
Eld, x, 8, old age.
Embalme, v, 17, anoint, pour balm into.
Embaye, ix, 13 ; x, 27, bathe.
Embost, iii, 24, encased ; ix, 29, fatigued.
Embosse, xi, 20, plunge.
Embowed, ix, 19, rounded.
Emboyled, xi, 28, agitated, troubled.
Embrew, xi, 36, imbrue, drench.
Empassioned, iii, 2, moved to pity.
Empeach, viii, 34, hinder.
Emperse, xi, 53, pierce.
Emprize, ix, 1, undertaking, adventure.
Enchace, xii, 23, set off in fitting terms.
Endew, iv, 51, endow.
Enfouldred, xi, 40, shot forth (like a thunderbolt).
Engrave, x, 42, bury, entomb.
Enhaunst, i, 17 ; v, 47, raised.
Enlargen, viii, 37, deliver.
Ensample, ix, 12, witness.
Ensue, iv, 34, pursue ; ix, 44, persecute.
Entirely, xi, 32, with all the heart.
Entraile, i, 16, fold, twist.
Envie, ill will, hatred.
Equall, vi, 26, side by side.
Errant, iv, 38 ; x, 10, wandering (in quest of adventure).
Esloyne, iv, 20, retire.
Essoyne, iv, 20, excuse, exemption.
Eugh, i, 9, yew.
Ewghen, xi, 19, made of yew.
Excheat, v, 25, gain ; lit. property forfeited to the lord of a fief.
Extirpe, x, 25, uproot.
Eyas, xi, 34, young untrained hawk, unfledged falcon.
Eyne, eien, eyen, ii, 27, etc., eyes.

F

Fact, iv, 34 ; ix, 37, feat, evil deed.
Fall, ix, 2, befall.
Fare, i, 11, etc., go, travel.
Fatal, ix, 7, ordained by fate.
Fattie, i, 21, fertilizing.
Fayne, iv, 10, gladly ; vi, 12, glad.
Faytor, iv, 47 ; xii, 35, deceiver, villain, sham.

Fearefull, i, 13, alarmed.
Feature, viii, 49, form.
Fee, x, 43, payment.
Felly, v, 34, fiercely.
Fere, x, 4, husband; lit. companion.
Fillet, iii, 4, snood.
Fit, ii, 18, death agony; iv, 34, struggle, passion; xi, 7, musical strain.
Flaggy, xi, 10, yielding, hanging loose.
Flit, iv, 5, crumble away.
Foile, iv, 4, leaf of metal.
Foltring, vii, 24, stammering.
Fond, ix, 39, foolish.
Fone, ii, 23, foes.
Food, viii, 9, feud.
Foolhappie, vi, 1, happy as a fool, "fortunate rather than provident" (Nares).
Fordonne, v, 41; etc., undone, ruined, wounded to death.
Foreby, vi, 39, etc., near.
Forespent, ix, 43, wasted, squandered.
Foretaught, vii, 18, either (1) untaught, mistaught, or (2) taught before, hence, perhaps, despised (Warren).
Forlore, viii, 29; x, 21, forlorn, forsaken.
Forray, xii, 3, ravage, prey upon.
Forsake, xi, 24, avoid.
Forwandring, vi, 34, weary with wandering, or utterly astray.
Forwarned, ii, 18, warded off.
Forwasted, i, 5; xi, 1, ravaged, utterly wasted.
Forwearied, i, 32, etc., utterly weary.
Forworne, vi, 35, much worn.
Fraight, xii, 35, fraught, freighted.
Frame, viii, 30, support, steady.
Francklin, x, 6, freeman, freeholder.
Fray, i, 38, etc., to frighten; ii, 14, an affray.
Freak, iii, 1; iv, 50, whim, caprice.
Frounce, iv, 14, curl, plait, friz (the hair).
Fruitfull-headed, viii, 20, many-headed.
Fry, xii, 7, crowd, swarm.
Funerall, ii, 20, death.
Fyne, iv, 21, thin; v, 28, fine.

G

Gage, xi, 41, pledge, the thing contended for.
Game, xii, 8, sport.
Gan, ii, 2, etc., began, often used as auxiliary verb, "did."
Gate, i, 13, way; viii, 12, manner.

Geaunt, vii, 12, giant.
Gent, ix, 6, 27, gentle, gracious, fair.
German, v, 10, 13, brother.
Gest, x, 15, adventure, exploit.
Ghost, ii, 19, spirit.
Gin, v, 35, engine, instrument (of torture).
Gins, see **gan**.
Girlond, ii, 30, garland.
Giust, i, 1, tilt, joust.
Glitterand, iv, 16; vii, 29, glittering.
Gnarre, v, 34, gnarl, snarl, growl.
Gobbet, i, 20; xi, 13, lump, piece.
Gorge, i, 19, etc., throat.
Gossip, xii, 11, neighbor, crony.
Government, ix, 10, self-control.
Graile, vii, 6, gravel.
Graine, vii, 1, dye, fast color.
Gree, v, 16, favor, good will, satisfaction.
Greedy, viii, 29, eager.
Gren, vi, 11, grin.
Griesie, ix, 35, horrible.
Griesly, ix, 21, grisly, hideous.
Griple, iv, 31, greedy, grasping.
Groome, servant.
Grosse, xi, 20, fast, heavy.
Grudging, ii, 19, groaning.
Gryfon, v, 8, griffin (a fabulous animal half lion, half eagle).
Guerdon, iii, 40, reward.
Guise, guize, vi, 25; xii, 14, mode (of life).

H

Hable, xi, 19, able, skillful.
Hagard, xi, 19, wild, untrained.
Hanging, ii, 16, doubtful.
Hardiment, ix, 2; i, 14; boldness.
Harrow, x, 40, despoil.
Haught, vi, 29, haughty.
Heare, v, 23, pass for being so unlucky, in such evil case (Kitchin).
Heast, vii, 18, command.
Heben, Int. 3, vii, 37, of ebony wood.
Heft, xi, 39, raised on high.
Henge, xi, 21, orbit; lit, hinge.
Hew, i, 46, etc., form, countenance; iii, 11, color.
Hight, ix, 14; x, 55, etc., called, was called; iv, 6, intrusted.
Hond, out of, xii, 3, at once.
Horrid, vi, 25; vii, 31, rough, bristling.
Hot, xi, 29, was called; see **hight**.
Housling, xii, 37, sacramental.
Hove, ii, 31, rose, stood on end.
Humour, i, 36, moisture.
Hurtle, iv, 16, 40; viii, 17, rush, clash together.

Hurtlesse, vi, 31, harmless, gentle.
Husher, iv, 13, usher.

I

Imbrew, vii, 47, imbrue, drench.
Impe, Int. 3; ix, 6, etc., child, scion.
Impeach, viii, 34, hinder.
Imperceable, xi, 17, that cannot be pierced.
Imply, vi, 6; xi, 23, infold.
Importune, xi, 53, violent.
Improvided, xii, 34, unforeseen.
In, i, 33, inn, lodging.
Incontinent, ix, 19, at once.
Infected, x, 25, ingrained.
Infest, xi, 6, make fierce or hostile.
Influence, viii, 42, power of the stars.
Intended, xi, 38, armed, stretched out.
Intendiment, xii, 31, attention.
Intent, i, 43; ix, 27, aim, purpose.
Invent, vi, 15, discover.

J

Jealous, suspicious.
Jolly, i, 1; ii, 11, fine, handsome.
Jott, x, 26, speck, small piece.
Journall, xi, 31, daily.
Joy, vi, 17, to be cheerful.
Joyaunce, iv, 37, gladness, merriment.

K

Keepe, i, 40, heed, care.
Keeping, xi, 2, care, guard.
Kend, xii, 1, known.
Kest, xi, 31, cast.
Kindly, iii, 28, etc., natural, according to nature.
Kirtle, iv, 31, coat, tunic.
Knee, ix, 34, projection (of rocks).
Knife, vi, 38, sword.

L

Lad, i, 4, led.
Launch, iii, 42; iv, 46, pierce.
Lay-stall, v, 53, rubbish heap, dunghill.
Lazar, iv, 3, leper.
Leach, v, 17, 44; x, 25, surgeon, physician.
Learne, vi, 25, teach.
Leasing, vi, 48, falsehood, lying.
Leke, v, 35, leaky.
Leman, i, 6; vii, 14, lover, sweetheart, mistress.
Let, viii, 13, hindrance.
Lever, ix, 32, rather.
Libbard, vi, 25, leopard.
Liefe, iii, 28; ix, 17, dear one, darling.

Lilled, v, 34, lolled.
Lin, i, 24; v, 35, cease.
List, ii, 22; vii, 35; x, 20; xi, 10, desired, pleased.
Lively, ii, 24; vii, 20, living.
Loft, i, 41, (doubtful) air, sky, or roof.
Long, iv, 48, belong.
Lore, i, 5, knowledge.
Lorne, iv, 2, lost.
Loute, i, 30; x, 44, bow, stoop.
Lowre, ii, 22, frown, darken.
Lumpish, i, 43, dull, heavy.
Lustlesse, iv, 20, feeble, listless.
Lynd, xi, 10, lined.

M

Mace, iv, 44, club.
Make, vii, 7, 15, mate, companion.
Mall, vii, 51, wooden hammer, or club.
Many, xii, 9, troop, crowd.
Mart, viii, 3, mass.
Mated, ix, 12, overcome, confounded.
Maw, i, 20, stomach.
Maynly, vii, 12, violently.
Mell, i, 30, meddle.
Menage, vii, 37, manage.
Ment, i, 5, joined, mingled.
Mew, v, 20, prison, lit. cage for hawks.

U

Mirksome, v, 28, dark, murky.
Miscreant, v, 13, ix, 49, infidel, vile fellow.
Misdeeming, ii, 3, misleading; iv, 2, misjudging.
Misfeigning, iii, 40, pretending wrongfully.
Misformed, i, 55; viii, 16, ill formed, or formed for evil.
Misseeming, ix, 23; viii, 42, unseemly; vii, 50, deceit.
Mister, ix, 23, sort of, manner of.
Misweening, iv, 1, wrong thinking, wrong belief.
Moe, mo, v, 50, etc., more.
Mortality, x, 1, state of being mortal.
Mortall, i, 15, deadly.
Mote, iii, 29, etc., may, might.
Mought, i, 42, might.
Muchell, iv, 46; vi, 20, much, great.

N

Nathemore, viii, 13; ix, 25, none the more.
Nephewes, v, 22, grandchildren, descendants.
Ni'll, ix, 15, will not.
Nosethrill, xi, 22, nostril.
Note, xii, 17, know not.
N'ould, vi, 17, would not.
Noyance, i, 23, annoyance.

Noye, x, 24 ; xi, 45, hurt, harm.
Noyes, Noyce, vi, 8, noise.
Noyous, v, 45 ; xi, 50, harmful, unpleasant.

O

Offend, xii, 1, injure.
Offspring, vi, 30, ancestors.
Origane, ii, 40, wild marjoram.
Ought, iv, 39, owned, possessed.
Outrage, xi, 40, insult, abuse.
Overcraw, ix, 50, insult, crow over.
Oversight, vi, 1, want of prudence.
Owch, ii, 13 ; x, 31, jewel or socket in which a jewel was set.

P

Paine, xii, 34, labor, treacherous skill ; ii, 39, effort ; iv, 15, take pains.
Paire, vii, 41, impair, injure.
Paled, v, 5, fenced off, inclosed with a *pale*.
Palfrey, i, 4 ; iii, 40, a lady's saddle horse, here Una's ass.
Paramour, i, 9, lover (not in a bad sense).
Parbreake, i, 20, vomit.
Pardale, vi, 26, leopard.
Parted, iii, 22, departed.
Pas, iv, 11, surpass ; xi, 15, step, pace.
Passing, x, 24, surpassing.
Passion, ii, 26, 32, deep feeling, lit. suffering.
Passionate, xii, 16, express feelingly.
Payne, vi, 21, pains, labor.
Paynim, iv, 41 ; vi, 38 ; xi, 7, pagan, heathen.
Peece, x, 59, something constructed (Cleopolis).
Penne, xi, 10, feather, quill.
Perceable, i, 7, that can be pierced.
Perdie, perdy, vi, 42, French par Dieu, a common oath.
Pere, viii, 7 ; xii, 17, noble, prince.
Persaunt, x, 47, piercing.
Pight, ii, 42, etc., pitched, fixed, placed.
Pine, ix, 35, wasting away ; viii, 40, **pined**, wasted away through torment.
Plate, vi, 43 ; vii, 2, solid armor, as distinguished from the coat of mail, or light chain armor.
Pleasaunce, ii, 30, courtesies ; iv, 38 ; vii, 4, delight, conversational pleasure.
Point, (1) ix, 41, appoint ; (2) ii, 12, not a whit ; (3) i, 16 ; ii, 12, (armed) at all points.
Pollicie, iv, 12, statecraft, cunning.

Portesse, iv, 19, breviary, small prayer-book.
Posterne, v, 52, small private gate behind.
Pouldred, vii, 12, powdered.
Pounces, xi, 19, a hawk's claws.
Poynant, vii, 19, sharp, piercing.
Poyse, xi, 54, weight, force.
Practicke, xii, 34, deceitful.
Prancke, iv, 14, display gaudily.
Praunce, vii, 11, strut proudly.
Pray, ix, 30, ravage.
Preace, iii, 3, crowd, throng.
Presently, immediately.
Price, ix, 37, pay the price of, atone for.
Pricking, i, 1; iii, 33, riding, usually rapidly, *i.e.* spurring.
Priefe, viii, 43, trial; ix, 17, proof; x, 24, proved excellence.
Prime, ii, 40; etc., springtime.
Privity, ix, 5, privacy.
Prowesse, vii, 42, bravery.
Prowest, iv, 41; v, 14, bravest.
Puissance, i, 3, etc., power.
Purchas, iii, 16, lit. acquisition, (cant term for theft, or robbery of Nares).
Purfled, ii, 13, embroidered on the edge.
Purposes, ii, 30, conversation.
Purveyance, xii, 13, provision.

Q

Quaile, ix, 49, subdue, overpower.
Quayd, viii, 14, subdued.
Quell, xi, 24, disconcert, daunt.
Quight, viii, 10, repay.
Quit, quitt, vi, 6; vi, 10, to free.
Quite, viii, 26, 27; x, 37, repay, return.
Quited, i, 30, return a salute.
Quoth, i, 12, etc., said.

R

Raft, i, 24, struck away (from reave).
Ragged, xii, 23, rough, rugged.
Raile, vi, 43, flow.
Ramping, iii, 5, etc., leaping, bounding, erect; **ramp**, v, 28.
Rapt, iv, 9, carried away.
Rare, ii, 32, thin-voiced.
Raskall, vii, 35; xii, 9, vulgar, base.
Raught, vi, 29, etc., reached.
Ravine, v, 8, prey.
Raw, x, 2, unpracticed, out of training.
Read, i, 13; x, 17, advise.
Reave, iii, 36; xi, 41, snatch away, rob.
Recoyle, x, 17, retreat.
Recreaunt, iv, 41, base, cowardly.
Recure, v, 44, etc., refresh.

Red, vii, 46, etc., declared.
Redoubted, iv, 40, terrible.
Redound, vi, 30; iii, 8, overflow.
Redresse, v, 36, restore, revive, reunite.
Reed, i, 21, notice, perceive.
Reele, v, 35, roll.
Reft, ix, 31; x, 65, snatched away.
Refte, vi, 39; xii, 39, bereft.
Renverst, iv, 41, turned upside down.
Repaire, vi, 30, return home.
Repining, ii, 17, failing (Percival), angry (Upton).
Repriefe, ix, 29, reproof.
Retrate, i, 13, retreat.
Reverse, ix, 48, bring back.
Revoke, vi, 28, call back.
Ridde, i, 36, remove, dispatch.
Rife, iv, 35; ix, 52, much, exceedingly.
Riotise, iv, 20, riot.
Rode, xii, 42, anchorage, harbor.
Rove, Int. 3, shoot (an arrow with an elevation, not point blank).
Round, vi, 7, dance.
Rowel, vii, 37, ring of a bit.
Ruffin, iv, 34, rough, disordered.
Rusty, v, 32, rust-colored, blood-stained, filthy.
Ruth, v, 9, pity, sorrow.

S

Sacred, viii, 35, accursed—o ashes used impiously to receiv the blood of the slain (Upton)
Sad, i, 2; v, 20; x, 7; xii, 3 grave, mournful; iii, 10, firm steady; i, 36, heavy.
Sallow, i, 9, a kind of willow.
Salvage, iii, 5; vi, 11, etc., wil woodland (adj.).
Sam, x, 57, together, same.
Say, iv, 31, serge cloth for cloak (Halliwell).
Scath, iv, 35; xii, 34, hurt, mischief.
Scor'd, i, 2, carved.
Scowre, ii, 20, run fast.
Scryne, Int. 2, chest, or case fo keeping books, etc.
Sead, x, 51, seed, posterity.
Sease, xi, 38, fasten; **seised**, x 17, gained, taken possession
Seel, vii, 23, lit. sew up th eyes (of hawks), deprive sight.
Seely, silly, vi, 10; i, 30; ii, 2 simple, innocent.
Seemly, ii, 30, polite.
Seene, v, 16, proved, tested.
Semblaunt, ii, 12, appearance
Sent, i, 43, perception, sense.
Shadow, represent typically.

Shamefast, x, 15, shy, modest.
Shaume, xii, 13, a wind musical instrument.
Shend, i, 53, shame.
Shew, iii, 10, sign, track.
Shroud, i, 6 ; i, 8, shelter.
Single, vi, 12, weak ; viii, 12, mere.
Sith, vii, 22, etc., since ; **sitheng**, iv, 51.
Sits, i, 30, becomes, suits.
Slight, vii, 30, device ; viii, 23, skill.
Snubbe, viii, 7, knob, snag.
Solemnize, x, 4, rite, solemnizing.
Sooth, iii, 29, truth.
Souce, v, 8, beat.
Soust, iii, 31, drenched.
Sowne, i, 41, sound.
Sperst, i, 39 ; iv, 48, dispersed.
Spill, iii, 43, destroy.
Stadle, vi, 14, staff.
Stanneries, stannaries, tin mines or tin works.
Starke, i, 44, stiff.
Sted, stedd, viii, 17, etc., place.
Sterne, i, 18 ; xi, 28, tail.
Stew, xi, 44, warm place.
Stole, i, 4, 45 ; xii, 22, long robe.
Stound, vii, 12, stunned ; vii, 25 ; viii, 12, 25, 38, moment.
Stowre, ii, 7, etc., distress, peril, battle.
Stye, xi, 25, ascend, rise up.
Subject, xi, 19, lying beneath.
Sure, ix, 19, secure.
Swarved, x, 14, swerved.
Swelt, vii, 6, burned.
Swinge, xi, 26, singe.
Swowne, i, 41, heavy sleep ; ix, 52, swoon ; **swound**, v, 19.

T

Table, ix, 49, picture.
Tackles, xii, 42, rigging.
Talaunts, xi, 41, talons.
Teade, xii, 37, torch.
Teene, ix, 34 ; xii, 18, grief, trouble, hurt.
Then, x, 10, than.
Thewes, ix, 3 ; x, 4, manners.
Tho, i, 18, etc., then.
Thorough, i, 32 ; x, 1, through.
Thrall, ii, 22 ; vii, 44 ; viii, 1, subject ; v, 45, 51 ; viii, 32, 37, prisoner ; vi, 6, one in distress.
Three-square, vi, 41, triangular.
Thrill, iii, 42 ; x, 19 ; xi, 20, pierce.
Thrist, vi, 38, thirst.
Throw, x, 41, throe, pang.
Tide, ii, 29, time (duration).
Timely, i, 21 ; iv, 4, keeping time.
Tire, iv, 35, train, rank, com-

pany; viii, 46; x, 31, headdress, attire.
Told, iv, 27, counted.
Tort, xii, 4, wrong.
Touch, iii, 2, touchstone.
Toy, vi, 28, sport.
Trace, viii, 31, walk.
Traine, trayne, i, 18; viii, 17; xi, 37, tail; iii, 24; vi, 3, etc., deceit, wiles.
Transmew, vii, 35, transmute.
Treachour, iv, 41; ix, 32, traitor.
Treen, ii, 39; vii, 26, tree-like, of trees.
Trenchand, i, 17; xi, 24, sharp, trenchant.
Trinall, xii, 39, threefold.
Truncked, viii, 10, truncated, with the limbs cut off.
Trusse, xi, 19, to secure a firm hold on.
Turnament, v, 1, tournament, combat of knights in the lists.
Tway, vii, 27, two, twain.
Twyfold, v, 28, twofold.
Twyne, vi, 14, twist.
Tyne, ix, 15, anxiety, pain.

U

Unacquainted, v, 21, unaccustomed.
Unbid, ix, 54, unprayed for.
Uncouth, i, 15; xi, 20, strange.
Undight, iii, 4, unfastened.
Uneath, ix, 38, etc., with difficulty.
Unkindly, i, 26, unnatural.
Unlich, v, 28, unlike.
Untill, xi, 41, unto.
Unty, xi, 41, loosen.
Unwary, xii, 25, unexpected.
Unweeting, ii, 45, etc., unaware, not knowing.

V

Venery, vi, 22, hunting.
Vere, xii, 1, veer, change the direction of.
Vew, vi, 25, aspect, appearance.
Vild, ix, 46, vile.
Vine-prop, i, 8, supporting the vine.
Visour, vii, 1, visor, the part of the helmet which protected the eyes.

W

Wade, i, 12, walk, go, pass.
Wage, iv, 39, reward, pledge.
Wanton, ii, 13, 14, wild, unrestrained.
Ware, vii, 1, wary.
Warray, v, 48, wage war again.
Wastfull, i, 32, etc., barren, wild
Wastnes, iii, 3, desert, wilderness.

Wax, iv, 34, grow.
Wayne, iv, 9, chariot.
Wayting, x, 36, watching.
Weare, i, 31, spend, pass.
Weedes, Int. 1; ii, 21, clothes; x, 28, armor.
Weene, i, 10; iii, 41, intend; x, 58, think.
Weet, iii, 6, 11, to know; **to weete**, iii, 17, etc., to wit.
Welke, i, 23, fade, grow dim.
Welkin, iv, 9, sky.
Well, ii, 43, well-being, health; i, 26, etc., quite, very; vii, 4, bubble up.
Wex, xi, 1, grow; **woxen**, iv, 34.
Whally, iv, 34, streaked (Warren).
Whenas, ii, 32, etc., as soon as.
Whereas, vi, 40, where.
Whot, x, 26, hot.
Whyleare, ix, 28, erewhile.
Whylome, iv, 15, etc., formerly.
Wight, ix, 23, 32, person, creature.
Wimple, xii, 22, veil, lit. covering for the neck; **wimpled**, i, 4, folded, provided with a wimple.
Wist, v, 27, knew.
Wonne, vi, 39, fought; **wonne**, vi, 39, dwell.
Wood, iv, 32; v, 20, mad, furious.
Worshippe, i, 3, honor, respect.
Wot, i, 13; **wote**, ii, 18; ix, 31, know.
Woxen, see **wax**.
Wreakes, viii, 43; xii, 16, anger, acts of vengeance.
Wreck, xi, 21, destruction, mischief.
Wrizled, viii, 47, wrinkled (Warren).
Wyde, i, 34, distant.

Y

Yborne, vii, 10, born.
Ycladd, i, 1; **yclad**, i, 7, 29; ii, 2; **ycled**, iv, 38, clad.
Ydle, v, 8, airy, purposeless.
Ydrad, i, 2, dreaded.
Yede, xi, 5, go.
Yfere, ix, 1, together.
Ygoe, ii, 18, ago.
Ylike, iv, 27, alike.
Ymp, see **impe**.
Yod, see **yede**.
Younglings, x, 57, young of any animal.
Youthly, vi, 34, youthful.
Ypight, ix, 33, pitched, placed.
Yrkesome, ii, 6, weary; iii, 4, painful.
Yts, vii, 39, it is.

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Eugenia